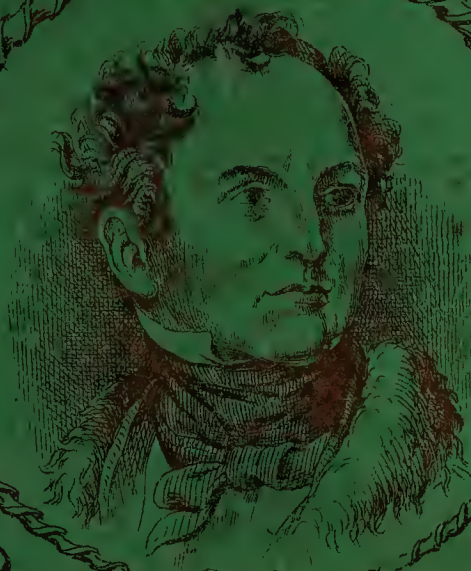
The Life of Thomas Moore

Author of Lalla Rookh, Irish Melodies &c. &c.



By James Burke Esq. A.B.

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IRISH 1798 COLLECTION

MEMOIR

OF

THOMAS MOORE.

BY JAMES BURKE, A.B.

BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

"Dear Harp of my Country, in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom and song."

DUBLIN:
JAMES DUFFY, 7, WELLINGTON-QUAY.

1852.

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PREFACE.

I CANNOT but feel that to some extent I am open to the charge of presumption, in having attempted so ambitious a task as to sketch the Great Master of Irish Song. The best apology I can plead for my boldness is, that in the following delineation of our National Poet, I have touched the canvas as seldom as possible, and have generally left it to the powerful pencil of MOORE himself, or of some illustrious cotemporary, to delight the beholder with that brilliant colouring which I should have in vain attempted to produce.

I can honestly say that I have steadily kept in view the cause of nationality, and I have therefore dwelt with especial interest on those portions of MOORE'S poems and scarcely less melodious prose, which treat with glowing eloquence of the ancient glories and the protracted struggles of our country, her joys and her sorrows, her triumphs and her woes. As far as lay

within the power of my humble pen, I have endeavoured to destroy the idea so industriously propagated in several English and Scotch sketches of MOORE, that he was but the gilded butterfly of the saloons of fashion, that he wrote "pretty verses about Ireland," but had no heart to feel for her wrongs.

I have drawn Moore as an Irishman, and have delighted to present to the reader those scathing passages in his writings in which he lashes with unsparing hand the misgovernment which made Ireland a wreck.

I have also drawn MOORE as a Catholic, and this through no sectarian feeling, nor through any forgetfulness of the fact that the fame of the author of the "IRISH MELODIES" belongs to *all* Ireland. I would despise the Protestant Irishman who was not proud of his Swift and his Grattan; and I would despise the Catholic Irishman who was not proud of his O'Connell and his Moore. With the same pride with which MOORE gloried in belonging to the faith of a Fenelon and a Bossuet, it may be allowed to an Irish Catholic to put forward the honest boast, that in the full and mature vigour of his judg-

ment, and while his fine intellect was unclouded by disease or age, MOORE produced one of the most learned and one of the most convincing works in defence of the Catholic religion which our language possesses.

No justly thinking Englishman can blame the national tone of this book; no justly thinking Protestant can censure its Catholicity. I have never written a line (and hope I never shall) without availing myself of every legitimate opportunity of advocating the interests of my country and of my creed.

I have endeavoured to collect such personal information respecting MOORE as might give the reader an insight into the character of the *man*, as well as of the *poet* and the *scholar*. I might have added to this portion of the work, but I felt loath to intrude upon the sacred sorrows of Sloperton, or to pain its widowed tenant by questions which would probe the fresh grief of one who had for more than forty years been the solace and the cherished companion of the poet, and whose kindly disposition shed sunshine on his life.

I have tried, in a few pages at the end

of this volume, to present such a summary as would convey a general estimate of MOORE's abilities, and show how highly he was prized by the greatest critics of the age. Eternally we hear MOORE contrasted with Burns, and (because he wrote some poems on similar subjects) with Byron. MOORE, perhaps, never pierced to those deepest depths of the soul from which the Minstrel of Ayr drew forth his wondrous song of "Mary in Heaven," and perhaps never soared to the almost miraculous sublimity which inspired Byron's fourth canto of "Childe Harold." In MOORE's battle songs, it must be admitted that the clash of steel is not heard as in Burns's "Bruce's Address," or Campbell's "Hohenlinden." In "Evenings in Greece" there is not the same power which in Byron's "Giaour" fires each line, brings Marathon and Thermopylæ before the eye, and carries the reader back to the most glorious times of the "clime of the unforgotten brave." But let it be considered that MOORE was not only a sweet poet, but an erudite scholar, and that in every department of literature (the drama excepted) he shone as a conspicuous and brilliant luminary, and it was the opinion of O'Connell

that MOORE would have been an ornament to the senate.

Some men have occasionally produced fine poetry. Take, for instance, the "Address to the Comet of 1811," or the "Burial of Sir John Moore." But who would place Hogg or Wolfe on an equality with MOORE?

————who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all.

I have thought that this volume would be incomplete without an account of the meeting of the 29th March, in Charlemont House, at which were assembled many of the most gifted in the land, to do honour to the memory of him who was gone.

Another honour, let us hope, awaits our Poet and awaits the country with which his name is inseparably entwined, whose

"Every rill and every river
Rolls mingling with his fame for ever."

Let us hope that Ireland may yet obtain the ashes of him who was her pride and her boast, and that (even though it may be necessary to remove others too, in order that MOORE may not be severed in death from those whom in life he

loved so well,) we may yet see the accomplishment of the hope so eloquently expressed by Mr. M'Carthy—truly pronounced, at the Charlemont House meeting, to be the best Irish poet MOORE has left behind him—and that

> The hour may come, when, on his mother's breast,
> The darling child of song may take his rest;
> Then shall the tribute of unnumbered eyes,
> Then shall the throbbing of unnumbered hearts,
> And all the tender cares that love imparts,
> Fond, flattering praises, passion-breathing sighs,
> Grateful regrets, and hopeful prayers arise;
> Then shall the harp, which he had woke so oft
> To breathe the varied lay—
> Mirthful, melodious, melancholy, gay,
> Softly severe, and masculine though soft,
> And sunny satire, wounding but to cure—
> Then shall the harp's elegiac music float,
> As if it kept its sad prevailing note
> Prolonged through ages, for the *keen* of MOORE.

Without further preface I venture now to place this Volume before the Irish public, trusting that, sympathising with the subject rather than criticising the execution, they will overlook its imperfections.

JAMES BURKE.

5, Eccles-street, Dublin,
28th May, 1852.
(MOORE'S BIRTHDAY.)

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MEMOIR OF
THOMAS MOORE

THOMAS MOORE was born on the 28th of May, 1780, in Aungier Street, in the city of Dublin, where his father (who afterwards became a barrack-master) carried on business as a grocer. Some memoirs of Moore make Wexford the birth-place of the poet, but he always considered himself a native of Dublin. Of Wexford, however, he said, when visiting Bannow in 1835, that he looked upon it as more than his own birth-place, for it was the birth-place of his mother. Moore's parents were strict Catholics, and he was of course educated in that faith.

Of his mother Moore always spoke in terms of the most affectionate endearment. In 1822, at the mature age of forty-two, he wrote the following lines in her pocket-book.

"They tell us of an Indian tree,
Which—howsoe'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot and blossom wide and high—
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth,
From which the life that fills and warms
Its grateful being first had birth.
'Tis thus, tho' woo'd by flattering friends,
And fed with fame (if fame it be),
This heart, my own dear mother, bends
With love's true instinct back to thee."

At an early age Moore exhibited proofs of considerable talent. He was placed when very young with Mr. Whyte, a well-known schoolmaster, in Grafton Street, in the city of Dublin, the same in whose school Richard Brinsley Sheridan had been a scholar, and by no means a creditable one—for he who in after years dazzled the age with his eloquence and wit, was pronounced "an incorrigible dunce." Moore, however appears to have displayed a marked precocity of talent, and as Mr. Whyte delighted in private theatricals, "Master Moore," whom he termed his "show" actor, had frequent opportunities of giving evidence of his abilities. At the early age of ten years Moore delivered an epilogue entitled "*A Squeeze at St. Paul's*, with (it is said) considerable success. Moore mentions in the autobiographical sketch prefixed to his works, that his first attempt at verse-making was associated with the drama. Even before he had reached his tenth year he says that he acted Patrick, in the "Poor Soldier," and Harlequin in the Pantomime at a performance arranged by the young people of his acquaintance, and that he wrote and recited an epilogue for the occasion. In fact, at so early an age did Moore enter on the "craft of verse-making," that he declares himself unable to say at what age he first began to "sing and rhyme."

At the age of thirteen, Moore sent contributions to a Dublin magazine, entitled the *Anthologia Hibernica*, a publication of which he says that it was the first, and he fears, the almost only creditable effort in periodical literature of which Ireland had to boast. The contributions were accepted, and the youthful writer duly installed as "our esteemed correspondent T. M.,"

The following address to his schoolmaster, published in the *Anthologia* in 1794, was amongst the earliest of Moore's contributions to the muse.

To Samuel Whyte, Esq.

Hail! heav'n-taught votary of the laurel'd Nine!
That in the groves of science strike their lyres;
Thy strains, which breathe an harmony divine,
Sage Reason guides, and wild-ey'd Fancy fires.

If e'er from Genius' torch one little spark
Glow'd in my soul, thy breath increased the flame;
Thy smiles beam'd sunshine on my wand'ring bark,
That dared to try Castalia's dangerous stream.

Oh, then! for thee may many a joy-wing'd year,
With not a stain, but still new charms appear;
Till, when at length thy mortal course is run,
Thou sett'st, in cloudless glory, like a sinking sun.

THOMAS MOORE.

January 1*st*, 1794.

Moore states, with delicate and graceful feeling, that he received his strongest stimulus to early exertion from the desire to please a "most amiable father, and a mother such as in head and heart has rarely been equalled." While yet a young lad he composed a masque, and adapted one of the songs to the air of Haydn's "Spirit Song." This masque was acted by himself, his sister, and a few friends, in the family abode in Aungier Street. In fact, at so early a period did the poetical temperament develop itself in Moore, that he observes that he narrowly escaped being treated by the public, in the same manner in which Uncle Toby would have disposed of the "Work which the

great Lipsius produced on the day on which he was born."

As one of (to use his own words) the Helots of the land, Moore—the child of Irish Catholic parents—was taught soon in life to feel that he had come into the world with "the slave's yoke around his neck." His parents' wishes pointed to the Bar, then the avenue to distinction. The Bar was, till '93, closed against Catholics. The University too was, as he terms it, a 'fountain sealed." These galling and degrading marks of civil inferiority rankled deep in the mind of the Catholic population of Ireland, and therefore it was with no ordinary pleasure the Irish Catholics welcomed the hope which the victory over tyranny in France kindled in the breast of the downtrodden of every clime and country. Moore relates that when only twelve years of age he was taken by his father to a public dinner, and that he sat on the knee of the chairman while the following toast was enthusiastically sent round—"May the breezes from France fan our Irish oak into verdure." In 1793 Trinity College was opened to Catholics, and Moore entered the University. He could not, however, obtain College distinctions, for they were reserved for the professors of the favoured creed. But he resolved to show that he deserved them; and more to gratify a kind and anxious mother than from any other reason, he entered as a candidate for a scholarship, and succeeded in passing that most difficult examination with credit. He could not, however, as a Catholic enjoy more than the bare honour of the attempt.

In 1794 Moore first tried his hand at political satire. The subject which he chose for his sportive pen was an

"Ode to his Majesty Stephen, King of Dalkey." A club existed in Dublin at that time, of which one of the features was a burlesque upon royalty. A mock court was held at the island of Dalkey, near Dublin, and the king, at the period of which we write, was a pawnbroker named Stephen Armitage. Moore has not handed down this "Ode," but he states that in it he drew a contrast between the happy security in which King Stephen lived, and the continual dread in which the King of England seemed to be, as far as could be concluded from the "metal coach," and other personal precautions which were adopted for his preservation from the hand of the assassin.

At one of the quarterly examinations in the University Moore departed from the usual routine, which consisted of writing a "theme" in Latin prose, and ventured to produce one in English verse; the attempt succeeded, and the young poet was rewarded with a copy of the Travels of Anacharsis. At a very early period he conceived the idea of attempting a poetical translation of some of the Odes of Anacreon. A specimen of his first effort in this field appears in the *Anthologia* of February, 1794, being a version of the fifth Ode. He never abandoned the design, though he met with some discouragement, in the prosecution of a task the successful performance of which first opened to him the gates of literary fame.

It was not to be expected that a young Irish Catholic, of ardent temperament, would be a cold spectator of the stirring scenes which the last few years of the eighteenth century presented. Accordingly we find that Moore became, as if by sympathy, the intimate of those who were so deeply implicated in the insurrection

of 1798. In 1797 he became acquainted with Robert Emmet, for whose talents and virtues he entertained the greatest esteem and admiration. Emmet was Moore's senior in College, and when the latter entered the University he found Emmet (to use his own words) "in full reputation, not only for his learning and eloquence, but also for the blamelessness of his life and the grave suavity of his manners." In a society called "The Debating Society," (a junior branch of the famous "Historical Society") Moore came into frequent communication with Emmet and other kindred spirits. They both joined the Historical Society late in 1797, and in this society Emmet took the lead on the popular side. With so much power did he advocate the principles he espoused, that the College authorities were obliged to take steps to check the spread of his opinions. Moore states that Emmet's speeches were so exciting and powerful, and so little were even the most eloquent of the adverse party able to cope with him, that the fellows sent a man into the society, who was of advanced years, and who belonged to a grave race of speakers in the society, in order that he might answer Emmet, and weaken the impression which his eloquent appeals produced.

Moore wrote about this time a burlesque poem, which he gave in as a candidate for the literary prize of the Historical Society. It bore the quaint title of "An Ode upon Nothing, with Notes, by Trismegistus Rustifustius, D.D." The production was a squib against some of the fellows, and its wit won the prize for its author. Offence was taken at this by some of the authorities in the University, and a motion was made to rescind the vote which had conferred the prize. A fierce contest

arose, which Moore terminated by withdrawing the poem from the society. Emmet and Moore were constant companions, and Moore relates that the former often sat beside him when he was playing on the piano the Irish airs from Edward Bunting's volume. On one occasion, he states that when he was playing the "Red Fox," ("Let Erin remember the days of old,") Emmet started up and exclaimed, "Oh, that I were at the head of twenty thousand men marching to that air."

Moore's first appearance as a political writer was in prose, and consisted of a contribution to the "*Press*," a newspaper of historic note, and for the columns of which the chiefs of the United Irish party wrote. Moore wrote a long letter for this publication, but scarcely ventured to hope that it would appear. He was, however, agreeably surprised to find it published in the very next number. It was his custom to read out the "*Press*" to the family circle, and he states that it was with trembling nerves he accomplished the reading out of his own letter. His family had a great dread of his being involved in any of the dangerous associations of the time, and though they praised the letter, he concealed the circumstance of his being the writer. This fact, however, became known on the following day to his mother, in whose presence a friend of Moore's, Edward Hudson, dropped a few words which told the secret. She entreated of her son to avoid any further connexion with the "*Press*," and Moore, who never disobeyed her, gave the required promise. "Thus it was," says Moore, "that by gentle and womanly watchfulness, by the Providence of the little world of home, I, although placed in the very current of the movement, and living

familiarly with some of the most daring of those who propelled it, was guarded from any participation in their secret oaths, counsels, or plans, and thus escaped all share in that wild struggle to which so many far better men than myself fell victims."

In one scene, however, of the startling drama then being enacted, Moore was destined to be an actor. The authorities of the University of Dublin, dreading the increase of the principles of the United Irishmen amongst the students, a visitation was held by Lord Clare, Vice-Chancellor of Trinity College, for the purpose of investigating the extent to which the United Irishmen had infused their spirit into the minds of the Collegians, and expelling those who might be discovered to have any connexion with illegal societies. The visitation proceeded, and several students were found to be United Irishmen. Moore discovered to his astonishment, that some of his most intimate friends were found to be concerned in measures which placed even their lives at the disposal of the executive. He was painfully struck by the circumstance that some of the Collegians came forward as voluntary informers against their companions. Some were, however, driven by fear to secure their own safety at the expense of that of their friends. When the day approached for his own examination before the visitors, he became nervously anxious, and resolved not to answer any question tending to criminate others. But we must allow him to state the circumstances in his own interesting manner.

"I well remember the gloom, so unusual, that hung over our family circle on that evening, as, talking together of the events of the day, we discussed the

likelihood of my being among those who would be called up for examination on the morrow. The deliberate conclusion to which my dear honest advisers came, was that, overwhelming as the consequences were to all their plans and hopes for me, yet, if the questions leading to criminate others, which had been put to almost all examined on that day, and which poor ———— alone had refused to answer, were put to me, I must in the same manner, at all risks, return a similar refusal. I am not quite certain whether I received any intimation, on the following morning, that I was one of those to be examined in the course of the day; but I rather think that some such notice had been conveyed to me; and at last my awful turn came, and I stood in the presence of the formidable tribunal. There sat with severe look the Vice-Chancellor, and, by his side, the memorable Doctor Duigenan—memorable for his eternal pamphlets against the Catholics.

"The oath was proferred me. 'I have an objection, my lord,' said I, 'to taking this oath.' 'What is your objection?' he asked sternly. 'I have no fears, my lord, that anything I might say would criminate myself; but it might tend to involve others, and I despise the character of the person who could be led, under any such circumstances, to inform against his associates.' This was aimed at some of the revelations of the preceding day; and, as I learned afterwards, was so understood. 'How old are you, sir?' he then asked. 'Between seventeen and eighteen, my lord.' He then turned to his assessor, Duigenan, and exchanged a few words with him in an under tone of voice. 'We cannot,' he resumed, again addressing me, 'suffer any one to remain in our University, who refuses to take this oath.' 'I shall, then, my lord,' I replied, 'take the oath—still reserving to myself the power of refusing to answer any such questions as I have just described.' 'We do not sit here to argue with *you*, sir,' he rejoined sharply; upon which I took the oath, and seated myself in the witnesses' chair.

"The following are the questions and answers that then ensued. After adverting to the proved existence

of the United Irish Societies in the University, he asked—'Have you ever belonged to any of these societies?' 'No, my lord.' 'Did you ever hear of a proposal at any of their meetings, for the purchase of arms and ammunition?' 'Never, my lord.' 'Did you ever hear of a proposition made in one of these societies with respect to the expediency of assassination?' 'Oh, no, my lord.' He turned again to Duigenan, and after a few words with him, said to me—'When such are the answers you are able to give, pray what was the cause of your great repugnance to taking the oath?' "I have already told your lordship my chief reason; in addition to which, it was the first oath I ever took, and the hesitation was, I think, natural.'

"I was now dismissed without any further questioning; and, however trying had been this short operation, was amply repaid for it by the kind zeal with which my young friends and companions flocked to congratulate me; not so much, I was inclined to hope, on my acquittal by the court, as on the manner in which I had acquitted *myself*. Of my reception, on returning home, after the fears entertained of so very different a result, I will not attempt any description—it was all that *such* a home alone could furnish."

Moore's sympathy with the sufferings of Ireland was not evanescent. He says himself, that it was amongst the events of 1798, the feeling which afterwards found a voice in his country's music was born and nurtured. Thirty-four years later, in his Memoir of Lord Edward Fitzgerald (vol. 1, page 300), he speaks of what his own feelings were during the last few eventful years of the eighteenth century, and states those feelings to be even in mature age unaltered. As the passage to which we refer is autobiographical, disclosing the state of Moore's opinions at the time of which we treat, and as it eloquently describes some of his early associates,

we shall make no apology for presenting it to the reader.

"Though then but a youth in College, and so many years have since gone by, the impression of horror and indignation which the acts of the government of that day left upon my mind, is, I confess, at this moment far too freshly alive to allow me the due calmness of a historian in speaking of them. Not only had I myself, from early childhood, taken a passionate interest in that struggle, which, however darkly it ended, began under the bright auspices of a Grattan; but among those young men whom, after my entrance into College, I looked up to with most admiration and regard, the same enthusiasm of national feeling prevailed. Some of them, too, at the time of terror and torture I am now speaking of, were found to have implicated themselves far more deeply in the popular league against power than I ever could have suspected; and these I was now doomed to see, in their several ways, victims,—victims of that very ardour of patriotism which had been one of the sources of my affection for them, and in which, through almost every step but the last, my sympathies had gone along with them.

"One, considerably my senior, and *not* in the University, who, by his industry and taste in collecting old Irish airs, and the true national expression with which he performed them on the flute, contributed to nurse in me a strong feeling for our country's music, is now, if he be still alive, languishing in exile. Another, whose literary talents, and mild manly character gave every promise of a bright, if not splendid career, was, under the ban of a collegiate sentence which incapacitated him from all the learned professions, driven to a line of employment the least congenial to his tastes, where, through the remainder of a short amiable life, his fine talents lay useless; while a third, young Emmet, but escaped with the same branding sentence to be reserved for that most sad but memorable doom, to which despair, as well of himself as of his country, at last drove him.

"Of this latter friend, notwithstanding his own dying entreaty, that the world would extend to him 'the charity of its silence,' I cannot deny myself the gratification of adding a few words, conscious that, at least, the *spirit* of his wish will not be violated in them. Were I to number, indeed, the men among all I have ever known, who appeared to me to combine in the greatest degree, pure moral worth with intellectual power, I should, among the highest of the few, place Robert Emmet. Wholly free from the follies and frailties of youth—though how capable he was of the most devoted passion events afterwards proved—the pursuit of science, in which he eminently distinguished himself, seemed, at this time, the only object that at all divided his thoughts with that enthusiasm for Irish freedom which, in him, was an hereditary as well as a national feeling,—himself being the second martyr his father had given to the cause.

"Simple in all his habits, and with a repose of look and manners indicating but little movement within, it was only when the spring was touched that set his feelings, and through them, his intellect in motion, that he at all rose above the level of ordinary men. On no occasion was this more peculiarly striking than in those displays of oratory with which, both in the Debating and the Historical Society, he so often enchained the attention and sympathy of his young audience. No two individuals, indeed, could be much more unlike to each other than was the same youth to himself *before* rising to speak, and *after;* the brow that had appeared inanimate and almost drooping, at once elevating itself in all the consciousness of power, and the whole countenance and figure of the speaker assuming a change as of one suddenly inspired.

"Of his oratory, it must be recollected, I speak from youthful impressions, but I have heard little since that appeared to me of a loftier or (what is a far more rare quality in Irish eloquence) purer character; and the effects it produced, as well from its own exciting power as from the susceptibility with which his audience caught every allusion to passing events, was

such as to attract at last seriously the attention of the fellows, and by their desire one of the scholars, a man of advanced standing and reputation for oratory, came to attend our debates expressly for the purpose of answering Emmet, and endeavouring to neutralize the impressions of his fervid eloquence.

"Such in heart and mind was another of those devoted men, who, with gifts that would have made them the ornaments and supports of a well-regulated community, were yet driven to live the lives of conspirators and die the death of traitors, by a system of government which it would be difficult even to think of with patience, did we not gather a hope from the present aspect of the whole civilized world, that such a system of bigotry and misrule can never exist again.

"With Lord Edward I could have no opportunity of forming any acquaintance, but remember (as if it had been but yesterday) having once seen him, in the year 1797, in Grafton Street, when, on being told who he was, as he passed, I ran anxiously after him, desirous of another look at one whose name had, from my school days, been associated in my mind with all that was noble, patriotic, and chivalrous. Though I saw him but this once, his peculiar dress, the elastic lightness of his step, his fresh healthful complexion, and the soft expression given to his eyes by their long dark eyelashes, are as present and familiar to my memory as if I had intimately known him. Little did I then think that, at an interval of four and thirty years from thence—an interval equal to the whole span of his life at that period—I should not only find myself the historian of his mournful fate, but (what to many will appear matter rather of shame than of boast) with feelings so little altered, either as to himself or his cause."

TRANSLATION OF ANACREON.

Moore states that from a very early age the idea of publishing an English version of the Odes of Anacreon had occurred to him. His first attempt to translate

Anacreon appears in the February number of the *Anthologia* of 1794, in which will be found a "Paraphrase on the Fifth Ode of Anacreon, by T. Moore." The principal object of the youthful poet was to place before the Board of Trinity College a select number of Odes, with a view to the translator receiving some honour or reward. Moore submitted the manuscript to Dr. Kearney, one of the senior fellows (afterwards Provost and subsequently Bishop of Ossory), but that gentleman, though most friendly to Moore, hesitated to lay before the Board an English translation of so gay a writer as Anacreon. He, however, advised Moore to complete the translation and to publish it. Moore worked laboriously at his task, and he observes that he collected much of the materials for the notes from Marsh's library adjoining Patrick's Church. "I often," says he, "was locked in alone at that period of the year when the library was closed to the public, and to the many solitary hours which I passed in hunting through the dusty tomes of the old library, I owe much of that odd sort of reading which may be found scattered through my earlier writings." Early in 1799 Moore went to London, with (as he says) the two not very congenial objects of keeping terms at the Middle Temple and publishing his translation of Anacreon.

Moore's translation of Anacreon attracted much attention when first published, and it has always been considered the version which transferred to English most of the sprightly gaiety of the bard of Teios. It was, however, pronounced at the time by the *Edinburgh Review* and other authorities to be more a paraphrase than a translation. Moore, too, was accused of lending

additional warmth to the at least sufficiently glowing ideas of Anacreon. We have not taken up our pen to write an unqualified panegyric of Moore, but to trace a biographical sketch as truthfully as our resources permit. We are, therefore, free to admit that although Moore's Anacreon displays much talent, we are glad that his fame does not rest on that production alone. It is not the least strange feature connected with this subject, that Moore in the latest editions of his works expresses his opinion that the Greek Odes considered to be Anacreon's are "merely modern fabrications." The following extracts will illustrate the light and airy style of the work which first introduced Moore, (as Thomas Moore) to the notice of the literary world.

To the Grasshopper.

Oh! thou, of all creation blest,
Sweet insect, that delight'st to rest
Upon the wild wood's leafy tops,
To drink the dew that morning drops;
And chirp thy song with such a glee,
That happiest kings may envy thee.
Whatever decks the velvet field,
Whate'er the circling seasons yield,
Whatever buds, whatever blows,
For thee it buds, for thee it grows.
Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,
To him thy friendly notes are dear;
For thou art mild as matin dew;
And still, when summer's flowery hue
Begins to paint the bloomy plain,
We hear thy sweet prophetic strain;
Thy sweet prophetic strain we hear,
And bless the notes, and thee revere!
The Muses love thy shrilly tone
Apollo calls thee all his own;

'Twas he who gave that voice to thee,
'Tis he who tunes thy minstrelsy.
Unworn by age's dim decline,
The fadeless blooms of youth are thine.
Melodious insect, child of earth,
In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth;
Exempt from every weak decay
That withers vulgar frames away;
With not a drop of blood to stain
The current of thy purer vein;
So blest an age is passed by thee,
Thou seem'st a little deity!

Gold Cannot Lengthen Life.

If hoarded gold possess'd the power
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
And purchase from the hand of death
A little span, a moment's breath,
How would I love the precious ore
And every hour should swell my store;
That when Death came, with shadowy pinion,
To waft me to his bleak dominion,
I might, by bribes, my doom delay,
And bid him call some distant day.
But since, not all earth's golden store,
Can buy for us one bright hour more,
Why should we vainly mourn our fate,
Or sigh at life's uncertain date?
Nor wealth nor grandeur can illume
The silent midnight of the tomb.

Spring.

Behold! the young, the rosy spring,
Gives to the breeze her scented wing;
While virgin graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way.
The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languish'd into silent sleep;

And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave;
While cranes from hoary winter fly,
To flutter in a kinder sky.
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away;
And cultur'd field, and winding stream,
Are freshly glittering in his beam.

Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells;
Gemming shoots the olive twine,
Clusters ripe festoon the vine;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see,
Nursing into luxury.

The Dance.

When I behold the festive train
Of dancing youth, I'm young again.
Memory wakes her magic trance,
And wings me lightly through the dance.
Come, Cybeba, smiling maid!
Cull the flower and twine the braid;
Bid the blush of summer's rose,
Burn upon my forehead's snows;
And let me, while the wild and young
Trip the mazy dance along,
Fling my heap of years away,
And be as wild, as young as they.

LITTLE'S POEMS.

While Moore was preparing Anacreon for the Press, he published a volume of poems, under the assumed title of "Thomas Little," to which, in a second edition, he put his own initials. This volume (though proving

that its author possessed considerable poetical talent,) was considered very objectionable, and the only excuse ever put forward for it was, the youth of the writer. Moore in recent editions of his works, omitted the songs which were most open to severely just criticism, and there is every reason to believe that he deeply deplored having ever written them. The *Edinburgh Review* condemned Moore's amatory poems with such cutting reproof, that the author considered the critic to have overstepped the limits of just criticism. The critique, which will be found in the eighth volume of the *Edinburgh Review*, is certainly a specimen of severity. Moore challenged the editor (the late Lord Jeffrey,) and a meeting took place at Chalk Farm, near London. The duel was however prevented by the interference of the police, and on examining the pistols, it was found that they did not contain balls. This circumstance led to much sportive remark at the time, at the expense of the parties concerned. Moore always denied that he knew of the harmless state of his opponent's pistol, and there is of course no reason to doubt his word. Moore and Jeffrey were afterwards very good friends. The circumstance would be unworthy of notice, were it not for the curious fact that the friendship between Moore and Byron, arose from a meeting brought about to obtain from Byron an explanation for using the words, "Little's leadless pistol," in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." It is a curious coincidence, that the two greatest poets of the present century, Byron and Moore, were both severely handled in the *Edinburgh Review* at the outset of their career. They both however triumphed over what (as in the case of Keats, whom criticism killed) would have disheartened

men of less energy. They lived not certainly to prove their censor altogether wrong, but to extort admiration from the sternest critic of modern times. In the *Edinburgh Review* of November, 1817, we find the following passage respecting the criticism of 1806. The passage is equally honourable to the critic and the poet.

"In an early number of this work we reproved Mr. Moore, perhaps with unnecessary severity for what appeared to us, the licentiousness of some of his youthful productions. We think it a duty to say, that he has long ago redeemed that error; and that in all his later works that have come under our observation, he appears as the eloquent champion of purity, fidelity, and delicacy, not less than of justice, liberty, and honour."

POEMS ON AMERICA.

In 1803, through the friendship of Lord Moira, Moore was appointed Admiralty Registrar at Bermuda. He sailed in the *Phaeton* frigate, for the scene of his duties, on the 25th September, 1803. The scenic beauties of the Summer Isles delighted Moore, and in his poetical descriptions of Bermuda—pronounced by Basil Hall to be strikingly accurate—he has left some of his most exquisite lines. He soon however grew tired of the social dulness of official life in a distant island, and having left a deputy (whose defalcations afterwards involved Moore in heavy loss) to discharge his duties for a share of the income, he proceeded to America. He was long remembered in Bermuda, and there is a Calabash tree, still known as "Moore's tree," from the fact of his having alluded to it in one of his poems.

On leaving Bermuda, Moore took a tour through the United States. He mentions his having attended the

levee of President Jefferson, and observes, that it was an event not to be forgotten, to see and speak with the man who drew up the Declaration of Independence. Moore's impressions of America were not favourable, a circumstance which he traces to the influence of the feelings and prejudices of those with whom he mingled, who were principally officers of the British navy. "The good will," writes Moore, "which I have received from more than one distinguished American, sufficiently assures me that any injustice I may have done to that land of freemen, if not long since wholly forgotten, is now remembered only to be forgiven."

Moore, of course, visited Niagara, and the prose account he gives of his visit (which we subjoin), contains some very sublime ideas. He went among the Tuscarora Indians, whose manly forms and natural courtesy he admired much. Having crossed Ontario, he passed down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, and returned to England. In his voyage down the St. Lawrence, Moore wrote on the fly-leaf of a copy of Priestley's Lectures, his well-known "Canadian Boat Song." Moore gave the book to a friend named Harkness, and when it was shown to him in 1835, by Miss Maconchy, of Edenmore, near Dublin, the poet authenticated the circumstance in an autograph statement subjoined to the lines.

NIAGARA.

"When we arrived, at length, at the inn, in the neighbourhood of the Falls, it was too late to think of visiting them that evening, and I lay awake almost the whole night with the sound of the cataract in my ears. The day following I consider as a sort of era in my life; and the first glimpse I caught of that wonderful cataract gave me a feeling which nothing in the world

can awaken again. It was through an opening among the trees, as we approached the spot where the full view of the Falls was to burst upon us, that I caught this glimpse of the mighty mass of waters folding smoothly over the edge of the precipice; and so overwhelming was the notion it gave me of the awful spectacle I was approaching, that, during the short interval that followed, imagination had far outrun the reality; and, vast and wonderful as was the scene that then opened upon me, my first feeling was that of disappointment. It would have been impossible, indeed, for anything real to have come up to the vision I had in these few seconds formed of it, and these awful scriptural words, "The fountains of the great deep were broken up," can alone give any notion of the vague wonders for which I was prepared.

But in spite of the start thus got by imagination the triumph of reality was, in the end, but the greater; for the gradual glory of the scene that opened upon me, soon took possession of my whole mind; presenting from day to day, some new beauty or wonder, and, like all that is most sublime in nature or art, awakened sad as well as elevated thoughts. I retain in my memory but one other dream—for such do events so long past appear—which can in any respect be associated with the grand vision I have just been describing; and however different the nature of their appeals to the imagination, I should find it difficult to say on which occasion I felt most deeply affected, when looking on the Falls of Niagara, or when standing by moonlight among the ruins of the Colosseum.

A Scene in Bermuda.

The morn was lovely, every wave was still,
When the first perfume of the cedar-hill
Sweetly awaked us, and with smiling charms,
The fairy harbour woo'd us to its arms.
Gently we stole before the languid wind,
Through plaintain shades, that like an awning twined

And kissed on either side the wanton sails
Breathing our welcome to those vernal vales ;
While, far reflected o'er the wave serene,
Each wooded island shed so soft a green,
That the enamoured keel, with whispering play,
Through liquid herbage seem'd to steal its way !
Never did weary bark more sweetly glide,
Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide !
Along the margin many a brilliant dome,
White as the palace of a Lapland gnome,
Brighten'd the wave ; in every myrtle grove,
Secluded bashful, like a shrine of love,
Some elfin mansion sparkled through the shade ;
And, while the foliage interposing play'd,
Wreathing the structure into various grace,
Fancy would love in many a form to trace
The flowery capital, the shaft, the porch,
And dream of temples, till her kindling torch
Lighted me back to all the glorious days
Of Attic genius ; and I seem'd to gaze
On marble from the rich Pentelic mount,
Gracing the umbrage of some Naiad's fount

The Song of the Indian Spirit.

(*Written on the banks of the St. Lawrence*)

From the clime of sacred doves,
Where the blessed Indian roves
Through the air on wing, as white
As the spirit-stones of light,
Which the eye of morning counts
On the Apallachian mounts !
Hither oft my flight I take
Over Huron's lucid lake,
Where the waves, as clear as dew,
Sleep beneath the light canoe,
Which, reflected, floating there,
Looks as if it hung in air !
Then, when I have stray'd awhile
Through the Manataulin isle ;

Breathing all its holy bloom,
Swift upon the purple plume
Of my Wakon-bird I fly,
Where beneath a burning sky,
O'er the bed of Erie's lake
Slumbers many a water-snake,
Basking in the web of leaves
Which the weeping lily weaves!

Then I chase the flowret-king
Through his bloomy wild of spring;
See him now while diamond hues
Soft his neck and wings suffuse,
In the leafy chalice sink,
Thirsting for his balmy drink
Now behold him, all on fire,
Lovely in his looks of ire,
Breaking every infant stem
Scattering every velvet gem,
Where his little tyrant lip
Had not found enough to sip.

Then my playful land I steep,
Where the gold-thread loves to creep,
Cull from thence a tangled wreath,
Words of magic round it breathe,
And the sunny chaplet spread
O'er the sleeping fly-bird's head;
Till, with dreams of honey blest,
Haunted in his downy nest
By the garden's fairest spells,
Dewy buds and fragrant bells
Fancy all his soul embowers
In the fly-bird's heaven of flowers!

Oft, when hoar and silvery flakes
Melt along the ruffled lakes;
When the gray moose sheds his horns;
When the track of evening warns
Weary hunter of the way
To the wigwam's cheering ray

Then aloft through freezing air,
With the snow-bird soft and fair
As the fleece that heaven flings
O'er his little pearly wings,
Light above the rocks I play,
Where Niagara's starry spray,
Frozen on the cliff appears
Like a giant's startling tears!
There, amid the island-sedge,
Just upon the cataract's edge,
Where the foot of living man
Never trod since time began;
Lone, I sit, at close of day,
While, beneath the golden ray,
Icy columns gleam below,
Feather'd round with falling snow;
And an arch of glory springs,
Brilliant as the chain of rings
Round the neck of virgins hung
Virgins who have wander'd young
O'er the waters of the West,
To the land where spirits rest!

Portion of a Poem addressed to Captain Douglass, *of "The Boston," on returning with him from America.*

Think then how happy I follow thee now,
When hope smooths the billowy path of our prow,
And each prosperous sigh of the west-springing wind
Takes me nearer the home where my heart is enshrin'd;
Where the smile of a father shall meet me again,
And the tears of a mother turn bliss into pain;
Where the kind voice of sisters shall steal to my heart,
And ask it, in sighs, how we ever could part!

Stanzas.*

A beam of tranquillity smil'd in the west,
The storms of the morning pursued us no more;
And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of rest,
Still heav'd, as remembering ills that were o'er!

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
Its passions were sleeping as mute as the dead,
And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their pow'r,
As the billow the force of the gale that was fled.

I thought of the days, when to pleasure alone
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh;
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known
Was pity for those who were wiser than I!

I felt how the pure, intellectual fire
In luxury loses its heavenly ray;
How soon, in the lavishing cup of desire,
The pearl of the soul may be melted away!

And I pray'd of that Spirit who lighted the flame,
That pleasure no more might its purity dim;
And that sullied but little, or brightly the same,
I might give back the gem I had borrow'd from him.

The thought was ecstatic! I felt as if Heaven
Had already the wreath of eternity shown;
As if, passion all chastened and error forgiven,
My heart had begun to be purely its own!

I looked to the west, and the beautiful sky,
Which morning had clouded, was clouded no more.
"Oh! thus," I exclaimed, "can a heavenly eye
Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before!"

* These beautiful lines were published in the same volume with the Poems on America.

SERIOUS SATIRES.

"Corruption"—"Intolerance"—"The Sceptic."

In 1808 and 1809 Moore published three satirical poems, two of them political, and the third a satire upon the schoolmen. These poems were not successful. The stately tone of Juvenal but ill became the light Horatian vein of Moore. He could ridicule folly with more force than he could lash vice. There is, however, another reason for the failure of Moore's serious political satires. They were written in a spirit which England could not then understand; they were neither Whig nor Tory, which was a defect in the eyes of the partizans of the age. The poet looks at the revolution of 1688 from an Irish point of view, and writes (to use his own language) as becomes "a man to whose country that revolution brought nothing but insult and injury, and who recollects that Molyneux's book was burned by order of William's Whig parliament, for daring to extend to unfortunate Ireland those principles on which the revolution was professedly founded."

The Whigs come in for the severest strokes of the satirist's pen. How applicable to much later times than 1808 are the following lines from the poem of "Corruption," on those who when *out* preach liberty, and when *in* practise tyranny.

Not bolder truths of sacred freedom hung
From Sydney's pen, or burned on Fox's tongue,
Than upstart Whigs produce each market night,
While yet their conscience or their purse is light;
While debts at home excite their care for those
Which, dire to tell, their much loved country owes;
And loud and upright, till their prize be known,
They thwart the king's supplies to raise their own.

But bees on flowers alighting cease their hum,
So settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.
Surely most base is he who, 'neath the shade
Of Freedom's ensign, plies Corruption's trade,
And makes the sacred flag he dares to show,
His passport to the market of the foe,

Moore in this poem recounts many of Ireland's wrongs, and speaks with indignation of

———the Union thrown
Into her bitter cup, when that alone
Of slavery's draught was wanting.

A poem which attacked Whigs, and on the other hand called Pitt the "great artizan of mischief," was not likely to find favour in an age remarkable for party spirit.

Those who seek to disgrace religion by making her the pretext for bigotry and persecution, he vigorously describes, in the poem of "Intolerance," as

———a canting crew,
So smooth, so godly, yet so devilish too;
Who armed at once with prayer-books and with whips,
Blood on their hands, and scripture on their lips;
Tyrants by creed, and torturers by text,
Make *this* life hell in horror of the *next*.

For Fox and Grattan, Moore had a deep veneration, considering them as far above the level of mere party men. After drawing a fine picture of pure and tolerant Christianity, he thus writes:—

Such was the spirit, gently grandly bright,
Which filled, oh Fox! thy peaceful soul with light;
While free and spacious as the ambient air
Which folds our planet in its circling care,

The mighty sphere of thy triumphant mind
Embraced the world, and breathed for all mankind.
Last of the great, farewell! yet *not* the last,
Though *Britain's* sunshine hour with thee be past,
Ierne still one ray of glory gives,
And feels but half thy loss while GRATTAN lives.

The object of the "Sceptic" is to ridicule mere human learning, to teach man to distrust reason and to follow a more luminous guide. "If," says Moore, in the preface, "a man with an ardent love of truth has sought her in vain through the ways of this life, he will turn with the more hope to that better world where all is simple, true, and everlasting." Moore does not treat this subject with his usual skill. The labours of Newton, Descartes, Locke, Davy, and other men of gigantic intellect, are not fairly dealt with. Moore's forte was clearly not in the didactic satire—a department of literature in which many distinguished writers have failed; for which Johnson was too serious, Moore too cheerful, Darwin too flowery and shallow, Byron too misanthropic, and which it taxed the combined wit and learning of Pope to carry to perfection.

We cannot leave the "Sceptic" without quoting the following lines on England, in 1808—but not inapplicable to England, in 1851, showering unbounded honours on a Kossuth, while leaving far better men than he to pine at the antipodes for venturing on a course similar to that for which she lauded the Hungarian exile.

Self pleased still the same dishonouring chain
She binds in Ireland, she would break in Spain;
While praised at distance, but at home forbid,
Rebels in Cork are patriots at Madrid.

THE IRISH MELODIES.

With the immortal "IRISH MELODIES" the fame of Moore will be inseparably twined. The poet had from an early age cherished the hope of linking his name with the music of his country. The melodies were published in detached numbers, and their period of publication ranged over nearly thirty years, from 1807 to 1834. Their success was unequivocal, the severest critics admiring their poetical beauties. Moore himself spoke of them as the "only work of his pen whose fame could boast a chance of prolonging its existence to a day much beyond his own." This was too modest a statement for the author of *Lalla Rookh*, but that the "Melodies" will always be deemed Moore's greatest work is universally admitted. Whether we look upon them simply as a series of exquisite songs, giving evidence of the purest poetical taste, or whether we look upon them as the vehicle of natural feeling, they are equally entitled to our admiration. These matchless lyrics exercised a marked influence upon political subjects; the applicability of many of the passages to the popular feelings of the time gave these beautiful songs an additional claim to the admiration of the people of Ireland. The brilliant speeches of Shiel were frequently studded with quotations from Moore, and even the massive eloquence of O'Connell disdained not to borrow many an ornament from the "Bard of Erin."

Of the close connection by which the national music of Ireland is linked with her history, Moore thus beautifully and impressively writes in his letter to the Marchioness of Donegal, prefixed to the third number of the Melodies.

"It has often been remarked, and oftener felt, that our music is the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance succeeded by the languor of despondency—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness—the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament, to shake off, or forget the wrongs which lie upon it: such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music; and there are many airs, which, I think, it is difficult to listen to, without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems peculiarly applicable. Sometimes, when the strain is open and spirited, yet shaded here and there by a mournful recollection, we can fancy that we behold the brave allies of Montrose, marching to the aid of the royal cause, notwithstanding all the perfidy of Charles and his ministers, and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of the present sacrifice. The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit for ever the land of their birth (like the bird that abandons the nest, which human touch has violated); and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile, mingling regret for the ties he leaves at home, with sanguine expectations of the honours that await him abroad—such honours as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valour of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day in favour of the French, and extorted from George the Second that memorable exclamation, 'Cursed be the laws which deprived me of such subjects!'

Although these songs are so well known, we cannot but feel that our little volume would be incomplete without a few illustrations of Moore's greatest work; we therefore subjoin about half a dozen of these matchless lyrics. To present many to the reader would nei-

ther accord with our space nor be just to the owners of the copyright.

The first song was written on poor Emmet; the second on Miss Curran, between whom and Emmet there existed a deep affection.

Oh! Breathe not his Name.

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonor'd his relics are laid:
Sad, silent and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps,
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

She is far from the Land.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing—
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he lov'd awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking!

He had liv'd for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwin'd him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave, where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
From her own lov'd Island of sorrow!

Erin! Oh Erin!

Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
And burn'd thro' long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that afflictions have come o'er in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm!
Erin! oh Erin! thus bright, thro' the tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears!

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising when others are set;
And, tho' slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round them yet.
Erin! oh Erin! tho' long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out, when the proudest shall fade.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwak'd by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour,
Till spring, with a touch, her dark slumber unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.
Erin! oh Erin! thy winter is past,
And the hope, that liv'd thro' it, shall blossom at last.

Dear Harp of my Country.

Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That ev'n in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go, sleep, with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was *but* as the wind passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

Where is the Slave?

Where is the slave so lowly,
Condemn'd to chains unholy,
  Who, could he burst
  His bonds at first,
Would pine beneath them slowly?
What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
Would wait till time decay'd it,
  When thus its wing
  At once may spring
To the throne of him who made it?
Farewell, Erin!—farewell all,
Who live to weep our fall

Less dear the laurel growing,
Alive, untouched, and blowing,
  Than that, whose braid
  Is pluck'd to shade
The brows, with victory glowing!
We tread the land that bore us,
Her green flag glitters o'er us,
  The friends we've tried
  Are by our side,
And the foe we hate before us.
Farewell, Erin!—farewell all,
Who live to weep our fall!

Forget not the Field.

Forget not the field where they perish'd,
  The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone—and the bright hope we cherish'd
  Gone with them, and quench'd in the grave.

Oh! could we from death but recover
  Those hearts as they bounded before,
In the face of high heav'n to fight over
  That combat for freedom once more;—

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
Oh! 'tis not in Man nor in Heaven,
To let Tyranny bind it again!

But 'tis past—and, tho' blazon'd in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accurst is the march of that glory,
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison
Illum'd by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On Liberty's ruins to fame!

On Music.

When thro' life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear
Should some notes we used to love
In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept,
Kindling former smiles again,
In faded eyes that long have wept!

Like the gale, that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song,
That once was heard in happier hours.
Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when Pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in Music's breath!

Music!—oh! how faint, how weak,
Language faints before thy spell
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well.

Friendship's balmy words may feign
  Love's are ev'n more false than they.
Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
  Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

SACRED SONGS.

Moore wrote, besides the Irish Melodies, a large number of songs, many of which are still the delight of the social circle. His prolific muse also produced, in 1816, a volume of Sacred Songs, of exquisite poetical beauty and high devotional feeling. The following are amongst the most favourable specimens of this portion of his works.

Repentance.

Were not the sinful Mary's tears
  An offering worthy heaven,
When, o'er the faults of former years,
  She wept—and was forgiven?

When bringing every balmy sweet,
  Her day of luxury stor'd,
She o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet
  The precious odours pour'd!

And wip'd them with that golden hair,
  Where once the diamond shone;
Though now those gems of grief were there,
  Which shine for God alone!

Were not those sweets, so humbly shed—
  That hair—those weeping eyes—
And the sunk heart that inly bled—
  Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

Thou, that hast slept in error's sleep,
  Oh! wouldst thou wake in heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
  Love much—and be forgiven!

Virtue true Happiness.

The bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hast'ning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through Virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee!
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!

God—the Source of Consolation.

Oh, Thou! who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!
The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too—

Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
  Did not Thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
  Our peace-branch from above?
Then sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright,
  With more than rapturous ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
  We never saw by day.

Israel's Song of Triumph.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd— his people are free.
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
  His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave.
How vain was their boast! for the Lord hath but spoken,
  And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
  Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
  And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumph'd—his people are free.

EVENINGS IN GREECE.

Moore's poem bearing the above-mentioned title is a deservedly popular production. The scene is laid in the Island of Zea. A poetical narrative forms a link for many beautiful melodies. Some of these, such as "The sky is bright," and "The Balaika," are well

known in the world of song. The lines on Memory, and the hymn to Mary, Star of the Sea, are exquisitely poetical.

Memory.

Oh, Memory, how coldly
Thou paintest joy gone by;
Like rainbows, thy pictures
But mournfully shine and die.
Or, if some tints thou keepest,
That former days recall,
As o'er each line thou weepest,
Thy tears efface them all.

But, Memory, too truly
Thou paintest grief that's past;
Joy's colours are fleeting,
But those of sorrow last.
And, while thou bring'st before us
Dark pictures of past ill,
Life's evening closing o'er us
But makes them darker still.

Mary, Star of the Sea.

When evening shades are falling
O'er ocean's sunny sleep,
To pilgrims' hearts recalling
Their home beyond the deep;
When, rest o'er all descending,
The shores with gladness smile,
And lutes, their echoes blending,
Are heard from isle to isle;
Then, Mary, Star of the Sea,
We pray, we pray, to thee!

The noonday tempest over,
Now ocean toils no more,

And wings of halcyons hover
  Where all was strife before.
Oh! thus may life in closing
  Its short tempestuous day,
Beneath heaven's smile reposing,
  Shine all its storms away.
Thus, Mary, Star of the Sea,
We pray, we pray, to thee!

LALLA ROOKH.

In 1817 Moore published Lalla Rookh. This beautiful poem was warmly welcomed by the literary world, and has lived down Hazlitt's cynical remark that, "Moore ought not to have written it even for three thousand guineas." There may, perhaps, be too much ornament in this poem, but a greater critic than Hazlitt (the late Lord Jeffrey) thus writes of Lalla Rookh, in the *Edinburgh Review* of November, 1817:

"There is a great deal of our recent poetry derived from the east, but this is the finest orientalism we have had yet. The Land of the Sun has never shone out so brightly on the children of the north, nor the sweets of Asia been poured forth, nor her gorgeousness displayed so profusely to the delighted senses of Europe. The beauteous forms, the dazzling splendour, the breathing odours of the East seem at last to have found a kindred poet in the "Green Isle of the West."

Moore first formed the notion in 1812 of writing an Eastern poem. He opened a negotiation with the house of Longman, and by the kindly co-operation of Mr. Perry of the "Chronicle," an arrangement was entered into, guaranteeing to Moore three thousand guineas. The poet laboured with unremitting toil for

some years and mastered the minutest details of eastern manners and scenery.

All travellers concur in testifying to the wonderful accuracy of Moore's knowledge on these subjects. Having in the retirement of Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, studied his subject closely, Moore set himself to the execution of his task, and commenced to people the gorgeous scenery of the East with the exquisite creations of his own boundless fancy. He states that for a long time he made but little progress, and that he commenced several stories which he threw aside. The reason of this difficulty is not dishonourable to Moore, and proves, that to produce true poetry feeling must be awakened. Moore by means of study knew Oriental life accurately; he was intimately acquainted with every hill and valley in the "Land of the Sun;" he was correct in his information on all points of detail. This was however not enough. A volume of beautiful verses might have sprung from this knowledge, but no genial warmth would have glowed along the lines. This would not have been poetry, any more than the cold marble, however exquisitely chiselled, is life. Moore was almost in despair, when the thought struck him of founding a story on the struggles which the Ghebers of Persia had maintained for religious freedom. "The cause of tolerance was," he writes, "again my inspiring theme, and the spirit which had spoken in the Melodies of Ireland soon found itself a home in the East." Thus it was that Ireland gave the poet and Ireland the inspiration. The full force of this will be felt by any Irishman who will drop the Eastern names and scenery of the "Fire Worshippers," and he will find that the finest passages

will connect themselves in his mind with the great battle for Catholic freedom which this country, under the guidance of O'Connell, so long and so nobly fought.

Of the four stories which compose the poem, the first and the least popular is the "Veiled Prophet." There are however some very beautiful passages in this tale. "Paradise and the Peri" is an universal favourite, the poetry is spirited and the moral—that the tear of repentance is the most acceptable gift to God—is striking and impressive. The finest tale is the "Fire Worshippers." The diction is rich and beautiful, while the sentiments are noble. The "Light of the Harem" is a light and airy composition and is mostly composed of lively songs. We subjoin a few of the numerous beauties which adorn *Lalla Rookh*.

Luxury not the Path to Honour.

"Is this then," thought the youth, "is this the way
To free man's spirit from the dead'ning sway
Of worldly sloth; to teach him while he lives
To know no bliss but that which virtue gives,
And when he dies, to leave his lofty name
A light, a landmark on the cliffs of fame.
It was not so, land of the generous thought
And daring deed! thy god-like sages taught
Oh! not beneath the enfeebling with'ring glow
Of such dull luxury did those myrtles grow, [dare
With which she wreathed her sword, when she would
Immortal deeds; but in the bracing air
Of toil, of temperance, of that high, rare,
Ethereal virtue, which alone can breathe
Life, health, and lustre into Freedom's wreath!
Who that surveys this span of earth we press,
This speck of life, in time's great wilderness,
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future, two eternities!

Would sully the bright spot or leave it bare,
When he might build him a proud temple there?
A name that long should hallow all its space,
And be each purer soul's high resting-place.

The Bower of Roses.

There's a bower of roses by BENDEMEER'S stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.
That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft, when alone in the bloom of the year,
I think, is the nightingale singing there yet,
Are the roses still bright by the calm BENDEMEER.

No, the roses soon wither'd that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gather'd while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distilled from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.
Thus mem'ry, draws from delight ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm BENDEMEER.

Opening of Paradise and the Peri.

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate,
And, as she listen'd to the springs
Of life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings,
Through the half-open portal glowing—
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place.

"How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
"Are the holy spirits that wander there,
'Mid flowers that ne'er shall fade or fall?
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of heav'n out-blooms them all.

"Though sunny the lake of cool CASHMERE,
With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
Though bright are the waters of SING SU HAY.
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
Yet oh! 'tis only the blest can say,
How the waters of Heav'n outshine them all.

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply them through endless years,
One minute of Heav'n is worth them all."

The Tear of Repentance the best Offering to Heaven.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air
From SYRIA'S thousand minarets!
The boy has started from his bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragant sod
Kneels with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!

Oh 'twas a sight—that Heaven—that child—
A scene which might have well beguil'd
Ev'n haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man
Reclining then—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace!
"There *was* a time," he said, in mild
Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!
When young and happy, pure as thou,
I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"
He hung his head—each nobler aim
And hope and feelings, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop," said the PERI, "that down from the moon
Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon *Egypt's* land, of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that ev'n in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and skies!—
Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!
And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,

While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven.

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek.
To mortal eye this light might seem
Another flash or meteor beam,
But well the enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear,
The harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done:
The gates are passed, and Heaven is won,
Oh am I not happy? I am, I am!
To thee, sweet Eden, how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam
And the fragrant bowers of Amberahad!

"Farewell! ye odours of earth that die,
Passing away like a lover's sigh.
My feast is now of the tooba tree
Whose scent is the breath of eternity.
Farewell! ye vanishing flowers that shone
In my fairy wreath so bright and brief,
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown
To the lote-tree springing by Alla's throne,
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf?
Joy, joy for ever! my task is done:
The gates are passed, and Heaven is won."

The Name of Rebellion.

Rebellion! foul, dishonouring word,
Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained.
How many a spirit, born to bless,
Has sunk beneath that withering name,
Whom but a day's, an hour's success
Had wafted to eternal fame!
As exhalations, when they burst
From the warm earth, if chill'd at first,
If check'd in soaring from the plain,
Darken to fogs and sink again;
But if they once triumphant spread
Their wings above the mountain head,
Become enthroned in upper air,
And turn to sun-bright glories there!

Treachery.

Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May life's unblessed cup for him
Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim,
With hopes that but allure to fly,
With joys that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead-Sea fruits that tempt the eye
But turn to ashes on the lips!
His country's curse, his children's shame,
Outcast of virtue, peace, and fame;
May he, at last, with lips of flame
On the parch'd desert thirsty die,
While lakes that shone in mockery nigh
Are fading off, untouch'd, untasted,
Like the once glorious hope he blasted;
And, when from earth his spirit flies,
Just Prophet, let the damn'd one dwell
Full in the sight of Paradise,
Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!

A Calm.

How calm and beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone,
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,
Fresh as if Day again were born
Again upon the lap of Morn;
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm;
And every drop the thunder showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers,
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem
Whose liquid flame is born of them!
When 'stead of one unchanging breeze
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own,
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs.
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all;
And even that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heaves
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
Too newly to be quite at rest.

Song of the Spirit of Music.

From CHINDARA'S warbling fount I come,
Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell,
From CHINDARA'S fount, my fairy home,
Where in music, morn and night, I dwell

When lutes in the air are heard about,
And voices are singing the whole day long,
And every sigh the heart breathes out
Is turned, as it leaves the lips, to song!
Hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring dying notes
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly.
And the passionate strain, that deeply going,
Refines the bosom it trembles through,
As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too.

Mine is the charm whose mystic sway
The spirits of past delight obey;
Let but the tuneful talisman sound,
And they come like Genii, hovering round;
And mine is the gentle song that bears
From soul to soul the wishes of love,
As a bird, that wafts through genial airs
The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure
The past, the present, the future pleasure;
When memory links the tone that is gone
With the blissful tone that's still in the ear;
And hope from heavenly note flies on
To a note more heavenly still that is near.

The warrior's heart, when touched by me,
Can as downy soft, and as yielding be
As his own white plume, that high amid death
Through the field has shone—yet moves with a breath.

And, oh! how the eyes of beauty glisten,
When Music has reach'd her inward soul,
Like the silent stars, that wink and listen
While heaven's eternal melodies roll.
So, hither I come
From my fairy home,
And if there's a magic in Music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath
Thy lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

Song of the Arab Maid.

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But, oh! the choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
Th' acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor lov'd the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then come—thy Arab maid will be
The lov'd and lone acacia-tree,
The antelope whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart,
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;—

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breath'd and shone
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if lov'd for years!

Then fly with me—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,
Fresh as the fountain under ground
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp'd image from its base
To give to me the ruined place;—

Then fare thee well!—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake,
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine!

ENTERTAINMENT IN DUBLIN, 1818.

On Monday, the 8th June, 1818, Moore was entertained at a public dinner in Dublin, on which occasion his father was present, and had the proud gratification of seeing the most gifted in the land assembled to do honour to his son in his native city. It was said at the time, and with truth, that in no other capital could so

many men of very high order of talent, and of cultivated classical taste, have been brought together. Lord Charlemont presided, and with graceful eloquence supported the intellectual character of the meeting. The talents of O'Connell, Shiel, Maturin, Phillips, Cloncurry, and Burrowes gave lustre to the occasion. Curran was then but recently dead. His memory was of course proposed, and the speech delivered by his son William Henry Curran, in returning thanks for his illustrious father, was considered a model of pathetic eloquence. The gifted guest spoke several times with a depth of feeling and beauty of language which proved him to be an orator as well as a poet.

A preliminary meeting was held at Morrison's, for the purpose of making arrangements for the Dinner to Moore. General Mathews occupied the chair.

O'Connell was the principal speaker on this occasion. He said that having taken an active part in procuring the present meeting, he was induced to propose the appointment of a Committee to carry its object into effect. It was unnecessary to say one word in recommendation of that object. There could not live a single Irishman so lost to every feeling of affection for his country, not to feel pride and pleasure at hearing the name of Moore. It was a name that raised the fame of Irish talent, and placed the poetic character of this country on the highest pinnacle of literary glory. To the most splendid faculties of the head, their illustrious countryman added the most endearing and noble qualities of the heart. Any tribute his countrymen could pay him, would but feebly discharge the debt of gratitude which Ireland owed him. It was, in truth, unnecessary to expatiate on the object of the meeting. It was, perhaps, more useful to state what was *not* its object. It was *not* intended to mix anything of party or politics in the compliment about to be paid to

Moore. It was a literary tribute, the reward of genius; or at least an offering at the shrine of genius, which ought not to be sullied by the contact of any portion of party zeal or political asperity. Everything which could remind us of our unfortunate differences should be banished on this occasion. Here, at least, discussion should be excluded, and every man who admired splendid talent would have an opportunity of showing his respect for it in the absence of every sensation of an angry or discordant nature. Upon this basis—the absence of partizanship—the presence of every generous and kindly sentiment—the Poet of Ireland should be hailed by his countrymen as a light that flung a warm and cheering ray on the coldness and darkness which had so long surrounded their ill-fated but beloved country. He concluded by moving for the appointment of a Committee to invite Moore to a Public Dinner. A Committee was accordingly named to conduct the arrangements.

The Dinner took place on the 8th June, at Morrison's hotel. After the usual toasts, the memory of the Princess Charlotte was proposed and warmly received.

Lord Charlemont, in proposing the health of Moore, spoke as follows:—I have long been in habits of intimacy with the subject of our present enthusiasm. I have watched his private and his public life, and I have traced his progress in both with equal admiration. I have perused the effusions of his muse with delight, and I have studied the productions of his pen, I trust, with profit. His character may be expressed in three words—Patriotism, Independence, Consistency. In other times, talents have appeared and were often neglected: Moore is appreciated by all. Hogarth painted, and was nearly unknown to his contemporaries; Milton's works were unheeded till an enlightened taste made them popular; Moore, however, lives in an age which does honour to itself and to him, by placing on his brow the well-deserved laurel. I now give you the health of our distinguished guest, Thomas Moore.

The toast was received with enthusiastic applause.

Moore rose to return thanks and spoke in the following terms:

I feel this the very proudest moment of my whole life. To receive such a tribute from an assembly like this around me, composed of some of the warmest and manliest hearts that Ireland can boast, is, indeed, a triumph that goes deeply to my heart, and awakens there all that an Irishman *ought* to feel, whom Irishmen like you have selected for such a distinction. Were my merits a hundred times beyond what the partiality of the noble chairman has invested me with, this moment, this golden moment of my life, would far overpay them all. There are some among you, gentlemen, whose friendship has been the strength and ornament, the *præsidium et dulce decus* of my existence; who, however they differ from my public sentiments, have never allowed that transient ruffle on the surface to impede the progress of the deep tide of friendship beneath; men who feel that there is something more sacred than party, and whose noble natures in the worst of times, would come out of the conflict of public opinion like pebbles out of the ocean, but more smooth and more polished from all asperities, by the very agitation in which they had been revolving. To see them beside me on a day like this, is a pleasure that lies too deep for words. To the majority of you, gentlemen, I am unknown but as your countryman; as one who has ventured to touch the chords of Ireland's harp, and whose best fame is made out of the echoes of their sweetness; as one whose humble talents have ever been devoted—and with the blessing of God *shall* ever be devoted—to the honour and advancement of his country's name; whose love for that country, even they who contemn his manner of showing it, will, at least, allow to be sincere, and perhaps forgive its intemperance for its truth, setting him down as "one who loved not wisely, but too well." To most of you, gentlemen, I say I am but thus known. We have hitherto been strangers to each other, but may I not flatter myself, that from this night a new era of communion begins between us? The givers and receivers

of a tribute like this are linked by no common ties of sympathy. A moment like this is the very hot-bed of the heart, forcing at once all its feelings into a fulness of fruit which it would take years of ordinary ripening to produce; and there is not a man of you who have pledged to me the cup of fellowship this night, whom I would not claim the privilege of grasping by the hand, with all the cordiality of a long and well cemented friendship. I could not say more if I were to speak for ages. With a heart as full as this glass, I thank you for your kindness to me, and have the sincere gratification of drinking all your healths.

The bard sat down amidst loud applause.

The next toast was, "the Marquises of Hastings and Lansdowne, the friends of Mr. Moore." The Chairman said, in proposing the health of these noblemen, that they had many claims upon the respect and admiration of such an assembly as the present, but the manner in which they had illustrated their high characters by their early and effective friendship for Mr. Moore, was deserving of their special applause.

Mr. Moore then rose and said:—I rise to propose to you a toast which, but for the gratification of my own feelings, it would be unnecessary for me to preface by a single word. There are propositions, we know, called axioms, whose undoubtable truth forces itself at once, like daylight, upon the mind; and of the same clear and irresistible nature are the claims of the noble person I am about to name, upon the respect, the admiration, and gratitude of us all. To limit my eulogy to his conduct on the present occasion, to the liberal tact with which he has distinguished between the politician and the poet, and prevented the humble claims of your minstrel from being frustrated by the prejudices of party on either side; the spirit, in short, with which he has anticipated the verdict of after times, when, whatever pure gold the poet may have possessed, is separated from the dross of the times in which he lived; when all distinctions but those of genius die away; and the thunderdrops that fall in the heated atmosphere of politics, have rolled

away from the plumage of the Aonian swan, without staining or even wetting a feather over which they have passed. These manifestations of this truly noble person's character, though duly appreciated by *you*, and though by me most deeply felt, would but narrowly do justice to the great range of his claims on our affection. I should paint him, and I would attempt the portrait if he were not himself present; as a nobleman whose manly modesty does not prevent him from feeling the value of his presence in his native land, and who prefers to all the luxuries of other countries, that most glorious one of being useful to his own. I would describe him to you as the inheritor, not only of his father's public spirit, but of all those elegant tastes which embellished his private life, mingling the names of sage and scholar with that of patriot. I would paint him as the happy husband and father in his own home, his *Irish* home, surrounded by beauties both living and inanimate, such as none but our own island of loveliness ever paralleled. All this I would attempt if I were not checked by the presence of the noble person himself. But your knowledge of the man will supply every deficiency in my portrait of him, when I name to you as I do with heartfelt pleasure,—The Earl of Charlemont.

This toast was received with enthusiasm.

The noble lord rose, and said—I fully feel the honours the company has conferred on me. I feel it with pride as an Irishman, because it is the spontaneous offering of my countrymen. I beg of them to accept my thanks, and to believe, that the interests of Ireland are dear to my heart. Born and educated in the purest principles of patriotism—principles which were carefully instilled into my mind by my late revered parent, the love of Ireland was the first sentiment of my childhood; it was the first precept I learned, and it shall be the last I shall forget. I was early taught to believe, that the affairs of Ireland, managed out of Ireland, were not likely to be prosperous; and experience has not tended to remove the impressions of my youth. His lordship after some other observations, concluded by giving

"The Dramatic talent of Ireland, and Mr. Maturin and Mr. Shiel."

After some hesitation, Mr. Shiel rose and said—My lord, you have conferred upon me a very great and very unmerited distinction, by associating me with the dramatic literature of a country which has produced a Congreve, a Farquhar, a Southern, a Sheridan, and the distinguished gentleman, with whose name you have done me the honour of connecting mine. I shall say little of my gratitude, because every person here must know that I am most deeply thankful; and I shall not speak of a deficiency in desert, because I would avoid that refinement in vain glory, which, with the overweening egotism of an ostentatious, and, I may call it, *episcopal* humility deprecates the distinction for which it thirsts; on the contrary, I will venture to lay claim to one merit, that of having endeavoured to act upon the emotions by appealing to the honourable principles of our nature. In one instance I have depicted the sufferings of the victims of a piratical depredation, from whose cries a deaf ear has been so long turned by the men who, while they affect to be the proprietors, forget that they ought to be the protectors of mankind. In another, I have spoken that indignant abhorrence with which every professor of my religion contemplates that intolerance which is so injuriously laid to its charge, and I have endeavoured to call out from the public mind, that expression of contemptuous execration with which we all survey the illustrious idiot who has blasted Spain with his rule. This is the only merit which I can claim, and for this I have received, upon this night, a better reward than the applause of a whole theatre of others. You have given me a leaf from that garland with which you have encircled the brows of the first poet of our country, and I wear it with the same exultation with which a soldier bears the small badge of his distinction, in following, at a distance, the triumphal car of an illustrious chief. This is, indeed, a triumph. Petrarch and Tasso were crowned in the Capitol; but the lover of Laura, and the author of Jerusalem Delivered, could

not have felt more exulting emotions upon the Capitol, than the author of Lalla Rookh experiences at this moment. Ireland has produced the first captain and best poet of the age, but if Wellington himself were to return to his native island, he would not be received with half this honest homage of heart. We are proud of Wellington, but we are fond of Moore. Goldsmith was the only great poet Ireland had produced. Moore has equalled him in simplicity, and far surpassed him in imagination. In Goldsmith we find the pensiveness of the evening, which, through those glimmering windows, we see closing one of the brightest and proudest days our country has ever witnessed; but in Moore with the pensiveness of the evening we behold its illumination. His thoughts, if I may employ so fanciful an illustration, are like those beautiful little birds, which Campbell describes, gleaming in a transatlantic sunset; or, like those birds, to use the poet's comparison, they seem atoms of the rainbow Voltaire has observed, that Rousseau was the only great musician who had been a great writer. Mr. Moore has deprived him of the singleness of that praise. To him we are indebted not only for his own delicious music, but for the immortal poetry to which he has wedded the melodies of Ireland. With the magic of Prospero, he has given a more substantial, but still celestial form, to the spirits of sound, and he has clothed, with the fine texture of his beautiful phraseology, the Ariels of his own island, which his imagination has converted into a region of enchantment. In the fervour with which we are kindled by his poetry, we are tempted to believe in the migration of souls, and to fancy that the bard of Teos, after having been rapt in Elysium, had returned to earth without having drank of Lethe, unless that sometimes we perceive the softer genius of Anacreon yielding to the loftier inspirations of Alcesis, and hear the soundings of that lyre, which roused the Greeks to the remembrance of their wrongs, and made tyrants tremble on their thrones. But I must forbear—I will not violate the compact into which we have entered, that the celebration of literary glory shall not be profaned by a

reference to any ruder topics. Every political animosity should here subside, and if a scribbler of tragedies may use an allusion to the first tragedian of Greece, let the furies be lulled to sleep in the temple of Apollo.

Mr. Maturin expressed his thanks in brief but emphatic terms. He said that the honour of being considered worthy of notice, as an author, in the presence of Mr. Moore, and in a company assembled to celebrate his genius, was greater than he had before that night hoped to enjoy.

Lord Charlemont now called for a bumper for the elder Mr. Moore. The toast was received with the most marked applause.

Moore rose and said:—My Lord Charlemont and gentlemen, I am deputed by my father to thank you, and must say, that I feel this kindness even more than that which was conferred directly upon myself. We have read of a dumb youth, in ancient times, to whom the sight of a sword uplifted over his father's head gave the power of utterance, and he spoke and saved him. What fear effected in that instance, gratitude, would, I feel, produce in the present; and though I had been dumb all my life, words would, I think, have burst forth to thank you. In the name of that venerated father and myself, I offer you, gentlemen, my most deepfelt acknowledgments; and allow me to add, that on this day of cordial recollections, there is no one who deserves to be remembered more ardently than he; as, if I deserve (which I cannot persuade myself) one half the honours which you have this day heaped upon me, to him, and to the education which he struggled hard to give me, I owe it all—yes, gentlemen, to him and to an admirable mother—one of the warmest hearts even this land of warm hearts ever produced—whose highest ambition for her son has ever been that independent and unbought approbation of his countrymen, which, thank God, she lives this day to witness.

Lord Charlemont next gave, "Mr. Power, and the Kilkenny Theatrical Society." Mr. Corry rose and said:—My Lord Charlemont and gentlemen, in the name of Mr. Richard Power, and of the Association

at Kilkenny over which he presides, I beg leave to thank you for the distinguished honour which you have conferred upon him and them. It is the pride and boast of the little stage of Kilkenny that Mr. Moore has often enlivened it with his comic talents, and for ever distinguished it by the recitation of his poetry. That his talents should have been conspicuous among us as a dramatic poet, you can easily understand, but it is curious to observe that he was the best actor of us all.

The chairman next gave "The living authors of Great Britain," to which toast Moore answered as follows:—Gentlemen, I cannot allow such a mark of respect to be paid to the illustrious names which adorn the literature of the present day, without calling your attention awhile to the singular constellation of genius, and asking you to dwell a little on the brightness of each "particular star" that forms it. Can I name to you a Byron, without recalling to your hearts recollections of all that his mighty genius has awakened there —his energy—his burning words—his intense passion —that disposition of his fine fancy to wander only among the ruins of the heart, to dwell in places which the fire of feeling had desolated, and like the chesnut tree which grows best in *volcanic* soils, to luxuriate most where the conflagration of passion has left its mark! Need I mention to you Scott, that fertile and fascinating writer, the vegetation of whose mind is as rapid as that of a northern summer, and as rich as the most golden harvest of the south! whose beautiful creations succeed each other like the fruits in Armida's enchanted garden, "one scarce is gathered till another grows!" Shall I recall to you a Rogers (to me endeared by friendship as well as genius), who has hung up his own name on the shrine of memory, among the most imperishable tablets; there is a Southey, *not the Laureat*, but the author of Don Roderick, one of the noblest and most eloquent poems in any language; a Campbell, the polished, the spirited Campbell, whose song of Innisfail is the very tears of our own Irish muse, crystallized by the touch of genius, and made

eternal; a Wordsworth, a poet, even in his puerilities, whose capacious mind, like the great pool of Norway, draws into its vortex not only the mighty things of the deep, but its minutest weeds and refuse: a Crabbe, who has shown what the more than galvanic power of talent can effect, by giving not only motion but life and soul to subjects that seemed incapable of it. I could enumerate, gentlemen, still more, and from thence would pass with delight to dwell upon the living poets of our land. The dramatic powers of a Maturin and a Shiel, the former consecrated by the applause of a Scott and a Byron, and the latter by the tears of some of the brightest eyes in the empire; the rich imagination of a Phillips, who has courted successfully more than one muse; the versatile genius of a Morgan, who was the first who mated our sweet Irish strains with poetry worthy of their pathos and their force. But I feel I have already trespassed too long upon your patience and your time. I do not regret, however, that you have been doomed to listen with patience to the humble tribute to the living masters of the English lyre, which I, "the meanest of the throng," thus feebly but heartily have paid them.

His lordship, on proposing the health of Lord Cloncurry, took occasion to pay a high and well-merited tribute to the public and private virtues of this truly noble lord. He knew him well; and knowing him, he respected and admired him. He was a true and practical patriot. High in life, and possessed of a large and independent fortune, he rejected the vicious and tasteless example of those who dissipate their wealth in foreign countries—he spent his fortune at home—his useful and honourable life was devoted to the good of Ireland, to the performance of his duties as a nobleman, a citizen, and a magistrate. His lordship concluded by proposing the health of Lord Cloncurry.

Lord Cloncurry rose to return thanks. He said, My lord and gentlemen, I feel at once distressed and gratified by this unexpected mark of your kindness. To receive such a tribute from such hands, I feel to be an honour of no ordinary character. I am grateful

for it; I shall ever cherish in my memory the recollections of this night. Your generous partiality binds me, if possible, closer to a country for whose good I would think no sacrifice too great. His lordship expressed his high satisfaction at having an opportunity of sharing in the general happiness which that scene afforded. Yet he had hesitated as to coming to witness it. Some men there were who would be willing to impute his presence to political motives; but his wish was, to join with his countrymen in paying a tribute of respect and affection to the poet whose genius shed so much glory on the literature of his country, and to the man whose exalted patriotism could sympathise with no party but the ardent friends of Ireland.

The health of Grattan was next proposed and responded to by Mr. H. Bushe, who proposed the "Memory of the late Lord Charlemont," to which toast the chairman spoke.

"Peter Burrowes and the Irish Bar" was the next toast, to which that distinguished orator replied.

"Lord Plunkett" was also given, and responded to by his son, who apologized for his father's absence.

The chairman having given "the Managing Committee, and many thanks to them for their exertions," there was a general cry for O'Connell to reply. He came forward with some reluctance, and declared that he had no affectation at all upon the subject, but could not recognise any particular claim he had to any peculiar notice on such an occasion as the present. When gentlemen met to express the national sentiment towards the most delightful of the Bards of old Erin, it was quite refreshing to see the cordial alacrity with which men of every party combined in that testimony to his talent and his worth. The Irish legend celebrated the fame of the saint of Ireland, at whose command every venomous reptile quitted the land, but it would remain for history to celebrate the more glorious and useful triumph of the poet of Ireland, at whose presence all that was rancorous and malignant in the angry passions of absurd partizanship ceased,

and violent and virulent disputation became converted into a scene of peace, harmony, and affection. It was a pleasing a delicious change, and might be perpetual if Irishmen of all parties would recollect that there were generous, kindly, brave and good men of every party; and that, however in the zeal of contention those good qualities might be denied, yet they did in fact live and reside as in a chosen home in the bosoms of Irishmen of every faction, sect, and persuasion. This work of conciliation and natural affection was most suited to the man who combined in himself the most splendid and the most endearing qualities, who was alone and at the same time the sweetest poet, the best of sons, and the most exquisite Irishman living. For himself, all he should say was, that nothing could give him greater pleasure than to be able to extinguish party zeal for ever, and to join in a national exertion for the benefit of all the inhabitants of his native land. He was a party man, to be sure, but it was his misfortune, not his fault to be so. He, however, belonged to the party of the oppressed and excluded, and if he had been born in Madrid or Constantinople, he vowed to God, he would, in either place, be more intemperate and violent for the protection of the persecuted Protestant in the one, and of the trampled-down Christian in the other. O'Connell concluded by proposing as a toast, "the Memory of the Volunteers of Ireland, and may the example of our fathers stimulate the efforts of their children."

The memory of the late Right Hon. John Philpot Curran having been given, his son, Mr. Curran of the Bar, addressed the meeting as follows:—

Perhaps, my lord, I ought not to disturb the silence with which you have filled to the dead—perhaps I ought to recollect, as many here must do, that the tongue which could have thanked you, is cold and mute for ever. Still, my lord, in the name of my father's memory, allow me to thank you for the flattering proof of your remembrance. He is now beyond the reach of pleasure or of pain, from any tributes accorded or withheld; but were it possible to suppose, that any act

of posthumous homage could peculiarly attract his regard, it assuredly would be to see, that amidst all the enthusiasm, and all the generous heedlessness of the festive board, he has not been forgotten; let me say too, my lord, that the introduction of his name, upon an occasion so interesting as the present, has not been entirely inappropriate. I speak before those who knew him, and who can attest with what tenderness and delight he would have witnessed the present scene: with what proud and unwavering alacrity he would have joined in this testimony of respect to his distinguished friend—with what pathetic admiration he would have gazed upon that glorious spectacle of triumphant talent—the sire and the son enthroned amidst the nobility and the spirit of the land—the child nobly absolving the parent from all paternal solicitude—nobly reversing the order of nature, by thus winning for himself and imparting back upon his kindred, the lustre and the consequence that the less gifted are contented to receive from their predecessors. Nor will our illustrious guest himself, deem it inopportune to be thus reminded of a departed companion, for though it may be a favourite occupation of his genius to welcome and adorn with its smiles every offered pleasure, yet have its most delicious and most felicitous moments been passed in mourning over the friends and the times that can never be restored. For myself, too, my lord, if I may for an instant venture to intrude the topic, and for all those who feel more intimately connected with the interests of my father's memory, permit me to express my deepest gratitude for so consoling a proof, that some of our fears on the subject have been unfounded; we were repenting that the country in which he lived and struggled, and which he so fervently idolized, should have been defrauded of his ashes; we were apprehending that without some visible memorial to recal it, his name might pass too rapidly away, but we are most grateful for this generous correction of our mistake, which I hail as a certain earnest that there is reserved for him a more precious and a more enduring monument. Yes, my lord, though his own fond expectations

may have failed—though the future lover of Ireland, and its genius, may have to inquire from some antiquary, into what corner of another land, the bones of John Philpot Curran have been flung? still while the feeling and the spirit which can alone preserve his memory from decay, remain among us, (and of this how delightful the specimen exhibited at this moment,) his name will not be unremembered or unhonoured. Let me, however, correct myself, if I have seemed to insinuate that my father's obsequies were neglected or obscure. No, my lord, they had much of which to boast—his hearse was escorted by no gaudy cavalcade, but it was followed by a little band of friends who loved him—by men of genius and of value—by the philosopher, patriot, and the bard. It may not have been fated that Ireland should touch his pall; but conspicuous among those who attended to see that he was gently deposited in his grave, appeared the most accomplished and admired of her children, (Mr. Moore,) conferring by his single presence all, and more than all, that was necessary for the honour of the departed, or to the most scrupulous and exacting pride of his survivors. Yes, my lord, I feel that to have been so interred, and so remembered as my father has been this night, is a rare distinction, to the authors of which I can never adequately express my most fervent and grateful acknowledgments.

This very modest, pathetic, and eloquent speech, was delivered in a tone and manner that produced the most lively emotion throughout the room. Mr. Curran was interrupted by cheers at almost every sentence. His strong resemblance to his illustrious father, in voice, countenance, and gesture, and turn of thought, was recognised by every one present, and served to brighten the effect of this truly interesting effusion.

A young gentleman, (the now well-known Samuel Lover,) here sung a very lively and well-written song, composed by himself for the present occasion. Its sub-

iect was, a "Poet's Election" in Olympus, at which there were several candidates, such as Byron, Scott, Southey, &c., but which ended in the due *return* of Thomas Moore, who had a great majority of votes. This *jeu d'esprit* produced much merriment, and the health of the author was drunk with much applause.

The Chairman next gave, "Lady Morgan, and the female genius of Ireland." This toast was received with great enthusiasm, and was responded to in an eloquent speech by Sir Charles Morgan.

Lord Charlemont left the Chair about one o'clock. Lord Cloncurry took the Chair for some time, and was succeeded by Mr. Phillips.

During the evening Moore delighted the company with several songs.

On the night after the dinner, a new opera was produced, founded on *Lalla Rookh*. Moore was present at the performance. He sat in the back part of the manager's box, but it was quickly observed that he was in the house, and as soon as the discovery was made, plaudits resounded on every side, and there was a general call for the poet. After a short hesitation, he came to the front of the box, and laying his hand on his heart, bowed frequently. He was greeted with enthusiastic and long continued cheers and applauses, and these manifestations of public regard were repeated in every interval of the performance, and were each time most gracefully acknowledged.

Moore left Dublin on the following day.

RHYMES ON THE ROAD.

In 1819, Moore paid a visit to Italy, in company with Lord John Russell, and during their tour wrote most of the poems which bear the above mentioned title. Moore did not think highly of these poems which he called "prose fringed with rhyme," yet, they contain many beauties, of which some illustrations will be found below.

It was during this visit to Italy that Moore spent some time at Venice, with Lord Byron, who at this period made his visitor a present of his memoirs.—Moore sold them to Murray, the publisher, for two thousand guineas, but at the request of Byron's family this agreement was afterwards cancelled, and the manuscript was destroyed. Moore gives rather a lengthened account of his visit to Venice in his Life of Byron. We shall speak more at large of the circumstances connected with the friendship between the two poets, when we come to treat of Moore's Memoir of his noble friend.

From Venice Moore went on to Rome, and enjoyed the pleasure of viewing the ruins of the "Niobe of Nations," in the company of Canova, Chantrey, Laurence, and Turner. With these distinguished companions Moore visited Florence, Bologna, and other cities of Italy. He was, of course, much struck with the works of art which met his eye in gorgeous profusion. He says, however, that his chief pleasure arose from the poetical nature of the subjects, rather than the artistic merit of the various productions he saw. It was from the natural beauty of the scenery of Italy and Switzerland, "the cheap picture gallery of Nature," he derived his principal delight. "A glorious

sunset (he writes) I witnessed in ascending the Simplon, is still remembered by me with a depth and fulness of feeling which no one work of art I saw in the galleries of Italy has left behind."

Geneva.

'Twas late—the sun had almost shone
His last and best, when I ran on,
Anxious to reach that splendid view,
Before the day-beams quite withdrew;
And feeling, as all feel on first
  Approaching scenes where, they are told,
Such glories on their eyes will burst,
  As youthful bards in dreams behold.

'Twas distant yet, and, as I ran,
  Full often was my wistful gaze
Turn'd to the sun, who now began
  To call in all his out-post rays,
And form a denser march of light,
Such as beseems a hero's flight.
Oh, how I wished for JOSHUA'S power,
To stay the brightness of that hour!
But no—the sun still less became,
  Diminished to a speck as splendid
And small as were those tongues of flame
  That on th' Apostles' heads descended!

'Twas at this instant—while there glow'd
  This last, intensest gleam of light—
Suddenly, through the opening road,
  The valley burst upon my sight!
That glorious valley, with its lake,
  And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,
Mighty, and pure, and fit to make
  The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling.

I stood entranced—as Rabbins say
  This whole assembled gazing world

Will stand upon that awful day,
When the Ark's light aloft unfurl'd,
Among the opening clouds shall shine,
Divinity's own radiant sign!

Mighty Mount Blanc, thou wert to me
That minute, with thy brow in heaven,
As sure a sign of Deity
As e'er to mortal gaze was given.
Nor ever, were I destined yet
To live my life twice o'er again,
Can I the deep-felt awe forget,
The dream, the trance that rapt me then!

'Twas all that consciousness of pow'r
And life, beyond this mortal hour,—
Those mountings of the soul within
As thoughts of Heav'n—as birds begin
By instinct in the cage to rise,
When near their time for change of skies;—
That proud assurance of our claim
To rank among the Sons of Light,
Mingled with shame—oh, bitter shame!—
At having risk'd that splendid right,
For aught that earth through all its range
Of glories, offers in exchange!
'Twas all this, at that instant brought
Like breaking sunshine, o'er my thought;
'Twas all this, kindled to a glow
Of sacred zeal, which could it shine
Thus purely ever, man might grow,
Ev'n upon earth a thing divine,
And be, once more, the creature made
To walk unstain'd the Elysian shade!

No, never shall I lose the trace
Of what I've felt in that bright place.
And should my spirit's hope grow weak,
Should I, oh! God, e'er doubt thy pow'r,
This mighty scene again I'll seek,
At the same calm and glowing hour,

And here, at the sublimest shrine
That Nature ever reared to Thee,
Rekindle all that hope divine,
And *feel* my immortality!

Venice.

Mourn not for Venice—let her rest
In ruin 'mong those states unblest,
Beneath whose gilded hoofs of pride,
Where'er they trampled, Freedom died.
No—let us keep our tears for them,
Where'er they pine, whose fall hath been
Not from a blood-stain'd diadem,
Like that which deck'd this ocean-queen;
But from high daring in the cause
Of human rights—the only good
And blessed strife, in which man draws
His mighty sword on land or flood.

Mourn not for Venice; though her fall
Be awful as if ocean's wave
Swept o'er her, she deserves it all,
And Justice triumphs o'er her grave.
Thus perish every king and state,
That run the guilty race she ran,
Strong but in ill, and only great
By outrage against God and man!

Mary Magdalene.

No wonder, Mary, that thy story
Touches all hearts, for there we see
The soul's corruption and its glory,
Its death and life combined in thee.

From the first moment, when we find
Thy spirit haunted by a swarm
Of dark desires—like demons shrin'd
Unholily in that fair form,—

Till when, by touch of heav'n set free,
Thou cam'st with those bright locks of gold
(So oft the gaze of BETHANY,)
And cov'ring in their precious fold
Thy Saviour's feet, didst shed such tears
As paid, each drop, the sins of years.
Thence on, through all thy course of love
To Him, thy Heavenly Master—Him
Whose bitter death-cup from above
Had yet this cordial round the brim,
That woman's faith and love stood fast
And fearless by Him to the last.
Till, oh, blest boon for truth like thine!
Thou wert, of all, the chosen one,
Before whose eyes that face Divine,
When risen from the dead first shone;
That thou might'st see how, like a cloud,
Had passed away its mortal shroud,
And make that bright revealment known
To hearts less trusting than thy own.
All is affecting, cheering, grand;
The kindliest record ever giv'n,
Ev'n under God's own kindly hand,
Of what repentance wins from heaven.

LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

Moore wrote the "Loves of the Angels" in a cottage near Paris, where he resided from 1819 to 1822. This lengthened absence from England was caused by difficulties of a pecuniary nature, arising from the misconduct of the person who acted as Moore's deputy at Bermuda. This deputy embezzled the produce of the cargoes of some American ships, and fled, leaving his principal liable for £6000. An admiralty attachment issued against Moore, and to avoid imprisonment he went to France. After considerable negotiation, an

arrangement was made, and the demand was compromised for a thousand guineas, of which the delinquent's friends paid £300, and Moore the remaining £750. The poet was offered pecuniary aid by several parties during his difficulties, but he firmly declined these proffered acts of kindness.

Moore sat down to produce some work, the sale of which might satisfy the demand against him. This passage in Moore's life resembles Sir Walter Scott's noble effort to pay an enormous amount of debt by the produce of intellectual toil. Moore, however, was not destined to undergo so herculean a task, as that which eventually "overthrew the mighty mind" of the "Author of Waverley."

Rambling in the beautiful park of St. Cloud, with his note-book and pencils; he passed the day (he says) "forming sentences to run smooth and moulding verses into shape," and in the evening joined the social circle, taking his part in some musical entertainment. Washington Irving was a visitor with Moore for some time at this period, and showed him some passages of Bracebridge Hall, which work was then about to appear.

Moore commenced the life of Sheridan in his retreat near Paris, but finding that his task was impeded by absence from those from whom he could glean many interesting particulars respecting the private life of that extraordinary man, he postponed the work till he could with safety reside in London.

He next turned his thoughts to an Egyptian tale, and wrote several letters in verse. He threw this work aside as he could not get on to his satisfaction, but in after years he completed the idea in the beautiful tale of the Epicurean, which is only prose in not being

written in lines, for it is most exquisite poetry. The letters he laid aside have since appeared, under the title of "Alciphron." Moore wrote the Eighth Number of the Irish Melodies at this time, and several of his songs of various nations. At length he hit upon the idea of turning into verse a prose story he had written many years before, and working rapidly he soon produced his "Loves of the Angels," founded on an idea which Byron was at the same time embodying in his "Heaven and Earth." Moore wrote his "Fables of the Holy Alliance" at the same period, of which we shall speak when we come to notice his satirical and humorous poems.

In 1822 Moore returned to England having literally worked himself out of debt, for although he consented to receive the loan of £750 pressed upon him by a particular friend, he would not take it until he had earned the means of almost immediate repayment. He gave the lender an order on the house of Longman, and the result showed that he had not been too sanguine, for in a few months the "Loves of the Angels" produced £1000 to the author, and the "Fables" £500. Moore states that about this time, there was placed at his disposal a sum of £300 by a kind friend. He does not mention the name, but it would appear from the context to be Lord John Russell, and the sum to be the proceeds of the first edition of the "Life of Lord William Russell."

The poem of the "Loves of the Angels" is founded on the Rabbinical fiction, that some angels, being struck with the beauty of the daughters of earth, descended to the material world, and forfeited their right to inhabit heaven again.

The poem thus opens:

'Twas when the world was in its prime,
When the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory, and young Time
Told his first birth-days by the sun;
When in the light of nature's dawn,
Rejoicing men and angels met,
On the high hill and sunny lawn,
Ere sorrow came, or sin had drawn
'Twixt man and heaven her curtain yet.

When earth lay nearer to the skies
Than in these days of crime and woe,
And mortals saw, without surprise,
In the mid-air, angelic eyes
Gazing upon this world below.
Alas! that passion should profane,
Ev'n then, that morning of the earth!
That, sadder still, the fatal stain
Should fall on hearts of heav'nly birth!
And oh, that stain so dark should fall
From woman's love, most sad of all!

One evening, in that time of bloom,
On a hill's side, where hung the ray
Of sunset, sleeping in perfume,
Three noble youths conversing lay;
And as they look'd, from time to time,
To the far sky, where Daylight furl'd
His radiant wing, their brows sublime
Bespoke them of that distant world;
Creatures of light, such as still play,
Like motes in sunshine, round the Lord;
And through their infinite array,
Transmit each moment, night and day,
The echo of his luminous word.

One of the angels mentions the spell-word which is to waft him to the skies, and his beloved pronouncing

it, is borne on high, while the angel can soar no more. This is considered a beautiful illustration of

The Power of Faith.

While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,
Of me and of herself afraid,
Had shrinking stood, like flowers beneath
The scorching of the south-wind's breath;
But when I nam'd, alas—too well
I now recal, though wilder'd then—
Instantly, when I nam'd the spell,
Her brow, her eyes uprose again,
And with an eagerness that spoke
The sudden light that o'er her broke—
"The spell, the spell!—oh, speak it now,
And I will bless thee!" she exclaimed.
Unknowing what I did, inflam'd
And lost, already on her brow
I stamp'd one burning kiss, and nam'd
The mystic word, till then ne'er told
To living creature of earth's mould!
Scarce was it said, when quick as thought,
Her lips from mine, like echo, caught
The holy sound, her hands and eyes
Were instant lifted to the skies,
And thrice to heav'n she spoke it out,
With that triumphant look Faith wears,
When not a cloud of fear or doubt,
A vapour from this vale of tears
Between her and her God appears!
That very moment her whole frame,
All bright and glorified became,
And at her back I saw unclose
Two wings, magnificent as those
That sparkle round the eternal throne,
Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose
Above me, in the moon-beam shone
With a pure light, which from its hue,
Unknown upon this earth, I knew
Was light from Eden, glist'ning through.

Most holy vision! ne'er before
Did aught so radiant, since the day
When Lucifer, in falling, bore
The third of the bright stars away,
Rise on earth's beauty to repair
That loss of light and glory there.

But did I tamely view her flight?
Did not *I*, too, proclaim out thrice
The powerful words that were, that night,
Oh, ev'n for heav'n too much delight!
Again to bring us, eyes to eyes,
And soul to soul, in Paradise?
I did, I spoke it o'er and o'er,
I pray'd, I wept, but all in vain,
For me the spell had pow'r no more,
There seem'd around me some dark chain
Which still, as I essay'd to soar,
Bafflʼd, alas, each wild endeavour;
Dead lay my wings, as they have lain
Since that sad hour, and will remain,
So wills the offended God—for ever.

CAPTAIN ROCK.

At the time when the Catholic Association was beginning to attract attention, when the eloquence of O'Connell, Shiel, and other friends of religious freedom, was awakening mankind to a sense of the fact, that misgovernment was the real cause of Irish discontent, Moore produced his memorable "Captain Rock." Under this name the writer presents a forcible picture of the destructive career which misrule had run in Ireland. Taking "Captain Rock" as the type of that spirit of insubordination which continued oppression naturally generates, Moore draws with a powerful pen, a life-like representation of the strong

feelings which the conduct of England towards this country had caused to be so rife amongst our people. The volume is written in a style which proved at once the command with which Moore could wield his pen in prose as well as poetry. Humour and pathos are exquisitely combined, and all the varied powers of a mind which could range over every topic are lavishly displayed. By the passing of the Emancipation Act some of the applicability of the volume to later times ceased, but at a time when Catholics have been called upon to witness the enactment of a new penal law, there is much of "Captain Rock" to which the conduct of our rulers has given revived force. The volume contains in a small space a striking narrative of the sufferings which the Catholics of Ireland endured for ages.

The following beautiful passage (in which the author alludes to the hopes which '82 kindled—hopes which were not allowed to be realised, because that revolution, great as it was, retained the fatal error of still leaving in Catholic inferiority a wound to fester, which eventually led to the ruinous events of 1800), will afford an illustration of the style of the work.

I was in my twentieth year at that memorable period, when the light that had arisen in America found its way to the shores of Ireland—when the Irish Parliament, in the very grave of its corruption, for the first time heard the sacred voice of Liberty, saying, "Come forth;" and the same warning voice said to England, "Loose him, and let him go."

Powerful as England had always been in oppressing, she was now too weak to protect us, when menaced with invasion by France; and the Volunteers of Ireland took the defence of our coasts upon themselves. From being the defenders of their country's shores,

they soon rose to be the assertors of her rights; and with swords in their hands and the voice of Grattan sounding in their van—"my lightning thou, and thou my thunder"—achieved that bloodless conquest over the policy of England, whose results were Freedom to our Trade and Independence to our Parliament.

And here—as a free confession of weaknesses constitutes the chief charm and use of biography—I will candidly own that the dawn of prosperity and concord, which I now saw breaking over the fortunes of my country, so dazzled and deceived my youthful eyes, and so unsettled every hereditary notion of what I owed to my name and family, that—shall I confess it?—I even hailed with pleasure the prospects of peace and freedom that seemed opening around me; nay, was ready, in the boyish enthusiasm of the moment, to sacrifice all my own personal interest in all future riots and rebellions, to the one bright, seducing object of my country's liberty and repose.

This, I own, was weakness—but it was a weakness "plus fort que moi." I ought to have learned better from the example of my revered father, who, too proud and shrewd to cheat himself with hope, had resolved to make the best of his only inheritance, despair. I might have learned better, too, even from the example of our rulers—who not only have never indulged in any castle-building for Ireland themselves, but have done their best to dispel, as soon as formed, the bright "dreams into the future" of others. But I was young and enthusiastic, and this must be my excuse.

When I contemplated such a man as the venerable Charlemont, whose nobility was to the people, like a fort over a valley—elevated above them solely for their defence; who introduced the polish of the courtier into the camp of the freeman, and served his country with all that pure Platonic devotion, which a true knight in the times of chivalry proffered to his mistress;—when I listened to the eloquence of Grattan, the very music of freedom—her first, fresh matin song, after a long night of slavery, degradation and sorrow;—when I saw the bright offerings which he brought to the shrine of

his country, wisdom, genius, courage, and patience invigorated and embellished by all those social and domestic virtues, without which the loftiest talents stand isolated in the moral waste around them, like the pillars of Palmyra towering in a wilderness;—when I reflected on all this, it not only disheartened me for the mission of discord which I had undertaken, but made me secretly hope that it might be rendered unnecessary; and that a country, which could produce such men and achieve such a revolution, might yet—in spite of the joint efforts of the Government and my family—take her rank in the scale of nations, and be happy!

My father, however, who saw the momentary dazzle by which I was affected, soon drew me out of this false light of hope in which I lay basking, and set the truth before me in a way but too convincing and ominous.

"Be not deceived, boy," he would say, "by the fallacious appearances before you. Eminently great and good as is the man to whom Ireland owes this short era of glory, and long as his name will live among her most cherished recollections, yet is all that he hath now done but a baseless vision of the moment—like one of those structures raised by the Genii of fable, to show the power of the spirit that called it up, and vanish!

"Our work, believe me, will last longer than his. We have a power on our side that 'will not willingly let us die;' and, long after Grattan shall have disappeared from earth,—like that arrow shot into the clouds by Acestes—effecting nothing, but leaving a long train of light behind him, the family of the Rocks will continue to flourish in all their native glory, upheld by the ever-watchful care of the legislature, and fostered by that 'nursing-mother of liberty, the Church.'

"Let me draw aside, for a moment, the curtain that hangs between us and reality, and show you what are the actual features of the country, in this hour of national jubilee and triumph—

"A Parliament, emancipated indeed from Poyning's

law, but rotten to the heart with long habits of corruption, and ready to fall at the first touch of the tempter—a conspiracy against the very existence of this parliament, meditated even now, in the birth-hour of her independence, and only reserved, like Meleager's billet, till the fit moment of her extinction arrives—an aristocracy left free by this measure, without the restraints of an appellate jurisdiction, to give the fullest swing to their tyranny and caprice—five-sixths of the population still shut out from that boasted Constitution, whose blessings, like the 'sealed fountain' kept by Solomon for his own private drinking, are still reserved for a small privileged *caste* alone;—a spirit of intolerance, even among those self-styled patriots, who 'think it freedom when themselves are free;' and who, though standing in the fullest sunshine of the constitution, would not believe in the *substance* of their liberty, if they did not see it cast a shadow of slavery over others—an Established Church rising rapidly into power and wealth, and wringing her wealth from the very vitals of those whom her power is employed in oppressing and persecuting:—such are the principal ingredients, of which this happy country is composed at present, and such the materials of future discord, on which the dynasty of the Rocks may confidently calculate, for the long continuance, if not perpetuation, of their reign."

LIFE OF SHERIDAN.

In 1825 Moore published his Life of Sheridan, one of the most beautiful specimens of biography we possess, and he instantly took his place amongst the best prose writers of the age. "This work (says the *Edinburgh Review*) is the best historical notice yet published of the events of our own times. It exhibits the clearest and most intelligent account of all the great questions which were agitated during the momentous

period to which it refers; the best estimate of the great events by which it was distinguished, and not only the ablest exposition of the causes which led to them, but the most truly impartial, temperate, and dispassionate view of the merits of the individuals concerned in them."

Up to this time Moore was known only for his poems, for "Captain Rock" was published anonymously. His brilliant imagination which could adorn his poems with gorgeous descriptions, was admitted. His wit, too, was recognised, for the highest in the land had long ere this felt its keen edge. It was reserved for the "Life of Sheridan" to stamp Moore as a man of the deepest views on public affairs, and capable of entertaining the most correct notions on points of constitutional learning

This work deserves to be studied for much more than its biographical details respecting Sheridan. The homage which Moore felt for those great men who stood forth for freedom in dangerous times, is beautifully expressed in the glorious passage on the condition of England at the close of the last century, when (to use Moore's language) the "friends of right, the saving lights of liberty, preserved the ark of the constitution from foundering in the foul and troubled waters that encompassed it."

This work was produced before the Emancipation Act; while the heel of ascendancy still pressed upon the neck of the Irish Catholic. Moore felt as an Irish Catholic, and thus gives expression to his manly and indignant feelings in a powerful passage on the wrongs of Ireland.

"I am aware that on the subject of Ireland and her

wrongs I can ill trust myself with the task of expressing what I feel, or preserve that moderate historical tone which it has been my wish to maintain through the political opinions of this work. On every other point my homage to the high character of England and of her institutions is prompt and cordial;—on this topic alone my feelings have been taught to wear towards her 'the badge of bitterness.' As a citizen of the world I would point to England as its brightest ornament, but as a disfranchised Irishman I blush to belong to her."

We subjoin Moore's character of Sheridan, and also his beautiful monody on his memory.

CHARACTER OF SHERIDAN.

His political character stands out so fully in these pages, that it is needless by any comment to attempt to raise it into stronger relief. If to watch over the rights of the subject, and guard them against the encroachment of power, be, even in safe and ordinary times, a task full of usefulness and honour, how much more glorious to have stood sentinel over the same sacred trust through a period so trying as that with which Sheridan had to struggle. When liberty itself had become suspected and unpopular—when authority had succeeded in identifying patriotism with treason, and when the few remaining and deserted friends of Freedom were reduced to their stand on a narrowing isthmus, between Anarchy on one side and the angry incursions of Power on the other; how manfully he maintained his ground in a position so critical, the annals of England and of the champions of her constitution will long testify. The truly national spirit, too, with which, when that struggle was past, and the dangers to liberty from without seemed greater than any from within, he forgot all past differences in the one common cause of Englishmen, and, while others "gave but the *left* hand to the country," proffered her *both* of his; stamped a seal of sincerity on his public conduct, which, in the

eyes of all England, authenticated it as genuine patriotism.

To his own party, it is true, his conduct presented a very different phasis; and if implicit partizanship were the sole merit of a public man, his movements, at this and other junctures, were far too independent and unharnessed to lay claim to it. But, however useful may be the bond of party, there are occasions that supersede it, and, in all such deviations from the fidelity which it enjoins, the two questions to be asked are, were they, as regarded the public, right? Were they, as regarded the individual himself, unpurchased? To the former question, in the instance of Sheridan, the whole country responded in the affirmative; and to the latter, his account with the Treasury, from first to last, is sufficient answer.

* * * * * *

There are few persons, as we have seen, to whose kind and affectionate conduct in some of the most interesting relations of domestic life, so many strong and honourable testimonies remain. The pains which he took to win back the estranged feelings of his father, and the filial tenderness with which he repaid long years of parental caprice, show a heart that had at least, set out by the right road, however in after years it may have missed the way. The enthusiastic love which his sister bore him, and retained unblighted by distance or neglect, is another proof of the influence of his amiable feelings at that period of life when he was as yet unspoiled by the world. We have seen the romantic fondness which he preserved towards the first Mrs. Sheridan, even while doing his utmost, and in vain, to extinguish the same feeling in her. With the second wife, a course nearly similar was run; the same "scatterings and eclipses" of affection, from the irregularities and vanities in which he continued to indulge, but the same hold kept of each other's hearts to the last. Her early letters to him breathe a passion little short of idolatry, and her devoted attentions beside his death-bed showed that the essential part of the feeling still remained.

To claim exemption for frailties and irregularities on the score of genius, while there are such names as Milton and Newton on record, were to be blind to the example which these and other great men have left, of the grandest intellectual powers combined with the most virtuous lives. But, for the bias given early to the mind by education and circumstances, even the least charitable may be inclined to make large allowances. We have seen how idly the young days of Sheridan were wasted—how soon he was left (in the words of the prophet) "to dwell carelessly," and with what an undisciplined temperament he was thrown upon the world to meet at every step that never-failing spring of temptation, which, like the fatal fountain in the garden of Armida, sparkles up for ever in the pathway of such a man.

* * * * * *

Let it never, too, be forgotten, in estimating this part of his character, that had he been less consistent and disinterested in his public conduct, he might have commanded the means of being independent and respectable in private. He might have died a rich apostate, instead of closing a life of patriotism in beggary. He might (to use a fine expression of his own) have "hid his head in a coronet," instead of earning for it but the barren wreath of public gratitude. While, therefore, we admire the great sacrifice that he made, let us be tolerant to the errors and imprudences which it entailed upon him; and, recollecting how vain it is to look for anything unalloyed in this world, rest satisfied with the martyr, without requiring also, the saint.

Lines on the Death of Sheridan.

"Principibus placuisse viris!"—Horace.

Yes, grief will have way—but the fast-falling tear
Shall be mingled with deep execrations on those,
Who could bask in that spirit's meridian career,
And yet leave it thus lonely and dark at its close.

Whose vanity flew round him, only while fed
By the odour his fame in its summer-time gave;
Whose vanity now, with quick scent for the dead,
Like the Ghole of the east, comes to feed at his grave

Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And spirits so mean in the great and high-born;
To think what a long line of titles may follow
The relics of him who died—friendless and lorn.

How proud they can press to the fun'ral array
Of one, whom they shunn'd in his sickness and sorrow;
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow.

And thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure's dream,
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had pass'd,
Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam,
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothingness cast.

No, not for the wealth of the land that supplies thee
With millions to heap upon foppery's shrine;
No, not for the riches of all who despise thee,
Though this would make Europe's whole opulence mine.

Would I suffer what—even in the heart that thou hast,
All mean as it is, must have consciously burn'd,
When the pittance, which shame had wrung from thee at last,
And which found all his want at an end, was return'd.

"Was *this* then the fate?" future ages will say,
When *some* names shall live but in history's curse,
When the truth will be heard, and these lords of a day,
Be forgotten as fools, or remembered as worse.

"Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,
The pride of the palace, the bow'r and the hall,
The orator—dramatist—minstrel—who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all.

"Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art,
From the finest and best of all other men's pow'rs:
Who ruled like a wizard the world of the heart,
And could call up its sunshine, or bring down its show'rs.

"Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
Play'd round ev'ry subject, and shone as it play'd,
Whose wit in the combat, as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.

"Whose eloquence, bright'ning whatever it tried,
Whether reason, or fancy, the gay or the grave,
Was as rapid, as deep, and as brilliant a tide,
As ever bore freedom aloft on its wave?"

Yes, such was the man, and so wretched his fate;
And thus sooner or later shall all have to grieve,
Who waste their morn's dew in the beams of the great,
And expect 'twill return to refresh them at eve.

In the woods of the north there are insects that prey
On the brain of the elk, till his very last sigh;
Oh, genius! thy patrons, more cruel than they,
First feed on thy brains, and then leave thee to die.

VISIT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

In the latter part of 1825, Moore paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford. Mr. Lockhart, in the Life of Scott, states, that the "magician of the north" never received a more welcome announcement than when Moore sent him intimation of his approaching

visit, an expedition which had long been meditated. Scott's letter to Moore acknowledging the receipt of the letter from the latter, promising to come, is written in the warmest tone of welcome. It begins thus—"My dear Sir—damn 'Sir'—my dear Moore," and contains numerous expressions of pleasure at the prospect of the visit of his brother bard. Moore remained several days at Abbotsford, and as there was no company with Scott at the time, the poets had an opportunity of indulging in a great deal of quiet conversation. Moore kept a diary of the visit, which he gave permission to Mr. Lockhart to extract from. Moore's estimate of Scott was very high. "I parted from Scott (he says) with the feeling that all the world might admire him in his works, but that those only could love him as he deserved who had seen him at Abbotsford." The following extracts from Mr. Lockhart's Life of his illustrious relative, tend to show what kindred spirits met when Moore and Scott were together.

Mr. Moore arrived accordingly—and he remained several days. Though not, I believe, a regular journalizer, he kept a brief diary during his Scotch tour, and he has kindly allowed me the use of it. He fortunately found Sir Walter in an interval of repose, no one with him at Abbotsford, but Lady and Miss Scott —and no company at dinner except the Fergusons and Laidlaw. The two poets had thus the opportunity of a great deal of conversation; and from the hour they met, they seem to have treated each other with a full confidence, the record of which, however touchingly honourable to both, could hardly be made public *in extenso* while one of them survives. The first day they were alone after dinner, and the talk turned chiefly on the recent works of Byron—from which Scott passed unaffectedly to his own literary history. Mr. Moore listened with great interest to details, now no

longer new, about the early days of ballad-hunting, Matt Lewis, the Minstrelsy, and the Poems; and "at last," says he, "to my no small surprise, as well as pleasure, he mentioned the Novels, without any reserve, as his own. He gave me an account of the original progress of those extraordinary works, the hints supplied for them, the conjectures and mystifications to which they had given rise, &c., &c.," and concluded with saying, "they have been a mine of wealth to me—but I find I fail in them now—I can no longer make them as good as at first." This frankness was met as it should have been by the brother poet; and when he entered Scott's room the next morning, "he laid his hand," says Mr. Moore, "with a sort of cordial earnestness on my breast, and said—'*Now, my dear Moore, we are friends for life.*'" They sallied out for a walk through the plantations, and among other things, the commonness of poetic talent in these days was alluded to. "Hardly a magazine is now published," said Moore, "that does not contain verses, which some thirty years ago would have made a reputation."—Scott turned with his look of shrewd humour, as if chuckling over his own success, and said, "Ecod, we were in luck to come before these fellows," but he added, playfully flourishing his stick as he spoke, "we have, like Bobadil, taught them to beat us with our own weapons." "In complete novelty," says Moore, "he seemed to think lay the only chance for a man ambitious of high literary reputation in these days."

Scott was really fond of Moore. With his singing he was particularly struck. "Tom Moore (he said) is the most exquisite warbler I ever heard." In his Diary, 22nd November, 1825, he thus speaks of him.

"November, 22.—*Moore.*—I saw Moore (for the first time, I may say) this season. We had indeed met in public twenty years ago. There is a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good breeding about him, which is delightful. Not the least touch of the poet or the pedant. A little—very little man. Less, I

think, than Lewis, and somewhat like him in person; God knows, not in conversation, for Matt, though a clever fellow, was a bore of the first description. Moreover, he looked always like a shool-boy. Now Moore has none of this insignificance. His countenance is plain, but the expression so very animated, especially in speaking or singing, that it is far more interesting than the finest features could have rendered it.

"I was aware that Byron had often spoken, both in private society and in his Journal, of Moore and myself, in the same breath, and with the same sort of regard; so I was curious to see what there could be in common betwixt us, Moore having lived so much in the gay world, I in the country, and with people of business, and sometimes with politicians; Moore a scholar, I none; he a musician and artist, I without the knowledge of a note; he a democrat, I an aristocrat; with many other points of difference—besides his being an Irishman, I a Scotchman, and both tolerably national.—Yet there is a point of resemblance, and a strong one. We are both good-humoured fellows, who rather seek to enjoy what is going forward, than to maintain our dignity as lions; and we have both seen the world too widely and too well not to contemn in our souls the imaginary consequence of literary people, who walk with their noses in the air, and remind me always of the fellow whom Johnson met in an alehouse, and, who called himself '*the great Twalmly, inventor of the flood-gate iron for smoothing linen.*' He also enjoys the *mot pour rire*, and so do I. It was a pity that nothing save the total destruction of Byron's Memoirs would satisfy his executors. But there was a reason—*Premat nox alta.* It would be a delightful addition to life, if T. M. had a cottage within two miles of one. We went to the theatre together, and the house being luckily a good one, received T. M. with rapture. I could have hugged them, for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland.

THE EPICUREAN.

In 1827 Moore published the "Epicurean," which though written in prose has always taken its place amongst his poetical works. As a model of clear and harmonious language the Epicurean has few rivals. It is a moral and religious story. The hero is an Athenian, a follower of the doctrines of Epicurus. Discontented with Athens and anxious to discover the secret of immortality, which he expected he would find in Egypt, he proceeds to that country about the year 250 A.D. In Egypt he becomes enamoured of a young priestess, Alethe, who is secretly a Christian. They escape from the scene of the Egyptian mysteries, and reach the hermitage of a Christian recluse. The monk preaches Christianity to the Epicurean, who becomes a Christian. A decree against Christians is pronounced by the Roman Emperor, and the recluse and the priestess are seized; the recluse is executed and the priestess sentenced, but the Egyptian high-priest, who is enraged at her not being put to death at once, ties a chaplet of poisoned berries round her head, and she dies in a few hours.

The Epicurean is not without some faults, both in plot and style, but its beauties are numerous. A few extracts will illustrate the style of the work.

The rising of the moon, slow and majestic, as if conscious of the honours that awaited her upon earth, was welcomed with a loud acclaim from every eminence, where multitudes stood watching for her first light. And seldom had that light risen upon a more beautiful scene. The city of Memphis, that had borne away from Thebes the crown of supremacy, and worn it undisputed through ages, now, softened by the mild moonlight that harmonised with her decline, shone forth among her lakes, her pyramids, and her shrines, like one of those dreams of human glory that must,

ere long, pass away. Even already, ruin was visible around her. The sands of the Lybian desert were gaining upon her like a sea; and there, among solitary columns and sphinxes, already half sunk from sight, Time seemed to stand waiting, till all that now flourished around him should fall beneath his desolating hand like the rest.

On the waters all was gaiety and life. As far as eye could reach, the light of innumerable boats was seen studding like rubies the surface of the stream. Vessels of every kind, from the light coracle, built for shooting down the cataracts, to the large yacht that glides slowly to the sound of flutes, all were afloat for this sacred festival, filled with crowds of the young and gay, not only from Memphis and Babylon, but from cities still farther removed from the festal scene.

As I approached the island, I could see glittering through the trees on the bank, the lamps of the pilgrims hastening to the ceremony. Landing in the direction which those lights pointed out, I soon joined the crowd, and passing through a long alley of sphinxes, whose spangling marble gleamed out from the dark sycamores around them, reached in a short time the grand vestibule of the temple, where I found the ceremonies of the evening already commenced.

In this vast hall, which was surrounded by a double range of columns, and lay open overhead to the stars of heaven, I saw a group of young maidens moving in a sort of measured step, between walk and dance, round a small shrine, upon which stood one of those sacred birds, that, on account of the variegated colour of their wings are dedicated to the worship of the moon. The vestibule was dimly lighted, there being but one lamp of naptha hung on each of the great pillars that encircled it. But, having taken my station beside one of those pillars, I had a clear view of the young dancers as in succession they passed me.

The drapery of all was as white as snow; and each wore loosely, beneath the bosom, a dark blue zone or bandelet, studded, like the skies at midnight, with

small silver stars. Through their dark locks were wreathed the white lilies of the Nile, that sacred flower being accounted no less welcome to the moon than the golden blossoms of the bean-flower are known to be to the sun. As they passed under the lamps, a gleam of light flashed from their bosoms, which I could perceive was the reflection of a small mirror, that, in the manner of the women of the east, each of the dancers wore beneath her left shoulder.

There was no music to regulate their steps; but as they gracefully went round the bird on the shrine, some to the beat of the castanet, some to the shrill ring of the sistrum, which they held uplifted in the attitude of their own divine Isis, continued harmoniously to time the cadence of their feet; while others, at every step, shook a small chain of silver, whose sound mingling with those of the castanets and sistrums, produced a wild but not unpleasing harmony.

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What a power is there in innocence! whose very helplessness is its safeguard—in whose presence even Passion himself stands abashed and turns worshipper at the very altar which he came to despoil. She, who but a short hour before, had presented herself to my imagination as something I could have risked immortality to win—she whom gladly, from the floor of her own lighted temple, in the very face of its proud ministers, I would have borne away in triumph, and dared all punishments, divine and human, to make her mine—that very creature was now before me, as if thrown by fate itself into my power, standing there beautiful and alone, with nothing but her innocence for her guard. Yet, no, so touching was the purity of the whole scene, so calm and august the protection which the dead extended over the living, that every earthly feeling was forgotten as I gazed, and love itself became exalted into reverence.

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At the same moment, a light of the most delicious softness filled the whole air; music, such as is heard in dreams, came floating at a distance; and as my eyes

gradually recovered their power of vision, a scene of glory was revealed to them, almost too bright for imagination, and yet living and real. As far as the light could reach, enchanting gardens were seen, opening away through long tracts of light and verdure, and sparkling every where with fountains that circulated like streams of life among the flowers. Not a charm was here wanting that the fancy of a poet or prophet, in their warmest pictures of Elysium, have ever yet dreamed or promised. Vistas opening into scenes of indistinct grandeur—streams shining out at intervals in their shadowy course—and labyrinths of flowers, leading by mysterious windings to green spacious glades, full of splendour and repose. Over all this, too, there fell a light from some unseen source, resembling nothing that illumines our upper world, a sort of golden moonlight, mingling the warm radiance of day with the calm and melancholy lustre of night.

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My days now rolled on in a perfect dream of happiness. Every hour of the morning was welcomed as bringing nearer and nearer the blest time of sunset, when the hermit and Alethe never failed to visit my now charmed cave, where her smile left, at each parting, a light that lasted till her return. Then, our rambles together by starlight over the mountain; our pause from time to time to contemplate the wonders of the bright heaven above us; our repose by the cistern of the rock; and our silent listening, through hours that seemed minutes, to the holy eloquence of our teacher; all, all was happiness of the most heart-felt kind, and such as even the doubts, the cold lingering doubts that still hung like a mist around my heart, could neither cloud nor chill.

As soon as the moonlight nights returned, we used to venture into the desert, and those sands which had lately looked so desolate in my eyes, now assumed even a cheerful and smiling aspect. To the light, innocent heart of Alethe, everything was a source of enjoyment—for her, even the desert had its jewels and its flowers; and sometimes, her delight was to search among the

sands for those beautiful pebbles of jasper that abound in them; sometimes her eyes would sparkle with pleasure on finding, perhaps, a stunted marigold, or one of those bitter scarlet flowers that lend their dry mockery of ornament to the desert. In all these pursuits and pleasures the good hermit took a share, mingling occasionally with them the reflections of a benevolent piety, that lent its own cheerful hue to all the works of creation, and saw the consoling truth, "God is love," written legibly every where.

MOORE'S SPEECH ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

In September, 1830, a meeting was held in Homes's Hotel, Dublin, to congratulate the people of France on the overthrow of the tyranny of Charles X. Men of all parties assembled to do honour to freedom—O'Connell, then in Darrynane, wrote a powerful letter to the secretaries. Sheil delivered a very beautiful speech—we cannot, however, make room for these (indeed they do not come within the proper scope of this volume), but we must present the brilliant speech delivered on that occasion by the "Bard of Erin," whose appearance at the meeting was hailed with delight.

Moore was loudly called for from all parts of the meeting. He rose, and was received with the most enthusiastic cheers, which were continued for several minutes. As soon as silence could be procured, he said that he felt considerable embarrassment in addressing them. The very favour with which they received him was, in itself, an embarrassment, as making him feel how much more responsibility was imposed upon him by such kindness, and while it inspired him with a wish to prove himself worthy of such a reception and such an audience, at the same time deprived him of the power. So rarely, too, had it fallen to his lot to address such a numerous assembly, that hardly could he recognise the sound of his own

voice in the effort he now made to be heard by them—unlike those gentlemen around him, who had been taught oratory in its most inspiriting school—unlike his friend Mr. Sheil, whose voice had become familiar with its own echoes in that noblest of oratory's themes—the assertion of religious freedom; whose eloquence he had long, at a distance, regarded with melancholy admiration, looking upon it, he owned, as almost as vain and fruitless a waste of power as that of the young Demosthenes on the sea-shore, practising to the winds and waves. Manfully, however, and gloriously had he persevered, till at length the triumph at once of oratory and freedom was complete—till words performed the office of swords, and the chains broke from around him as he spoke. To come forward in the presence of men thus practised, and thus triumphant, was, he felt, a presumption in which nothing but the cause he himself now spoke upon could justify him. Luckily, however, he came not now to speak to them of chains and wrongs. He came not now to address them, as he might once indignantly have done, on their own servitude, but on the freedom of others—on the grand movement of national self-redress which the world had just witnessed, and in which it is surely not too much to say that the spirit of freedom has shone out in a fairer and more perfect form than even in the brightest of those advents with which she has but too rarely blessed mankind. Nor is it France alone that profits by this splendid lesson; it ought to be useful, and with the blessing of Heaven, *will* be useful in every quarter of the civilised world, where there are rulers to be taught the bounds of power, or subjects to learn the limits of obedience (cheers). Serious as was the warning given to monarchs by the first revolution of that country, and awful as was the process of purification—by blood and fire, it is true, but still purification—in which that great people was seen ridding itself, by one mighty effort, of the political dross of ages—awful, as he repeated, and terrible as was that lesson to the abusers of power, its rudiments were still too deeply laid in long revenge, and

the retribution, when it came, too bloody, to be ever drawn into precedent, or indeed ever to occur again, but in those cases, (now, he trusted, for ever precluded,) where a nation has been so long brutalised by the endurance of slavery as to have been rendered almost unfit for the recovery of freedom—where the moral eyes of a people are, as it were, put out by a long course of oppression, till, with all the blindness, as well as strength of the strong man in the Scripture, they, in the moment of revenge, bury both oppressor and oppressed in one common ruin (cheers). Momentous as, even in its excesses, was such a lesson, yet, applicable but in extreme cases, and too associated with scenes of blood and rapine to be ever willingly pointed to as an example by the humane assertors of man's rights, its authority, even as a warning, was fast passing away. The friends of arbitrary power, interested in decrying every effort at resistance, held forth the practical consequences of that event as a bugbear against the adoption of its principle; while the timid lover of freedom, hopeless of being able to separate the spirit of his cause from its dregs, shrunk back from the experiment as too hazardous, and almost preferred wanting the blessing altogether to paying so tremendous a price for it (applause). Of this state of feeling on both sides those ever ready encroachers, the throned monarchs of the world, were not slow in taking advantage. Old abuses and pretensions began to steal out one by one, from the lurking-holes to which they had been scared, and, as the poet says—[here there was an universal burst of acclamation, in the midst of which a dog barked loudly, and continued to do so after Mr. Moore had resumed. The learned gentleman, in allusion to the noise made by the affrighted animal, observed—I may say of this interruption—to borrow an old joke of Lord North's on a like occasion, that it is "only the member for *Bark*shire." loud laughter.]—As the poet says, in describing the hour of twilight—

> "To their high-built airy nests,
> See the rooks returning home."

Even so all the dark birds of despotism and tyranny were seen winging their way back to the high places of this world which they usurp ;—nor could any thing more clearly demonstrate the security—the blind, infatuated security, into which royalty and its minions were relapsing, than the very transactions out of which the great event they were this day met to commemorate emerged (loud applause). It was, in short, manifest that a new lesson to those recumbent upon thrones was wanting—a lesson which, purified from all that brought suspicion and stain upon the former, made wise by the experience of past error and moderate by the consciousness of present strength—should proclaim to the rulers of earth, in a voice not to be misinterpreted or misunderstood, that the chances of might against right are every day diminishing—that the many are no longer to be sacrificed to the few, and that the blessings of freedom, once possessed and understood, will not be, without blood, relinquished ; that, in short, Right is fast becoming Might, and must, as such, be omnipotent (cheers). How grandly, and, at the same time, how temperately, this new revelation of the word of Freedom has been put forth to the world, was too lively present to their minds and memories, for him to think of wasting a single moment in enforcing them. It only remained for them to hope that the warning will be taken where it is wanted—that this hand-writing on the wall will be read in its true sense by the Belshazzars of this world, and that they will, while there is yet time, avert by wisdom and conciliation, the doom that, as sure as there is a spirit of justice in Heaven, is preparing for them ; nor is it only in these far-gone, acute cases of misgovernment, for which revolution is the only cure, that the example may be expected to operate. Let us hope that even in those milder forms of political malady, where reform only is wanting, it may have the effect of freshening the circulation of the common weal, and removing those obstructions which impede it. Let us hope that wherever there exists an aristocracy inclined to slumber in the high watch towers, where, in a constitutional

monarchy, they have been stationed, disposed to alienate themselves from the people by their fastidiousness, without being, at the same time, useful to the throne by their wisdom; and, by a natural but fatal process, increasing in pretension and exclusiveness, in proportion as they decline in legitimate influence. Let us hope that such an aristocracy will, before it is too late, see their true policy; that, by placing themselves more in contact with the people, they will ward off collision with them, and by coming up to the full mark of usefulness and independence expected of them, both as advisers of the crown on one side and protectors of popular rights on the other, maintain that high pitch of character, that real altitude which can alone reconcile men's minds to their *artificial* elevation, and can alone prevent such an anomaly in government as a class of hereditary legislators from becoming worse than ridiculous (applause). In the same manner, if there be any Church as stationary—or, he should rather say, as retrograde—in intelligence, liberality, and all Christian self-denial as it is progressive in its strides towards wealth and domination,—a Church wedded to the state, by those worldly bonds, of which, too often, corruption is the dower, and hypocrisy the offspring,—to such a Church he would say, for its own sake, "take timely the warning that is abroad, and reform yourselves from *within*, before sacrilegious hands venture on the task from *without*. If such a connexion between the temporal and the spiritual be thought expedient—a connexion hurtful, it is to be feared, to the interests of both,—at least preserve whatever *uses* there may be in an establishment, by throwing overboard, while the storm is as yet at a distance, the *abuses*" (loud cheers). Nay—to put the advice in a more palatable form—I would say: "for the preservation of those darling abuses, at least diminish their amount; part with a portion of your power to secure the remainder, and by making yourselves a less rich victim, remove one of the strong temptations to the sacrifice." Thus would he say to such a Church, and if there be a king—but here, said Moore, I pause in my hypothesis; though some

few months since, I could with but too just bitterness have pursued it; I pause because from that quarter better hopes I confess dawned upon me. Whatever weakness, he continued, might, through life, have been imputed to himself, an excess of loyalty was one with which even his worst enemies could not upbraid him (a laugh); and if, in his present approaches towards that orthodox quality, he should exhibit any of the awkwardness of a beginner, the fault must be imputed solely to the defects of his Irish education (laughter), the country to which he had the melancholy pride to belong having been (ever since his politics had been old enough to be sent to school) any thing, God knows, but an academy of loyalty. "Among the many blunders," said he, "attributed to us (calumniously of course,) by our neighbours, it is related as the boast of an Irishman, 'that the first bit of bread he ever had in his hand was a potato' (laughter), and there was a time,—a time I may now allude to without scruple, as it is, thank God, past and gone—when a potato was not more naturally the first thing in an Irishman's hand, than resistance to the oppressor was the first thing in his thoughts (long continued cheers). And, allow me to add, (in another phrase of speech familiar to all your ears) *no blame to us* for so feeling (applause). Had we felt otherwise, we should have been wholly unworthy of the rights with which we have been since invested, nor should we have now stood stretching forth our chainless hands to France, and congratulating her in the voice of freemen, on being herself even more nobly free. Loyalty, therefore, (continued the speaker) is a new luxury which Irishmen may now indulge in without weakness, and I am convinced that I but echo the feelings of all present in saying that there is not a man of us who would not be as ready to offer honest and fervent fealty to a monarch, well-intentioned and constitutional, such as now occupies the throne, as we should be, all of us, to resist an arbitrary one, if necessary; nor can I help looking upon it as a most auspicious coincidence that the two proudest thrones of the world should be, at this moment,

filled by two personages who, though born princes, have been educated as men, and who—not like others of their class, dandled in the lap of royalty from their births, and therefore continuing children to their graves,—have been, by mixing with the crowd of the world, schooled into those sympathies with their fellow-men, which can alone conquer in them that inherent vice of kings—the reigning only for themselves; and while one of them has come to rule over a nation long acquainted with free institutions (so long, indeed, as to be but too much inclined to slumber over its treasure) the more brilliant fortune of the other has been to head, as it were, in a fresh start of freedom, the people of whom he is the choice, and thus to link his name with the brightest era of their annals for ever (cheers). A bright era it might well be called, and glorious the people who are the authors of it. But I have already sufficiently dwelt upon this subject—(cries of *no, no,*)—already more than enough trespassed upon your patience, though here, indeed, is a theme I could expatiate upon for ever—here I am, I confess, more at home than even in my loyalty (a laugh); for surely, surely, if there be a spectacle upon which God himself (if I may say so without irreverence) must look down with peculiar pleasure, it is that of MAN, social and enlightened man, asserting thus grandly the dignity of that image which the Almighty workman has impressed upon him—spurning away the rash hand that would deface its lineaments, and doing justice both to his Maker and himself, by standing free and undebased before the world."—The distinguished and patriotic poet of Ireland sat down amidst the most rapturous plaudits which were continued for some minutes after he had retired from the platform.

LIFE OF BYRON.

In 1830 Moore published the "Letters and Journals of Lord Byron, with Notices of his Life." Of this Work the *Edinburgh Review*, (June, 1831,) thus

speaks :—"Considered merely as a composition, it deserves to be classed amongst the best specimens of English prose which our age has produced. The style is agreeable, clear, and manly."

Moore has often been censured for having consented to destroy portions of Byron's autobiography which had been intrusted to him for publication. Moore was personally a loser by doing so, and therefore of his disinterestedness there can be no question. It is probable, however, that the world was no loser, for Byron, in his reckless contempt of public opinion, no doubt penned passages which it became the duty of the editor of his memoirs to suppress. Indeed the general impression amongst those who have read Moore's Life of Byron, is that too much has been preserved. Letters of Byron here meet the light which show that his biographer went through his task to prove the noble author a man (though a great one) and not an angel.

And a better man might Byron have proved had he listened to Moore's advice. Their intimacy enabled Moore to give several suggestions which the haughty spirit of Byron would not have tolerated in another. During Moore's visit to Byron in Venice, in 1819, he strongly advised him to abandon Don Juan. Moore also condemned the tone of "Cain," though he of course admired its terrific power. "Many (he tells Byron,) will shudder at its blasphemy, though all must fall prostrate before its grandeur. I regret you wrote 'Cain.' I would not give up the poetry of religion for all that philosophy will ever arrive at. Faith is a treasure not lightly to be parted with. Boldness in politics does good, but in religion it profits neither here nor hereafter." In the same letter he cautions Byron against

the influence of Shelley, of whose talents Moore entertained a high opinion. Shelley speaks of Moore as a man to whom he was proud to acknowledge his inferiority

Moore's Life of Byron consists principally of extracts from Byron's Letters and Journals. The task of selection was executed with great judgment. The connecting narrative would not, as a separate work, occupy much space. It is feelingly and eloquently written, and those passages in which the writer enters on the intellectual anatomy of the peculiar genius of Byron, are amongst the finest specimens we possess of metaphysical criticism.

From a work of fifteen hundred pages quarto, it is not to be expected we can present enough to illustrate its structure to any considerable extent. A few passages, however, will show that our estimate of its style is by no means extravagant.

BYRON AND MOORE VIEWING VENICE BY MOONLIGHT.

The clock of St. Mark struck the second hour of the morning. Lord Byron then took me in his gondola, and the moon being in its fullest splendour, he made the gondoliers row up to such points of view as might enable me to see Venice at that hour to advantage. Nothing could be more solemnly beautiful than the whole scene around, and I had for the first time, the Venice of my dreams before me. All those meaner details which offend the eye by day were now softened down by the moonlight into a sort of visionary indistinctness, and the effect of that silent city of palaces, sleeping as it were upon the waters in the bright stillness of the night, was such as could not but affect deeply even the least susceptible imagination. My companion saw that I was moved by it, and though familiar with the scene himself, seemed to give way for

a moment to the same train of feeling, and as we exchanged a few remarks, suggested by that wreck of human glory before us, his voice, habitually so cheerful, sunk into a tone of mourning sweetness, such as I had rarely heard from him, and shall not easily forget.

BYRON'S VOYAGE TO GREECE.

In the evening of that day they set sail; and now launched in the cause, and disengaged as it were from his former state of existence, the natural power of his spirit to shake off pressure, whether from within or without, began instantly to display itself. According to the report of one of his fellow-voyagers, though so clouded while on shore, no sooner did he find himself once more bounding over the waters, than all the light and life of his better nature shone forth. In the breeze that now bore him towards his beloved Greece, the voice of his youth seemed again to speak. Before the titles of hero, of benefactor, to which he now aspired, that of poet, however pre-eminent, faded into nothing. His love of freedom, his generosity, his thirst for the new and adventurous, all were re-awakened; and even the bodings that still lingered at the bottom of his heart, but made the course before him more precious from his consciousness of its brevity, and from the high and self-ennobling resolution he had now taken to turn what yet remained of it gloriously to account.

HOPES OF THE GREEKS.

Besides the never-failing encouragement which the incapacity of their enemies afforded them, the Greeks derived also from the geographical conformation of their country, those same advantages with which nature had blessed their great ancestors, and which had contributed mainly perhaps to the formation, as well as maintenance of their high national character. Islanders and mountaineers, they were, by their very position, heirs to the blessings of freedom and commerce, and never throughout their long slavery and sufferings, had the spirit of either died away within them. They had also, luckily, in a political as well as religious point of

view, preserved that sacred line of distinction between themselves and their conquerors, which a fond fidelity to an ancient church could have maintained for them, and thus kept holily in reserve, against the hour of struggle, that most stirring of all the excitements to which Freedom can appeal, when she points to her flame rising out of her censer of Religion. In addition to these, and all the other moral advantages included in them, for which the Greeks were indebted to their own nature and position, is to be taken into account, also the aid and sympathy they had every right to expect from others, as soon as their exertions in their own cause should justify the confidence that it would not be the mere chivalry of generosity to assist them.

CHARACTER OF BYRON.

There are few characters in which a near acquaintance does not enable us to discover some one leading principle or passion, consistent enough in its operations to be taken confidently into account in any estimate of the disposition in which it is found. Like those points in the human face or figure, to which all its other proportions are referrible, there is in most minds some one governing influence, from which chiefly—though, of course, biassed on some occasions by others—all its various impulses and tendencies will be found to radiate. In Lord Byron, however, this sort of pivot of character was almost wholly wanting. Governed as he was at different moments by totally different passions, and impelled sometimes—as during his short access of parsimony in Italy—by springs of action never before developed in his nature, in him this simple mode of tracing character to its sources must be often wholly at fault; and if, as is not impossible, in trying to solve the strange variances of his mind, I should myself be found to have fallen into contradictions and inconsistencies, the extreme difficulty of analysing, without dazzle or bewilderment, such an unexampled complication of qualities, must be admitted as my excuse.

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In Byron's own opinion, a character which, like his,

admitted of so many contradictory comparisons, could not be otherwise than wholly undefinable itself. It will be found, however, on reflection, that this very versatility, which renders it so difficult to fix, "ere it change," the fairy fabric of his character is, in itself, the true clue through all that fabric's mazes—is in itself the solution of whatever was most dazzling in his might or startling in his levity, of all that most attracted and repelled, whether in his life or in his genius. A variety of powers almost boundless, and a pride no less vast in displaying them—a susceptibility of new impressions and impulses, even beyond the usual allotment of genius, and an uncontrolled impetuosity, as well from habit as temperament, in yielding to them—such were the two great and leading sources of all that varied spectacle which his life exhibited; of that succession of victories achieved by his genius, in almost every field of mind that genius ever trod, and of all those sallies of character in every shape and direction that unchecked feeling and dominant self-will could dictate.

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In proposing to show that the distinctive properties of Lord Byron's character, as well moral as literary, arose mainly from those two great sources, the unexampled versatility of his powers and feelings, and the facility with which he gave way to the impulses of both, it had been my intention to pursue the subject still further in detail, and to endeavour to trace throughout the various excellencies and defects, both of his poetry and of his life, the operation of these two dominant attributes of his nature. "No men," says Cowper, in speaking of persons of a versatile turn of mind, "are better qualified for companions in such a world as this, than men of such temperament. Every scene of life has two sides, a dark and a bright one; and the mind that has an equal mixture of melancholy and vivacity is best of all qualified for the contemplation of either." It would not be difficult to show that to his readiness in reflecting all hues, whether of the shadows or the lights of our variegated existence, Lord Byron owed not only the great range of his influence as a poet, but

those powers of fascination which he possessed as a man. This susceptibility, indeed, of immediate impressions, which in him was so active, lent a charm of all others the most attractive, to his social intercourse, by giving to those who were at the moment present, such ascendant influence, that they alone for the time occupied all his thoughts and feelings, and brought whatever was most agreeable in his nature into play.

LIFE OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

We have seen in an early page of this volume, that Moore, though not a member of the Society of United Irishmen, felt a deep sympathy with the principles of that body. The affectionate anxiety of his mother snatched young Moore from the consequences which would probably have resulted from the continuation of his connection with the *Press* newspaper and its writers. The feeling, however, never died within the heart of Moore. In his Melodies there are bursts of feeling here and there, which touch the soul with a keener sense of the wrongs of Ireland than could be effected by the most brilliant oration. From "Captain Rock" and the "Life of Sheridan" we have culled some extracts illustrative of Moore's sense of the injustice with which his country had been treated. In taking up Moore's "Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," we feel confident that we shall find a vivid sketch of strange and startling scenes of '98, without any effort to please the "London market" by sneering at the men who, because they did not succeed, have of course taken their place in history as "rebels."

This work is written in a beautiful and thoughtful style, and contains many passages with which we would

enrich these pages if our space permitted. Especially deserving of the attention of the historical student is the eloquent sketch of the affairs of Ireland from 1776 to 1793, towards the conclusion of the first volume. Moore dwells with all the fervor of a tribune on the period when "America proclaimed her independence, and in the same year the first link was struck from the chain of the Catholic." He paints in glowing language the springing up of an immense army of Volunteers, and how the sympathies of all rallied round the patriotic standard, planted amidst what he terms "that only true fortress of freedom—an armed people."

The career of Lord Edward is eloquently told, and his virtues dwelt upon with almost the feelings of a brother. The commentary on Lord Edward's correspondence with his mother, shows how deeply Moore sympathises with domestic affection. The passages which represent a numerous circle of attached friends and relatives mourning over the lot of Lord Edward, are written with a deep and thrilling pathos

Moore discusses in this work the grave questions relative to the right of resistance, and endeavours to define the exact limit where endurance sinks from duty to degradation. These theoretical reasonings are interwoven with the narrative, and have always been deemed skilful and eloquent disquisitions on the knotty subject to which they refer

Connected with the Life of Lord Edward there is a topic which shows Moore's wish to alter any passage in his writings painful to the feelings of others. In his account of the arrest of Lord Edward, Moore stated that Samuel Neilson (who left the room a few minutes before the arrest) was supposed to be the party who

betrayed him; but in the same passage Moore states that he did not believe Neilson guilty of this treachery. This passage, though thus softened, gave offence to Neilson's friends. Dr. MacNevin wrote a note for the American edition of Moore's work, protesting against any inference being drawn against Neilson. MacNevin does not attack Moore, but regrets the appearance of the passage, which, he says, is "the more to be regretted as Moore is not only a delightful writer, but is bold and honest enough to speak the truth when he knows it." Hamilton Rowan also defended the memory of Neilson, and wrote to Moore, enclosing him a letter which Neilson wrote in 1802, full of the most unequivocal sentiments respecting the cause of Irish independence. Moore thus replied to Rowan's communication:—

"*Sloperton Cottage, Dec.* 21*st*, 1831.

"My dear Sir,

"However much I may have felt the injustice with which some persons have treated me on the subject to which your letter refers, I am far more than compensated for it by the honour and pleasure which it has been the means of bringing me, in the communication I have just received from you, a person, allow me to say, whom as far back almost as I can remember anything, I remember having always looked to with the fondest respect.

"I beg you to accept my best thanks for the letter of Neilson which you have sent me, and any other communications on the subject of Ireland you may have it in your power to favour me with, will be most thankfully received.

"Yours, my dear Sir, very truly,

"THOMAS MOORE."

Moore addressed the following letter to the editor of the *Freeman's Journal* on the same subject.

"*Sloperton Cottage, Nov. 29th*, 1831.

"Sir,

"Having just seen the *Freeman's Journal* of the 26th of this month, in which notice is taken of a late attack upon me in the *Northern Whig*, on account of some passages in my *Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald*, relative to Mr. Neilson, I think it right to trouble you with a few words on the subject. In the first place, I have to thank you for having laid before your readers the actual paragraph of my work which has provoked all their animadversion. Had some of those who have taken the trouble to write about that paragraph, given themselves also the preliminary trouble of *reading it*, they would have seen that so far from originating any suspicion against Neilson, I but stated what was quite true, that such a suspicion existed, and then expressed my own opinion that there were no sufficient grounds for it.

"To come, however, to what is, after all, my main object—truth, I can only say that if the friends of Mr. Neilson will, instead of thus arraigning me so angrily before the public, do me the favour to furnish me, through some private medium, with such authentic particulars of that brave but rash man's life, as may not only account for the 'incoherencies' of conduct which I have noticed in him, but give me the power of tracing his whole active career, it shall not be my fault if full justice be not done to his memory, both in the *Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald* (should another edition be called for), and still more fully in that part of my *History of Ireland* in which the momentous portion of 1798 will be included.

"I am, Sir, your obliged Servant,

"THOMAS MOORE."

Moore did not bring the "History of Ireland" down far enough to have an opportunity of rendering justice to Neilson in that work, but in a later edition of the Life of Lord Edward, he erases the passage which gave offence, and especially laments that it wounded

the feelings of the female relatives of Neilson, whom he describes as "brave and true in his devotion to the cause for which his all was sacrificed."

The following is Moore's

CHARACTER OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

Both of his mind and heart, indeed, simplicity may be said to have been the predominant feature, pervading all his tastes, habits of thinking, affections, and pursuits; and it was in this simplicity, and the singleness of purpose resulting from it, that the main strength of his manly character lay. Talents far more brilliant would, for want of the same clearness and concentration have afforded a far less efficient light. It is Lord Bacon, I believe, who remarks that the minds of some men resemble those ill-arranged mansions in which there are numerous small chambers, but no one spacious room. With Lord Edward the very reverse was the case; his mind, being to the whole extent of its range, thrown open, without either partitions or turnings, and a direct singleness, as well of power as of aim, being the actuating principle of his understanding and his will.

It is evident that even a moderate portion of talents, thus earnestly and undividedly brought to bear, must be capable of effects far beyond the range even of the most splendid genius, when tempted, as it is too often, by the versatility of its own powers, to deviate into mere display, and so to lose sight of the end in the variety and prodigality of the means.

Another quality of mind which, both in action and in the counsels connected with it, gave Lord Edward the advantage over men far beyond him in intellectual resources, was that disinterested and devoted courage, which, rendering self a mere cipher in his calculations, took from peril all power to influence his resolves, and left him free to pursue the right and the just, unembarrassed by a single regard to the consequences. Never indeed, was the noble device of the ancient worthies of France "*Fais ce que je dois, advienne que pourra,*"

more genuinely exemplified than in his chivalrous character.

How much self-will there was mixed up in his disposition may be seen throughout the ordinary events of his life. "Make Ogilvie remember," he says in one of his letters, "how obstinate I am when once I take a resolution." But, in him, the tendency of this sort of character to settle into obstinacy, was in a great degree counteracted, not only by the natural gentleness of his disposition, but by a spirit of candour, which, as we have seen attested by his friend Emmett, rendered him easily convincible by those on whose good sense and good intentions he had reliance. The same candour and gentleness of nature, however singular such a mixture may appear, continued to mingle with and influence his feelings even throughout that part of his career, when it must have been most difficult to keep them clear of intolerance and bitterness; nor in warring fiercely against principles which he thought ruinous and odious, did he entertain towards the persons professing them, any of that rancorous spirit which is so rarely separable from the excitement of such a strife. As one who acted by his side throughout that conflict says of him, "he was the most tolerant of men, he had no enmity to *persons*;" and the same authority adds, in all the warmth of friendly portraiture, "I never saw in him, I will not say a vice, but a defect."

But while thus a natural sweetness and generosity of temper counteracted in him those defects of obstinacy and intolerance to which a degree of self-will such as he possessed, almost always leads, the great efficacy also of this quality in giving decision to his character, was no less manifested by the perseverance with which, through all the disappointments and reverses of his cause, he continued, as we have seen, not only to stand by it firmly himself, but what—despondingly as he must often have felt—was far more trying, to set an example of confidence in its ultimate success for the encouragement of others. There was, it is true, in these very failures and misfortunes a sufficient stimulus to a strong and generous mind, like his,

to call forth all its energies. Of such spirits the reverses are the true whet-stones, and as has been well remarked, "None can feel themselves equal to the execution of a great design who have not once witnessed, with firmness and equanimity, its failure."

We have seen, accordingly, how unshrinking was the patience, how unabated the cheerfulness with which he was able to persevere under the continued frustration of all his plans and wishes. The disappointment, time after time, of his hopes of foreign succour might, from the jealousy with which he regarded such aid, have been easily surmounted by him, had he but found a readiness, on the part of his colleagues, to second him in an appeal to native strength. But while the elements baffled all his projects from without, irresolution and timid counsels robbed him of his chosen moment of action within; till, at last—confirmatory of all his own warnings as to the danger of delay—came that treachery by which the whole conspiracy was virtually broken up, their designs all laid open, and himself left, a fugitive and a wanderer, to trust to the precarious fidelity of persons trembling for their own safety, and tempted by the successful perfidy of others, with hardly one of those colleagues remaining by his side on whose sagacity he could rely for help through his difficulties.

Still, as we have seen, he persevered, not only firmly but cheerfully, conceiving his responsibility to the cause to be but increased by the defection or loss of its other defenders. After the appearance of the proclamation against him, some of his friends, seeing the imminent peril of his position, had provided some trusty boatmen, (like those through whose means Hamilton Rowan had escaped,) who undertook to convey him safely to the coast of France. But Lord Edward would not hear of it; his part was already taken.

As son, friend, lover, husband and father, Lord Edward may be said to have combined all that most adorns and endears such ties.

Amongst those traits of character which adorned him as a member of social life, there is one which is on every account far too important not to be brought pro-

minently forward in any professed picture of him, and this was, the strong and pure sense he entertained of religion. So much is it the custom of those who would bring discredit upon freedom of thought in politics, to represent it as connected invariably with lax opinions upon religion, that it is of no small importance to be able to refer to two such instances as Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Robert Emmett, in both of whom the freest range of what are called revolutionary principles, was combined with a warm and steady belief in the doctrines of Christianity.

There are persons, the bias of whose thoughts and feelings renders them incapable of considering the noble subject of these pages in any other light than that of a rebel against legitimate authority, and as such politically excluded from the circle of their sympathies. But not so does the feeling of mankind in general requite the generous martyrs of the common cause, and even where cotemporaries have been unjust, Time, the great vindicator of those who struggle for the right, seldom fails to enforce a due atonement to their memories.

TRAVELS OF AN IRISH GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF A RELIGION.

We have seen how Moore, as the poet, could entrance mankind, and how as the biographer he could deal with history in a style equal to that of those who devoted their lives to the delineation of its wondrous scenes. We have seen how in "Captain Rock" he could combine humour with pathos, and how feelingly he could describe the too-painful annals of Ireland.

Moore comes before us now as a controversial writer, as the bold defender of his creed, as he had been of his country. It is a matter to be much wondered at that one who had been habituated to poetry could tie

himself down to the study of a subject which, though possessing paramount interest for every human being, requires close application to master its difficulties. The "Travels" prove that Moore had no superficial knowledge of the subject which he treated. He seems to have studied controversy deeply, and to have collected much of the ecclesiastical learning of ancient and modern times. He has with considerable erudition gathered all the opinions which have been put forward on the Protestant side of the controversy, he has probed with a master hand the progress of rationalism in Germany, and has pointed out the evidences which exist for the necessity of a guide in the examination of scripture. It has been stated by some, that the work is sometimes too flippant for the subject, and that it does not uniformly develop that solemnity of tone which a work upon so sacred a topic should possess. It will however be found on examination, that the work though containing strong evidence of being the production of a poetical mind, contains not a line which indicates the smallest inclination to treat the subject in any manner unbefitting its importance. There are, it is true, some flowers of fancy wreathed through it, but it must be remembered that Moore wrote for the people, not for the schoolmen.

The plan of the work is this. A young Catholic student in Trinity College has been long thinking of some *respectable* reason for changing his religion, and the Emancipation Bill having passed into law, he sees that one of the reasons which would actuate a manly mind against the change, viz., the fear of being supposed to be influenced by worldly gain, has diminished. The "Irish Gentleman" is thus introduced to the reader :—

It was on the evening of the 16th day of April, 1829,—the very day on which the memorable news reached Dublin of the royal assent having been given to the Catholic Relief Bill,—that, as I was sitting alone in my chambers, up two pair of stairs, in Trinity College, being myself one of the everlasting "seven millions" thus liberated, I started suddenly, after a few moments' reverie, from my chair, and taking a stride across the room, as if to make trial of a pair of emancipated legs, exclaimed, "Thank God! I may now, if I like, turn Protestant."

The reader will see, at once, in this short speech, the entire course of my thoughts at that moment of exultation. I found myself free, not only from the penalties attached to being a Catholic, but from the point of honour which had till then debarred me from being any thing else. Not that I had, indeed, ever much paused to consider in what the faith I professed differed from others. I was as yet young,—but just entered into my twenty-first year. The relations of my creed with this world had been of too stirring a nature to leave me much thought to bestow on its concernments with the next; nor was I yet so much of the degenerate Greek in my tastes as to sit discussing what was the precise colour of the light of Mount Thabor when that "light of life," liberty, was itself to be struggled for.

I had, therefore, little other notion of Protestants than as a set of gentlemanlike heretics, somewhat scanty in creed, but in all things else rich and prosperous, and governing Ireland, according to their will and pleasure, by right of some certain Thirty-nine Articles, of which I had not yet clearly ascertained whether they were articles of war or of religion.

The Roman Catholics, on the other hand, though myself one of them, I could not help regarding as a race of obsolete and obstinate religionists, robbed of every thing but (what was, perhaps, least worth preserving) their creed, and justifying the charge brought against them of being unfit for freedom, by having so long and so unresistingly submitted to be slaves. In short, I felt—as many other high-spirited young Papists

must have felt before me—that I had been not only enslaved, but degraded, by belonging to such a race; and though, had adversity still frowned on our faith, I would have clung to it to the last, and died fighting for Transubstantiation and the Pope with the best, I was not sorry to be saved the doubtful glory of such martyrdom; and much as I rejoiced at the release of my fellow-sufferers from thraldom, rejoiced still more at the prospect of my own release from *them*.

While such was the state of my feelings with respect to the *political* bearings of my creed, I saw no reason, on regarding it in a religious point of view, to feel much more satisfied with it. The dark pictures I had seen so invariably drawn, in Protestant pamphlets and sermons, of the religious tenets of Popery, had sunk mortifyingly into my mind; and when I heard eminent, learned, and, in the repute of the world, estimable men representing the faith which I had had the misfortune to inherit as a system of damnable idolatry, whose doctrines had not merely the tendency, but the prepense design, to encourage imposture, perjury, assassination, and all other monstrous crimes, I was already, I confess, prepared, by the opinions which I had myself formed of my brother Papists, to be but too willing a recipient of such accusations against them from others. Though, as man and as citizen, I rose indignantly against these charges, yet, as Catholic, I quailed inwardly under the fear that they were too true.

In this state of mind it was that I had long looked forward to the great measure of Emancipation, both as the closing of that old, bitter, and hereditary contest in which the spiritual part of the question had been made subordinate to the temporal, and, more particularly, as a release for myself from that scrupulous point of honour which had hitherto kept me wedded, "for better, for worse," to Popery.

The reader has now been put in full possession of the meaning of that abrupt exclamation which, as I have said, burst from me on the evening of the 16th of April, in my room up two pair of stairs, Trinity College, —"Thank God! I may now, if I like, turn Protestant."

No sooner had this pithy sentence broke from my lips than I resumed my seat and plunged again into reverie. The college clock was, I recollect, striking eight, at the time this absorption of my thinking faculties commenced, and the same orthodox clock had tolled the tenth hour before the question "shall I, or shall I not, turn Protestant?" was in any fair train for decision. Even then, it was owing very much to an accident, which some good people would call providential, that Popery did not—for that evening, at least—maintain her ground. On the shelf of the book-case near me lay a few stray pamphlets, towards which, in the midst of my meditations, I almost unconsciously, put forth my hand, and taking the first that presented itself, found that I had got hold of a small tract, in the form of a catechism against Popery, published near a century ago, and called "a Protestant's Resolution, showing his reasons why he will not be a Papist, &c., &c." On opening the leaves of this tract, the first sentences that met my eyes were as follows:—

"Q.—What was there in the Romish religion that occasioned Protestants to separate themselves from it?

"A.—In that it was a superstitious, idolatrous, damnable, bloody, traitorous, blind, blasphemous religion."

This broadside of epithets at once settled the whole matter. What gentleman, indeed, thought I, could abide to remain longer in a faith to which, with any show of justice, such hard and indigestible terms could be applied? Accordingly, up sprung I, for the second time, from my now *un*easy chair, and brandishing aloft my clenched hand, as if in defiance of the Abomination of the Seven Hills, exclaimed, as I again paced about my chamber,—with something of the ascendancy strut already perceptible,—"I *will* be a Protestant."

Having thus resolved that "he *would* be a Protestant," the "Irish Gentleman" proceeds to study the earliest authorities, and finds to his disappointment that he cannot get an excuse for changing his religion

in any of the writers nearest to the Christian era. He finds the doctrines of the Catholic Church held by those who had conversed with those who actually spoke with the Lord. Beginning with the first century, he discovers, to his horror, a Pope already in existence. He finds in the primitive times, the practices which were familiar to him as a young Catholic of 1829.

He thus describes his feelings on coming to the evidences of confession amongst the early Christians.

How often, in reading such passages, did I call to mind my own innocent and Popery-believing days, when, as the regular season for confession returned, I used to set off early in the morning, to —— street Chapel, trembling all over with awe at the task that was before me, but still firmly resolved to tell the worst, without disguise. How vividly do I, even at this moment, remember kneeling down by the confessional, and feeling my heart beat quicker, as the sliding-panel in the side opened, and I saw the meek and venerable head of the kind Father O'H—— stooping down to hear my whispered list of sins. The paternal look of the old man,—the gentleness of his voice, even in rebuke,—the encouraging hopes he gave of mercy as the sure reward of contrition and reformation,—all these recollections came freshly over my mind, as I now read the touching language employed by some of the Fathers on this subject; language such as the following, from the Homilies of Origen, which, though written when Christianity was little more than 200 years old, is as applicable to many a Catholic confessor of our own times, as if indited but yesterday. "Only let the sinner carefully consider to whom he should confess his sin, what is the character of the physician;—if he be one who will be weak with the weak, who will weep with the sorrowful, and who understands the discipline of condolence and fellow-feeling: so that when his skill shall be known, and his pity felt, you may follow what he shall advise."—*Homil.* 2. *in Psalm* 27.

"If we discover our sins, not only to God, but to those who may thus apply a remedy to our wounds and iniquities, our sins will be effaced by him who said, 'I have blotted out thy iniquities as a cloud, and thy sins as a mist.'"—*Homil.* 17. *in Lucam.*

Shade of my revered pastor, couldst thou have looked down upon me, in the midst of my folios, how it would have grieved thy meek spirit to see the humble little visiter of thy confessional,—him whom sometimes thou hast doomed for his sins to read the Seven Penitential Psalms daily—to see him forgetting so soon the docility of those undoubting days, and setting himself up, God help him, as controvertist and Protestant!

Finding the doctrinal difficulties against his change increasing, the "Irish Gentleman" begins to look back sometimes with a lingering affection to his old creed. The following pictures one of these hesitating moments:

The reader who has thus far accompanied me from the beginning of my inquiries, and who knows the dogged resolution to turn Protestant with which I set out, will feel anxious, perhaps, to be informed whether, at the period where we are now arrived, any traces of my original resolve still lingered in my mind; or whether, with proofs clear as daylight, before my eyes, of the true holiness of my "first love," I had still lurking in my heart any desire of apostacy to another. Alas, so humiliating would be the confessions and explanations which an attempt to answer this inquiry must draw from me, that most willingly do I reserve them for some future opportunity; and, in the mean time, shall only say that it was not from any blindness to the light,—from any want of a deep conviction of the truths that had opened upon me, if at the bottom of my heart, some worldly longings still lingered. There even *were* moments (such as I experienced on reading the passages just cited) when the unworthy "spirit of the world" died away within me,—when such a flood of religious feelings came over my heart as

would not suffer any baser thoughts to live in their current, and when I was, in soul and mind, all Catholic, without a "shadow of turning." In this mood was it that, after closing the pages of the two great men I have just mentioned, I went to my pillow, pondering over the long list of illustrious sages,—the Erasmuses, Pascals, Fénélons, Leibnitzes, Sir Thomas Mores,—who have each, in turn, bowed, with implicit faith, before the miracle of the Eucharist, till, elevated above my own conscious nothingness by the contemplation of such men, I found myself, as I laid down my head, fervently saying, "Let my soul be with theirs!"

He then describes the Unity of the Church.

Having, from the earliest times of the Faith, such examples to warn them, and adhering firmly to the principle of *oneness* enjoined by Christ himself, the heads of the Church continued invariably to act upon the system of requiring all within the fold to follow the one shepherd; and if any resisted or dissented, cast them forth from the flock. To this exclusion, no less awful a penalty was attached than the forfeiture of eternal salvation; and, however stern and tremendous such a decree must appear, they who had been taught that there was but "one Lord, one faith, and one baptism," and who held therefore, that he who was not in the ark must perish by the deluge, could not, with any sincerity, pronounce a more lenient sentence.

Under the shelter of such guards and sanctions, human as well as divine, has the Catholic Church been enabled to hold on her changeless course, and exhibit an example of permanence, indefectibility, and unity, to which the whole history of human systems affords no parallel; sustaining herself, unblenched and unbroken—with the single exception of the partial schism of the eastern Church—through a period commensurate with the existence of Christianity itself, and, amidst all the changes, eclipses, and wrecks of all other institutions, delivering down the same doctrines from father to son, through every age; while of all the lead-

ers of sects opposed to her, from Simon Magus down to Luther, *not a single one has been able to frame a creed for his followers, the articles of which have remained unaltered beyond his own life-time.*

A dream, in which a Catholic Church in the third century is presented to the mental vision, is thus beautifully told.

I found myself seated, as I thought, in the middle of a great church, in some foreign land, and according to the impression I had on my mind, in the third or fourth century. From the lights, the incense, and the sounds of psalmody that arose around, I could not doubt that I stood in some temple of Catholic worship, and, by a still greater miracle of fancy, was reconverted into a good orthodox Catholic myself. On looking round, however, through the crowd of fellow-believers that encircled me, I was filled with astonishment at the varieties of hue and habit which they exhibited;—the Roman, the Carthagenian, the Gaul, the citizens of Athens and of Jerusalem, of Corinth, and of Ephesus, the Alexandrian, and the Spaniard, all seated round, arrayed in the different garbs of their respective countries, and waiting, in solemn silence, the opening of the Mass.

I now, for the first time, perceived by my side a youth of divine aspect, who regarded me with a smile of benevolence that came like sunshine into my heart. He was habited in the manner of a shepherd of the old pastoral times, and on considering his features more closely, I recognised in him the same friendly angel who, in the garb of a shepherd, had led Hermas through *his* series of visions. An exchange of salutations having passed between us, I was about to inquire after his old pupil's celestial health, when he pressed his fore-finger on his lip, as a warning of silence, and, almost at the same moment, the first words of the service broke on our ears. The venerable priest who officiated seemed to my fancy a sort of compound being,

made up from the descriptions I had read of some of the celebrated fathers of the Church,—having the bald, Elisha-like head of St. Chrysostom, the upright eyebrows of St. Cyril, and "the beard prolix" (as Dr. Cave terms it) of the great St. Basil. Sometimes, too, as my dream shifted, like a morning mist, it appeared to me as if the holy personage ministering at the altar was no other than my good old confessor, father O'H—— himself.

The public part of the mass being now ended, the moment had arrived when, by the solemn form of words, "depart in peace," those who had not yet been initiated by baptism were warned to retire, and the faithful left to perform the dread sacrifice among themselves. But who shall worthily describe that rite which followed? Never shall I forget the effect, as it then presented itself to my fancy, of the still and unbreathing silence of that vast multitude of Christians, —till, at the awful moment of communion, when, as the priest, raising the sacred Host, pronounced it "the Body of Christ," the whole assembly fell prostrate in adoration before it, and the word, "amen," as if with one voice and one soul, burst from all around. It was like a sweet and long-drawn peal of music, a concert of sounds, unbroken by a single breath of dissonance, from every quarter of this earth which the wind visits, —all blending in the belief of an incarnate God, who by his flesh hath redeemed, and with his flesh still feeds his creatures.

The "would-be" Protestant pursues his way through the early ages, and we are presented with a most interesting account of the tenets of the various sects of ancient times. The Catholic religion, he says, he finds remained unchanged, while various sects played their gambols "round the venerable ark of the Church in her majestic navigation through the great deep of ages," and the first volume concludes with the description of the "one bright, buoyant refuge of the faithful,

preserving unharmed, to the end of time, her saving way."

The second volume discloses a little under-plot, for which we must refer the reader to the work itself, where he will also find some beautiful poetical translations from the Holy Fathers. The "Irish Gentleman" visits Germany, and we have an able review of the religious changes of the sixteenth century. Not satisfied with German Protestantism he returns to England, and examines the religion as developed in that country, tracing it through its various changes. He forms at last the resolution of remaining in the creed of his fathers, whose superiority over other creeds as to certainty in doctrine he thus depicts in the conclusion of the work.

Far different are the grounds on which the Catholic Church asserts her claims to belief. Holding the Scriptures in one hand, she points, with the other, to the ancient authority of Tradition—that authority under whose sanction the doctrine "delivered by the Saints" has been handed down, and by which alone the inspiration of the Scriptures themselves can be authenticated. From this apostolical source, before a single word of the New Testament was written, she received, in trust for all time, the imperishable deposit of the two great Christian Mysteries, the Trinity and the Real Presence, and these through chance and change, and among all the defections and heresies that surrounded her, she has maintained, in their first perfect holiness, to the present hour. It matters not to her safety how heresy and schism may, from time to time, raise their bold fronts against her power. In the very first ages of her existence, this rebellion of the Evil Principle began; and the Ebionites denied the Trinity, and the Docetäe the Real Presence, full as confidently as the Unitarians and the Zuinglians assail those bul-

warks of her faith in modern times. It matters not to her Unity how text-hunters and commentators, how all that tribe whom St. Paul styles "The disputers of this world," may succeed in torturing the word of God by their perverse ingenuity. That unwritten authority, upon which the Scriptures themselves are but a comment, guides her safe and triumphant, through a path high above all such disturbing influences.

The strange and startling discovery, upon which criticism has lately lighted, that the three first Gospels are but transcriptions from some older documents, and *not* the works of the writers whose names they bear, —however calculated it may be to strike consternation into Protestants, who find their sole rule of faith thus unsettled, leaves the Church which Christ founded and instructed still secure on her old Apostolical grounds. The lamp of Tradition, delivered down by the Apostles, at which the light of the Scriptures themselves was kindled, still burns with saving lustre in her hands; and, were it possible that every vestige of the Written Word could be swept away, at this moment from the earth, the Catholic Church would but find herself as she was before a syllable of the New Testament was written, and remembering the promise of Christ to be "with her all her days," would still hold on her course unfaltering and unchanged— "the sole source of Truth and dwelling place of Faith," to the last.

Here, then, under the safe shelter of this unerring authority do I finally fix my resting-place—submitting implicitly to the only guidance which promises peace to the soul, and convinced that Reason which, even in this world's affairs proves but a sorry conductress, is, in all heavenly things, a rash and ruinous guide. The low value which it is plain our Saviour himself set on the inductions of human reason, sufficiently shows how little the faith which he came to teach was meant to be amenable to such a tribunal. The Apostle Paul denounces the "foolishness of the wisdom of this world," with a warmth and vehemence which leave no doubt upon the mind that he foresaw mischief to the cause of

Christianity from that source ; and the holy fathers of the first ages, though so gifted with all human learning themselves, not only knew the nothingness of such gifts in the eyes of a supreme God, but felt that faith, paramount Faith, demanded the sacrifice of them all, as well as of stubborn Reason itself, at the foot of the altar.

"When faith is in question," says St. Ambrose, "away with all arguments!"—"Why do you search into what is inscrutable?" asks St. Ephrem,—"Doing this you prove your curiosity, not your faith." St Chrysostom held it to be no less than blasphemy to attempt to judge of things divine by reason—seeing "that human reasoning hath nothing in common with the Mysteries of God;" and St. Cyril of Alexandria declares that "in matters of faith, all curiosity must cease."

Nor is it only by these great Church authorities that such limits have been set to the exercise of human judgment. Two of the greatest masters of the faculty of reasoning that ever existed,—the one commanding the most comprehensive range, the other wielding its acutest subtleties, have alike advanced the same Catholic, and, I may add, philosophic opinion. "We must not," says the wise Lord Bacon, "submit the mysteries of Faith to our Reason," and the acute Bayle agrees with him ;————Si la Raison étoit d'accord avec elle-même, on devoit être plus faché qu'elle s'accordât mal aisément avec quelquesuns de nos articles de Religion ; mais c'est une coureuse qui ne sait où s'arrêter, et qui comme une autre Pénélope détruit elle-même son propre ouvrage-diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis. *Elle est plus propre à démolir qu'à batir ; elle connoit mieux ce que les choses ne sont pas que ce qu'elles sont.*"

Seeing thus the judgment pronounced in Scripture, and in the writings of the fathers, respecting the unfitness of Reason to be the judge of Faith, confirmed by the opinion of men so accomplished in all the wisdom of this world, and finding still further, a but too convincing corroboration of the same truth in the ruin

brought upon Christianity wherever Reason has been allowed to career through its mysteries, I could not hesitate as to the conclusion to which my mind should come. "Either Catholic or Deist," said Fénélon "there is no other alternative," and the appearance which the Christian world wears at this moment, fully justifies his assertion.

Hail, then, to thee, thou one and only true Church, which art alone the way of life, and in whose tabernacle alone there is shelter from all this confusion of tongues. In the shadow of thy sacred mysteries let my soul henceforth repose, removed alike from the infidel who scoffs at their darkness, and the rash believer who vainly would pry into its recesses; saying to both in the language of St. Augustine, "Do you reason, while I wonder; do you dispute while I shall believe; and, beholding the heights of Divine power, forbear to approach its depths."

HISTORY OF IRELAND.

Amongst the numerous misfortunes of Ireland is to be reckoned the circumstance that she possesses no standard history. Several works, flatteringly called "Histories of Ireland," exist, but they are either grossly defective, or are mere political pamphlets, intended to advocate some particular propositions. Moore's history, notwithstanding all the talent and learning of the writer, has not completely wiped out the national blot. He published the first volume in 1835, when he had passed middle life, and the toil of historical writing was not suitable to his years. The work was cut short by the cessation of Lardner's Cyclopedia, and the fourth volume is said to have been almost entirely written by another hand. The first volume is the best, and the topics contained in it are

those respecting which Moore was best fitted to write well; we have therefore in our selections dealt principally with this volume. Moore's descriptions of the early literary and ecclesiastical glories of Ireland are truly eloquent.

CONVERSION OF IRELAND TO CHRISTIANITY.

While in all other countries, the introduction of Christianity had been the slow work of time, had been resisted either by government or people, and seldom effected without a lavish effusion of blood, in Ireland, on the contrary, by the influence of one humble, but zealous missionary, and with but little previous preparation of the soil by other hands, Christianity burst forth, at the first ray of apostolic light, and, with the sudden ripeness of a northern summer, at once covered the whole land. Kings and princes, when not themselves among the ranks of the converted, saw their sons and daughters joining in the train without a murmur. Chiefs, at variance in all else, agreed in meeting beneath the Christian banner; and the proud Druid and Bard laid their superstitions meekly at the foot of the cross; nor, by a singular blessing of Providence—unexampled, indeed, in the whole history of the church—was there a single drop of blood shed on account of religion, through the entire course of this mild Christian revolution, by which, in the space of a few years, all Ireland was brought tranquilly under the dominion of the Gospel.

ST. PATRICK PREACHING AT TARA.

After remaining some time in Down, to which county he had returned from Dalaradia, St. Patrick prepared, on the approach of Easter, to risk the bold, and as it proved, politic step of celebrating that great Christian festival in the very neighbourhood of Tara, where the princes and States of the whole kingdom were to be about that time assembled. Taking leave of his new friend Dicho, he set sail with his companions, and steer-

ing southwards arrived at the harbour now called Colp, at the mouth of the Boyne. There leaving his boat, he proceeded with his party to the plain of Breg, in which the ancient city of Tara was situated. In the course of his journey, a youth of family whom he baptised, and to whom, on account of the kindly qualities of his nature, he gave the name of Benignus, conceived such an affection for him as to insist on being the companion of his way. This enthusiastic youth became afterwards one of his most favourite disciples, and, on his death, succeeded him as Bishop of Armagh.

On their arrival at Slane, the saint and his companions pitched their tents for the night, and as it was the eve of the festival of Easter, lighted at nightfall the paschal fire. It happened that, on the same evening, the monarch Leogaire and the assembled princes were, according to custom, celebrating the Pagan festival of La Bealtinne; and as it was a law that no fire should be lighted on that night, till the great pile in the palace of Tara was kindled, the paschal fire of St. Patrick, on being seen from the heights of Tara, before that of the monarch, excited the wonder of all assembled. To the angry inquiries of Leogaire, demanding who could have dared to violate this law, his Magi or Druids are said to have made answer,—"This fire, which has now been kindled before our eyes, unless extinguished this very night will never be extinguished throughout all time. Moreover, it will tower above all the fires of our ancient rites, and he who lights it will ere long scatter your kingdom." Surprised and indignant, the monarch instantly dispatched messengers to summon the offender to his presence; the princes seated themselves in a circle upon the grass to receive him; and, on his arrival, one alone among them, Herc, the son of Dego, impressed with reverence by the stranger's appearance, stood up to salute him.

That they heard, with complacency, however, his account of the objects of his mission, appears from his preaching at the palace of Tara, on the following day, in the presence of the king and the states-general, and maintaining an argument against the most learned of

the Druids, in which the victory was on his side. It is recorded, that the only person who, upon this occasion, rose to welcome him was the arch-poet Dubtach, who became his convert on that very day, and devoted, thenceforth, his poetical talents to religious subjects alone.

The monarch, himself, too, while listening to the words of the apostle, is said to have exclaimed to his surrounding nobles, "It is better that I should believe than die,"—and, appalled by the awful denouncement of the preacher, to have at once professed himself Christian.

CONVERSION OF THE IRISH PRINCESSES.

Resting for the night, on his way, at a fountain in the neighbourhood of the royal residence, Cruachan, himself, and his companions had begun, at day-break, to chant their morning service, when the two young princesses, coming to the fountain at this early hour to bathe, were surprised by the appearance of a group of venerable persons all clothed in white garments and holding books in their hands. On their inquiring who the strangers were, and to what class of beings they belonged, whether celestial, aerial, or terrestrial, St. Patrick availed himself of the opportunity thus furnished of instructing them in the nature of the true God, and, while answering their simple and eager questions as to where the God he worshipped dwelt, whether in the heaven or on the earth, on mountains or in valleys, in the sea or in rivers, contrived to explain to them the leading truths of the Christian religion. Delighted with his discourse, the royal sisters declared their willingness to conform to any course of life that would render them acceptable to such a God as he announced; and being then baptised by the holy stranger, at the fountain, became in a short time after consecrated virgins of the church.

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE SEE OF ARMAGH.

Having now preached through all the provinces, and filled the greater part of the island with Christians and with churches, St. Patrick saw that the fit period was

now arrived for the consolidation of the extensive hierarchy he had thus constructed, by the establishment of a metropolitical see. In selecting the district of Macha for the seat of the primacy, he was influenced, doubtless, by the associations connected with that place as an ancient royal residence—the celebrated Palace of Emania having stood formerly in the neighbourhood of the eminence upon which Ardmacha, or Armagh, afterwards rose. The time of the foundation of this See by St. Patrick has been variously stated, but the opinion of those who place it late in his career, besides being equally borne out by evidence, seems by far the most consonant with reason ; as it is not probable that he would have set about establishing a metropolitical See for all Ireland, until he had visited the various provinces, ascertained the progress of the Gospel in each, and regulated accordingly, their ecclesiastical concerns.

* * * * * *

The See of Armagh being now established, and the great bulk of the nation won over to the faith, St. Patrick, resting in the midst of the spiritual creation he had called up around him, passed the remainder of his days between Armagh and his favourite retreat at Sabhul, in the Barony of Lisali—that spot which had witnessed the first dawn of his apostolical career, and now shared in the calm glories which surrounded its setting.

DEATH OF ST. PATRICK.

The impression that his death was not far distant, appears to have been strong on the saint's mind when he wrote his confession, the chief object of which was, to inform his relatives, and others in foreign nations, of the redeeming changes which God, through his ministry, had worked in the minds of the Irish. With this view it was that he wrote his parting communication in Latin, though fully aware, as he himself acknowledges, how rude and imperfect was his mode of expressing himself in that tongue, from the constant habit he had been in for so many years, of speaking no language but Irish.

In his retreat at Sabhul, the venerable saint was seized with his last illness. Perceiving that death was near at hand, and wishing that Armagh, as the seat of his own peculiar See, should be the resting-place of his remains, he set out to reach that spot, but feeling on his way some inward warnings, which the fancy of tradition has converted into the voice of an angel, commanding him to return to Sabhul, as the place appointed for his last hour, he went back to that retreat, and there about a week after, died, on the 17th of March, A.D. 465, having then reached, according to the most consistent hypothesis on the subject, his seventy-eighth year. No sooner had the news spread throughout Ireland, that the great apostle was no more, than the clergy flocked from all quarters to Sabhul, to assist in solemnizing his obsequies; and as every bishop, or priest, according as he arrived, felt naturally anxious to join in honouring the dead by the celebration of the holy mysteries, the rites were continued without interruption through day and night. To psalmody and the chanting of hymns the hours of the night were all devoted; and so great was the pomp, and the profusion of torches kept constantly burning, that, as those who describe the scene express it, darkness was dispelled, and the whole time appeared to be one constant day.

RAPID INCREASE OF CHRISTIANITY IN IRELAND.

The fervid eagerness and rapidity with which the new faith had been embraced, wore so much the appearance of that sort of enthusiasm which new novelty often excites, that it would have seemed but in the natural course of affairs had there succeeded a lull to all this excitement, and had such a burst of religious zeal, throughout the great mass of the people, deprived entirely as it was, of the fuel which persecution always ministers, subsided speedily into that state of languor, if not of dangerous indifference, in which the uncontested triumph of human desires almost invariably ends. But in this, as in all other respects, the course of the change now worked in the minds of the people of Ireland was peculiar and unprecedented; and, striking as

was their zeal and promptitude in adopting the new faith, the steady fervour with which they now devoted themselves to its doctrines and discipline was even still more remarkable. From this period, indeed, the drama of Irish history begins to assume an entirely different character. Instead of the furious strife of kings and chieftains forming as before, its main action and interest, this stormy spectacle gives way to the pure and peaceful triumphs of religion. Illustrious saints of both sexes, pass in review before our eyes :— the cowl and veil eclipse the glory even of the regal crown ; and instead of the grand and festive halls of Tara and Emania, the lonely cell of the fasting penitent becomes the scene of fame.

SPIRITUAL LINK BETWEEN IRELAND AND ROME.

An attempt has been made, enforced by the learning of the admirable Usher, to prove that the church founded by St. Patrick in Ireland held itself independent of Rome, and on most of the leading points of Christian doctrine, professed the opinions maintained at present by Protestants. But rarely, even in the warfare of religious controversy, has there been hazarded an assertion so little grounded upon fact. In addition to the original link formed with Rome, from her having appointed the first Irish missionaries, we find in a canon of one of the earliest synods held in Ireland a clear acknowledgment of the supremacy of the Roman See. Nor was this recognition confined merely to words ; as on the very first serious occasion of controversy which presented itself—the dispute relative to the time of celebrating Easter—it was resolved, conformably to the words of this canon, that " the question should be referred to the Head of Cities," and a deputation being accordingly despatched to Rome for the purpose, the Roman practice, on this point, was ascertained and adopted.

DEATH OF SAINT COLUMBKILL.

Having been forewarned, it is said, in his dreams, of the time when his death was to take place, he rose, on

the morning of the day before, and ascending a small eminence, lifted up his hands and solemnly blessed the monastery. Returning from thence, he sat down in a hut adjoining, and there occupied himself in copying part of the Psalter, till, having finished a page with a passage of the thirty-third Psalm, he stopped and said, "Let Baithen write the remainder." This Baithen, who was one of the twelve disciples that originally accompanied him to Hy, had been named by him as his successor. After attending the evening service in the church, the saint returned to his cell, and, reclining on his bed of stone, delivered some instructions to his favourite attendant, to be communicated to the brethren. When the bell rang for midnight prayer he hastened to the church, and was the first to enter it. Throwing himself upon his knees he began to pray, but his strength failed him; and his brethren arriving soon after, found their beloved master reclining before the altar, and on the point of death. Assembling all around him, these holy men stood silent and weeping, while the saint, opening his eyes with an expression full of cheerfulness, made a slight movement of his hand, as if to give them his parting benediction, and in that effort breathed his last, being then in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

The name of this eminent man, though not so well known throughout the Latin church, as that of another Irish Saint, Columbanus, with whom he is frequently confounded, holds a distinguished place among the Roman and other martyrologies, and in the British Isles will long be remembered with traditional veneration. In Ireland, rich as have been her annals in names of saintly renown, for none has she continued to cherish so fond a reverence, through all ages, as for her great Columbkill; while that Isle of the Waves, with which his name is now inseparably connected, and which, through his ministry, became "the luminary of the Caledonian regions," has far less reason to boast of her numerous tombs of kings, than of those heaps of votive pebbles left by pilgrims on her shore, marking the path that once led to the honoured shrine of her Saint.

SAINT BRIDGET.

Taking the veil herself at a very early age, when, as we are told, she was clothed in the white garment, and the white veil placed upon her head, she was immediately followed, in this step, by seven or eight other young maidens, who, attaching themselves to her fortunes, formed at the first her small religious community. The pure sanctity of this virgin's life, and the supernatural gifts attributed to her, spread the fame she had acquired more widely every day, and crowds of young women and widows applied for admission into her institution. At first she contented herself with founding establishments for her followers in the respective districts of which they were natives; and in this task the bishops of the different dioceses appear to have concurred with and assisted her. But the increasing number of those who required her own immediate superintendence, rendered it necessary to form some one great establishment, over which she should herself preside; and the people of Leinster, who claimed to be peculiarly entitled to her presence, from the illustrious family to which she belonged having been natives of their province, sent a deputation to her, to entreat that she would fix among them her residence. To this request the Saint assented; and a habitation was immediately provided for herself and her sister nuns, which formed the commencement both of her great monastery and of the town or city of Kildare.

SAINT COLUMBANUS.

The various countries and places with which the name of this great saint is connected have multiplied his lasting titles to fame. While Ireland boasts of his birth, and of having sent forth, before the close of the sixth century, so accomplished a writer from her schools; France remembers him by her ancient abbeys of Luxuil and Fontaines; and his fame in Italy still lives, not only in the cherished relics at Bottio, in the coffin, the chalice, the holy staff of the founder, and the strange sight of an Irish Missal in a foreign land

—but in the yet fresher and more every-day remembrance bestowed upon his name by its association with the beautifully situated town of San Columbano, in the territory of Lodi.

The writings of this eminent man that have come down to us display an extensive and various acquaintance, not merely with ecclesiastical, but with classical literature. From a passage in his letter to Boniface, it appears that he was acquainted with both the Greek and Hebrew languages; and when it is recollected that he did not leave Ireland till he was nearly fifty years of age, and that his life afterwards was one of constant activity and adventure, the conclusion is obvious, that all this knowledge of elegant literature must have been acquired in the schools of his own country. Such a result from a purely Irish education, in the middle of the sixth century, is, it must be owned, not a little remarkable. Among his extant works are some Latin poems, which, though not admissible of course to the honours of comparison with any of the writings of a classic age, shine out in this twilight period of Latin literature with no ordinary distinction.

IRISH MISSIONARIES ABROAD.

In order to convey to the reader any adequate notion of the apostolical labours of that crowd of learned missionaries whom Ireland sent forth, in the course of this century, to all parts of Europe, it would be necescary to transport him to the scenes of their respective missions; to point out the difficulties they had to encounter, and the admirable patience and courage with which they surmounted them; to show how inestimable was the service they rendered, during that dark period, by keeping the dying embers of learning awake, and how gratefully their names are inshrined in the records of foreign lands, though but faintly, if at all remembered in their own. It was, indeed, then, as it has been ever since, the peculiar fate of Ireland, that both in talent and the fame that honourably rewards it, her sons prospered far more triumphantly abroad than at home; for, while, of the many who con-

fined their labours to their native land, but few have left those remembrances behind which constitute fame, those who carried the light of their talent and zeal to other lands, not only founded a lasting name for themselves, but made their country also a partaker of their renown, winning for her that noble title of the Island of the Holy and the Learned, which, throughout the night that overhung all the rest of Europe, she so long and proudly wore. Thus, the labours of the great missionary, St. Columbanus, were, after his death, still vigorously carried on, both in France and Italy, by those disciples who had accompanied or joined him from Ireland; and his favourite Gallus, to whom, in dying, he bequeathed his pastoral staff, became the founder of an abbey in Switzerland, which was in the thirteenth century erected into a princedom, while the territory belonging to it has through all changes borne the name of St. Gall. From his great assiduity in promulgating the Gospel, and training up disciples capable of succeeding him in the task, this pious Irishman has been called by a foreign martyrologist, the apostle of the Allemanian nation. Another disciple and countryman of St. Columbanus, named Deicola, or in Irish, Dichnill, enjoyed, like his master, the patronage and friendship of the monarch, Clotaire II., who endowed the monastic establishment formed by him at Luthra, with considerable grants of land.

In various other parts of France, similar memorials of Irish sanctity may be traced. At the celebrated monastery of Centula, in Ponthieu, was seen a tomb engraved with golden letters, telling, that there lay the remains of the venerable priest, Caidoc, "to whom Ireland gave birth and the Gallic land a grave." The site of the hermitage of St. Fiacre, another Irish saint, was deemed so consecrated a spot, that to go on a pilgrimage there, was, to a late period, a frequent practice among the devout; and we are told of the pious Anne of Austria, that when, in 1641, she visited the shrine of this saint, so great was the humility of her devotion, that she went the whole of the way, from Monceau to the town of Fiacre on foot. Among the num-

ber of holy and eminent Irishmen who thus extended their labours to France, must not be forgotten St. Fursa, who, after preaching among the East Angles and converting many from Paganism, passed over into France; and, building a monastery at Lagny, near the river Marne, remained there, spreading around the blessings of religious instruction till his death.

In like manner, through most of the other countries of Europe, we hear of the progress of some of these adventurous spirits, and track the course of their fertilising footsteps through the wide waste of ignorance and Paganism which then prevailed. In Brabant, the brothers of St. Fursa, Ultan and Foillan, founded an establishment which was long called the monastery of the Irish; and the elegant scholar, St. Livin, whom, by his own verses, we trace to the tomb of St. Bavo, in Ghent, proceeded from thence on a spiritual mission through Flanders and Brabant, prepared at every step for that crown of martyrdom which at length, from the hands of Pagans, he suffered. With the same enterprising spirit we find St. Fridolin, surnamed the Traveller,—a native, it is supposed, of Connaught,—exploring the Rhine for some uninhabited island, and at length fixing himself upon Seckingen, where he founded a church, and a religious house for females, which he lived to see prosper under his own eyes. Next to the generous self-devotion of these holy adventurers, thus traversing alone the land of the infidel and the stranger, the feeling of gratitude with which after-ages have clung to their names, forms one of the most pleasing topics of reflection which history affords.

ANTIENT IRISH MUSIC.

In its infant state, poetry has been seldom separated from music; and it is probable that most of the stanzas cited by the annalists were meant originally to be associated with song. Of some of the juvenile works of St. Columbanus we are told, that they were "worthy of being sung;" and a scene brought vividly in a few words before our eyes, by the Irish biographer of

Columba, represents that holy man as sitting along with his brethren upon the banks of the beautiful lake, Kee, while among them was a poet, skilled, we are told, in modulating song to verse, "after the manner of his art." That it was to the accompaniment of a stringed instrument, called the Cruit, they performed these songs or chants appears to be the most general opinion. In some distichs on the death of Columba, preserved in the annals of the Four Masters, we find mention of this kind of harp in rather a touching passage:—"Like a song of the Cruit without joy, is the sound that follows our master to the tomb," and its common use in the eighth century as an accompaniment to the voice, may be implied from Bede's account of the religious poet, Ceadmon, who, in order to avoid taking a part in the light songs of society, always rose, as he tells us, from the table when the harp was sent round, and it came to his turn to sing and play. The Italians, who are known to have been in possession of the harp before the time of Dante, are, by a learned musician of their own country, Gallilei, said to have derived it from Ireland; the instrument according to his account, being no other than a cithara with many strings, and having, at the time he wrote, four octaves and a tone in compass.

How little music, though so powerful in its influence on the feelings, either springs from, or is dependent upon intellect, appears from the fact, that some of the most exquisite effusions of this art have had thei rorigin among the simplest and most uncultivated people; nor can all that art or science bring afterwards to the task do more, in general, than diversify by new combinations, those first wild strains of gaiety or passion into which nature had infused her original inspiration. In Greece, the sweetness of the ancient music had already been lost, when all the other arts were but on their way to perfection; and from the account given by Giraldus Cambrensis of the Irish harpers of the twelfth century, it may be inferred, that the melodies of the country at the earlier period of which we are speaking, were in some degree like the first music of the infant

age of Greece, and partook of the freshness of that morning of mind and hope which was then awakening around them.

EARLY CIVILISATION OF IRELAND.

The first emergence of this people to the notice of Europe, with so many of the marks of an ancient state of civilisation impressed strongly upon their language, traditional customs and institutions, while they themselves were but little elevated above the level of savage life; the docile intelligence with which they received and appreciated the doctrines of Christianity, and, soon after, started forth as the apostles and teachers of Western Europe, in every walk of learning, both sacred and secular, leaving the name of their country associated to the present day with most of the institutions established in those times for the purposes of religion and instruction,—all this honourable celebrity of the Irish abroad, followed by their long and manful struggle against the Danish power at home, and finally, the death-blow, dealt on the field of Clontarf, to the domination of that people in Ireland, at a time when England and other great states of Europe had been forced to bow beneath their yoke, presents altogether a career of such various and entirely self-derived energy, as few countries, within the same compass of time, have been ever known to exhibit; and which, notwithstanding the fierce and lawless excesses that stain so many of its pages, cannot but entitle the history records so remarkable a course of affairs to a more than ordinary share of attention and interest.

ST. LAURENCE O'TOOLE.

This pious and eminent prelate, who was styled, as St. Bernard tells us, "the father of his country," was of the illustrious house of the O'Tuathals, being the youngest son of Murchertach O'Tuathal, Prince of Imaile, or, as usually called, the Glen of Imaile, in the now County of Wicklow; while yet a boy, he was, by his own desire, dedicated to the ecclesiastical state, and under the care of the bishop of Glendalough made con-

siderable progress in learning and piety. When twenty-five years of age, he was elected abbot of the monastery of that place, which was distinct from the episcopal See, and became, within a few years, successively bishop of Glendalough and archbishop of Dublin. The holy seclusion of the Valley of the Lakes, where so large a portion of his earlier days had been passed, still continued to retain a charm for him through life, and it was his delight, when not engaged in the cares of his archbishopric, to retire occasionally to Glendalough, and there, in a cave which had been used as an oratory by St. Kevin, to pass whole weeks in lonely prayer and contemplation.

The share taken by him in all important transactions connected with Ireland, which occurred during his public life, redounds scarcely less to the credit of the English authorities than to the honour of his own high character, that notwithstanding his proclaimed zeal for the independence of his native land, and the efforts made by him to awaken in his countrymen a spirit of resistance to the foreigner, he should yet have been selected for so many important and delicate missions to the English court; and, though naturally regarded with jealous suspicion by the king, should have remained to the last in undisturbed possession both of his popularity and his honours. Even by the slanderer of all other persons and things belonging to Ireland, Laurence is pronounced to have been a "just and a good man." An ardent lover of his ill-fated country, he felt but the more poignantly those wretched feuds and unnatural treacheries of her own sons, which were now co-operating so fatally with the enemy, in reducing her to complete degradation and ruin; and, a short time before his death, he is said to have exclaimed in the Irish language, "Ah, foolish and senseless people, what is now to become of you? Who will now cure your misfortunes? Who will now heal you?" When reminded on his death-bed of the propriety of making his will, he answered, "God knows I have not at this moment as much as a penny under the sun."

SILKEN THOMAS.

However amiable may have been the natural qualities of this young lord,—and he is represented, in general, as brave, open, and generous,—the scenes of violence among which he had been brought up, and the examples of ambition, family pride, and uncontrolled self-will, which his own ill-fated race supplied, formed but an ominous preparation for the grave duties now so rashly assigned to him. In addition to the perils arising from his own utter inexperience, he was surrounded by watchful enemies, full of hatred to him and his race; and the opportunity which alone they wanted for the indulgence of this rancorous feeling, their ingenuity was of course not slow in creating. A report was spread by them that the Earl of Kildare had been beheaded in the Tower, and that Lord Thomas and all his uncles were menaced with the same fate. Too readily trusting to this rumour, the young lord, at the head of a guard of 140 armed horsemen rode through the city of Dublin to Dame's Gate, and crossing the river, proceeded to St. Mary's Abbey, where the council, according to appointment, waited his coming. There, surrounded by armed followers, who had crowded with him to the council chamber, the youth solemnly renounced his allegiance to the English monarch, and proceeded to deliver up the sword and robes of state.

In vain did Cromer, the lord chancellor, who had been indebted to Kildare for his promotion to that dignity, implore of him, with tears, to revoke his purpose, and still retain the sword of state. The young Geraldine stood unmoved, whilst, just at that moment, there burst forth from the midst of his excited followers, the voice of an Irish bard, or rhymer, chanting the praises of the "silken lord,"—for so lord Thomas from the richness of his caparisons was styled, and calling passionately upon him to revenge his father's death. From that moment, all further parley was at an end; the youth cast from him the sword of state, and rushing forth at the head of his wild followers, entered upon that rash and ill-concerted struggle which ended in the ruin of himself and almost the whole of his kindred.

STATE OF LEARNING IN THE TENTH CENTURY.

The night of ignorance and barbarism which had been so long gathering around the western world, is supposed, in the century we are now considering, to have reached its utmost gloom. How far this comparative view is well founded, may be a matter of question; but of the positive prevalence of darkness throughout this age there can be no doubt. It is not, therefore, wonderful that even Ireland, which had hitherto stood as a beacon of learning in the west, should begin to share in the general obscuration of the times, and, being acted upon by the same causes which had already uncivilised some of the fairest regions of Europe, should feel the fated tide of barbarism gaining fast upon her shores. The exceeding rapidity with which the chief schools and monasteries throughout the country, though so frequently ravaged and burned by the Northmen, again rose from their ashes and resounded afresh with instruction and prayer, seems hardly less than marvellous.

IRISH INFUSE LEARNING INTO ENGLAND.

As thus, in the midst of the general darkness of the age, there were still preserved in Ireland some relics of the lore of better days, so, in the schools and religious establishments of the continent, her sons still continued to retain all their former superiority, and among the dwarf intellects of that time, towered as giants. In England, where, since the death of her great Alfred, both sacred and literary knowledge had sunk to so low an ebb, that at length no priest could be found capable of writing or translating a Latin letter, the Irish were, in this century, the means of restoring some taste for liberal studies. With that devotion to the cause of religion and instruction which had become in this people (as an author of those times expresses it), a second nature, a number of Irishmen, described as conversant with every department of knowledge, secular as well sacred, retired some time before the year 940 to Glastonbury. This monastery had already been long distinguished as a favourite retreat of their countrymen;

and, within its walls, so great was the reverence felt for their patron saint, that from an early period, the establishment had been called "Glastonbury of St. Patrick." From the Irish who fixed themselves there in this century, the Abbe St. Dunstan, chiefly received his education, and while he imbibed, as we are told, under their discipline, the very marrow of scriptural learning, they also instructed him in the science of arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy, in all of which they were, it is intimated, more deeply skilled than in the refined niceties of classical literature. With a taste too highly characteristic of their country, they succeeded in awakening in their pupil so strong a love and talent for music, that it was in after life his frequent practice, when worn with business or study, to fly for refreshment to the soothing sounds of his harp.

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL POEMS.

To do justice to the brilliant and witty productions with which the exhaustless pen of Moore has enriched our satirical literature, would be a task demanding space equal at least to all this little volume. We have not dealt with these works separately, but have deferred their consideration in order to group them together, and we find that we can only devote a small space to their consideration. For nearly forty years Moore, either in volumes or in newspaper "occasional lines," lashed with unsparing pen the enemies of civil and religious freedom. In the "Twopenny Post-bag" the vices of the prince regent and the meanness of his flatterers are well pourtrayed. In the "Fudge Family in Paris" we have a trenchant castigation of the policy of Lord Castlereagh. In the "Fudge Family in England," the disinterested gentlemen now known as the "Exeter Hall School," are well shown up. The "Fables of the

Holy Alliance" contain several caustic passages respecting the conduct of that most *un*-holy confederation. In the last edition of Moore's works will also be found a large number of poems, some serious and some humorous, which appeared from time to time in the public newspapers.

Moore was admittedly the most witty writer of the day, and his wit was always directed against the enemies of liberty. Our reader must go to the works we have named above for full confirmation of this opinion, for we can only indulge him with a very few of Moore's productions in this line.

The Spirit of Mischief.

(*Lord St—nl—y's first attempt in Verse.*)

How various are the inspirations
Of different men, in different nation !
As genius prompts to good or evil
Some call the muse, some raise the devil.
Old Socrates, that pink of sages,
Kept a pet demon, on board wages,
To go about with him incog,
And sometimes give his wit a jog
So L—nd—st, in our day, we know,
Keeps fresh relays of imps below,
To forward from that nameless spot
His inspirations—hot and hot.

But, neat as are old L—nd—st's doings—
Beyond even Hecate's "hell-broth" brewings—
Had I, Lord Stanley, but my will,
I'd show you mischief prettier still;
Mischief combining boyhood's tricks
With ages sourest politics.
The urchin's freaks, the veteran's gall,
Both duly mixed, and matchless all;
A compound nought in history reaches,
But Machiavel, when first in breeches !

Yes, Mischief, goddess multiform,
Whene'er thou, witch-like, ridst the storm,
Let Stanley ride cockhorse behind thee—
No livelier lackey could they find thee.
And, goddess, as I'm well aware,
So mischief's *done*, you care not *where*,
I own 'twill most *my* fancy tickle
In Paddyland to play the pickle ;
Having got credit for inventing
A new brisk method of tormenting—
A way they call the Stanley fashion,
Which puts all Ireland in a passion ;
So neat it hits the mixture due
Of injury and insult too ;
So legibly it bears upon't
The stamp of Stanley's brazen front.

Ireland, we're told, means land of *Ire ;*
And *why* she's so, none need inquire,
Who see her millions, martial, manly,
Spat upon thus by me, Lord St—nl—y.
Already in the breeze I scent
The whiff of coming devilment ;
Of strife, to me more stirring far
Than the opium or sulphur war,
Or any such drug ferments are.
Yes, sweeter to this Tory soul
Than all such pests, from pole to pole,
Is the rich "swelter'd venom" got
By stirring Ireland's "charmed pot ;"
And, thanks to practice on that land,
I stir it with a master hand.

Again thou'lt see, when forth hath gone
The war-church cry, "On, Stanley, on !"
How Caravats and Shanavests
Shall swarm from out their mountain nests,
With all their merry moonlight brothers,
To whom the Church (step-dame to others)
Hath been the best of nursing mothers.

Again o'er Erin's rich domain
Shall Rockites and right reverends reign;
And both, exempt from vulgar toil,
Between them share that titheful soil;
Puzzling ambition which to climb at,
The post of captain, or of primate.

And so long life to Church and Co.
Hurrah for mischief!—here we go.

Miss Fudge's Lament on the Errors of her two "Pious" Servants.

Just in time for the post, dear, and monstrously busy
With godly concernments—and worldly ones too;
Things carnal and spiritual mixed, my dear Lizzy,
In this little brain till, bewildered and dizzy,
'Twixt heaven and earth, I scarce know what I do.
First, I've been to see all the gay fashions from town,
Which our favourite Miss Gimp for the spring has had down.
Sleeves *still* worn (which *I* think is wise) *à la folle,*
Charming hats, *pou de soie*—though the shape rather droll.
But you can't think how nicely the caps of *tulle* lace,
With the *mentonnières,* look on this poor sinful face;
And I mean, if the Lord in his mercy thinks right,
To wear one at Mrs. Fitz-wigram's to-night.
The silks are quite heavenly; I'm glad, too, to say,
Gimp herself grows more godly and good every day;
Hath had sweet experience—yea, even doth begin
To turn from the Gentiles and put away sin—
And all since her last stock of goods was laid in.
What a blessing one's milliner, careless of pelf,
Should thus "walk in newness" as well as one's self!

So much for the blessings, the comforts of spirit
I've had since we met, and they're more than I merit!

Poor, sinful, weak creature in every respect,
Though ordained (God knows why!) to be one of th' elect.
But now for the picture's reverse.—You remember
That footman and cook-maid I hired last December;
He a Baptist Particular—*she* of some sect
Not particular, I fancy, in any respect;
But desirous, poor thing, to be fed with the Word,
And "to wait," as she said, "on Miss Fudge and the Lord."

Well, my dear, of all men, that Particular Baptist
At preaching a sermon off hand was the aptest;
And, long as he staid, do him justice, more rich in
Sweet savours of doctrine, there never was kitchen.
He preached in the parlour, he preached in the hall,
He preached to the chamber-maids, scullions, and all;
All heard with delight his reprovings of sin,
But above all, the cook-maid—oh, ne'er would she tire,
Though in learning to save sinful souls from the fire,
She would oft let the soles she was frying fall in.

God forgive me for punning on points thus of piety!
A sad trick I've learned in Bob's heathen society.
But, ah! there remains the worst of my tale;
Come, asterisks, and help me the sad truth to veil—
Conscious stars, that even at your own secrets grow pale!
In short, dear, this preaching and psalm-singing pair
Chosen "vessels of mercy," as I thought they were,
Have together this last week eloped, making bold
To whip off as much goods as both vessels could hold
Not forgetting some score of sweet tracts from my shelves,
And two family bibles as large as themselves.

An Exeter Hall Orator.

He comes from Erin's speechful shore,
Like fervid kettle bubbling o'er
With hot effusions—hot and weak;

Sound, Humbug, all your hollowest drums,
He comes, of Erin's martyrdoms
To Britain's well-fed church to speak.
Puff him, ye journals of the Lord,
Twin prosers, Watchman and Record!
Journals reserved for realms of bliss,
But much too good to sell in this.
Prepare, ye wealthier saints, your dinners,
Ye spinsters, spread your tea and crumpets,
And you, ye countless Tracts for Sinners,
Blow all your little penny trumpets.
He comes, the reverend man, to tell
To all who still the church's part take,
Tales of parsonic woe, that well
Might make even grim Dissenter's heart ache:
Often whole bishops snatched away
For ever from the light of day;
(With, God knows, too, how many more
For whom that doom is yet in store;)
Of rectors cruelly compelled
From Bath and Cheltenham to haste home,
Because the tithes, by Pat withheld,
Will *not* to Bath nor Cheltenham come;
Nor will the flocks consent to pay
Their parsons thus to stay away;
Though, with *such* parsons, one may doubt,
If 'tisn't money well laid out.
Of all, in short, of each degree
Of that once happy hierarchy,
Which used to roll in wealth so pleasantly,
But now, alas, is doomed to see
Its *sur*plus brought to *non*plus presently.

Miss Fudge on the "Establishment."

How I grieve you're not with us!—Pray, come if you can,
Ere we're robbed of this dear oratorical man,
Who combines in himself all the multiple glory
Of Orangeman, Saint, *quondam* Papist, and Tory!

(Choice mixture! like that from which, duly confounded,
The best sort of *brass* was, in old times, compounded,)
The sly and the saintly, the worldly and godly,
All fused down in a brogue so deliciously oddly!
In short, he's a *dear*—and such audiences draws,
Such loud peals of laughter and shouts of applause,
As *can't* but do good to the Protestant cause.

Poor dear Irish Church!—he to-day sketch'd a view
Of her history and prospects, to *me* at least new,
And which (if it takes as it ought) must arouse
The whole Christian world her just rights to espouse.
As to *reasoning*—you know, dear, that's now of no use,
People will still their *facts* and dry *figures* produce,
As if saving the souls of a Protestant flock were
A thing to be managed "according to Cocker!"
In vain do we say (when rude Radicals hector
At paying some thousands a year to a rector,
In places where Protestants *never yet were*),
"Who knows but young Protestants *may* be born there?"
And granting such accident, think, what a shame,
If they didn't find rector and clerk when they came!
It is clear that without such a staff on full pay,
These little church embryos *must* go astray,
And, while fools are computing what parsons would cost,
Precious souls are meanwhile to the Establishment lost.

In vain do we put the case sensibly thus;
They'll still with their figures and facts make a fuss,
And ask, if, while all, choosing each his own road,
Journey on, as we can, towards the heavenly abode,
Is it right that seven-eighths of the travellers should pay
For one-eighth that goes quite a different way?
Just as if, foolish people, this wasn't in reality
A proof of the church's extreme liberality,
That, though hating Popery in *other* respects,
She to Catholic *money* in no way objects;
And so liberal her very best saints, in this sense,
That they even go to heaven at the Catholic's expense.

Ireland.

"Return!"—no, never, while the withering hand
Of bigot power is on that hapless land;
While, for the faith my fathers held to God,
Ev'n in the fields where free those fathers trod,
I am proscribed, and—like the spot left bare
In Israel's halls, to tell the proud and fair
Amidst their mirth, that Slavery had been there—
On all I love, home, parents, friends, I trace
The mournful mark of bondage and disgrace!
No!—let *them* stay, who in their country's pangs
See nought but food for factions and harangues;
Who yearly kneel before their masters' doors,
And hawk their wrongs, as beggars do their sores.
Still hope and suffer, all who can!—but I,
Who durst not hope, and cannot bear, must fly.

But whither?—everywhere the scourge pursues—
Turn where he will, the wretched wanderer views,
In the bright, broken hopes of all his race,
Countless reflections of th' oppressor's face
Everywhere gallant hearts, and spirits true,
Are served up victims to the vile and few;
While England, everywhere—the general foe
Of Truth and Freedom, wheresoe'er they glow—
Is first, when tyrants strike, to aid the blow!

Oh, England! could such poor revenge atone
For wrongs, that well might claim the deadliest one;
Were it a vengeance sweet enough to sate
The wretch who flies from thy intolerant hate,
To hear his curses on such barbarous sway
Echoed, where'er he bends his cheerless way;—
Could *this* content him, every lip he meets
Teems for his vengeance with such poisonous sweets;
Were *this* his luxury, never is thy name
Pronounced, but he doth banquet on thy shame;
Hears maledictions ring from every side
Upon that grasping power, that selfish pride,
Which vaunts its own, and scorns all rights beside;

That low and desperate envy, which to blast
A neighbour's blessings, risks the few thou hast;—
That monster, Self, too gross to be concealed,
Which ever lurks behind thy proffered shield;—
That faithless craft, which, in thy hour of need,
Can court the slave, can swear he shall be freed,
Yet basely spurns him, when thy point is gained
Back to his masters, ready gagged and chained!
Worthy associate of that band of kings,
That royal, rav'ning flock, whose vampire wings
O'er sleeping Europe treacherously brood,
And fan her into dreams of promised good,
Of hope, of freedom—but to drain her blood!
If *thus* to hear thee branded be a bliss
That Vengeance loves, there's yet more sweet than this,—
That 'twas an Irish head, an Irish heart,
Made thee the fall'n and tarnished thing thou art;
That, as the Centaur gave th' infected vest
In which he died, to rack his conqueror's breast,
We sent thee C———GH:—as heaps of dead
Have slain their slayers by the pest they spread,
So hath our land breathed out—thy fame to dim,
Thy strength to waste, and rot thee, soul and limb—
Her worst infections all condensed in him!

When will the world shake off such yokes? oh, when
Will that redeeming day shine out on men,
That shall behold them rise, erect and free
As Heaven and Nature meant mankind should be!
When Reason shall no longer blindly bow
To the vile pagod things, that o'er her brow,
Like him of Jaghernaut, drive trampling now;
Nor Conquest dare to desolate God's earth;
Nor drunken Victory, with a Nero's mirth,
Strike her lewd harp amidst a people's groans;—
But, built on love, the world's exalted thrones
Shall to the virtuous and the wise be given—
Those bright, those sole Legitimates of heaven?

When will this be?—or, oh! is it, in truth,
But one of those sweet, day-break dreams of youth,
In which the Soul, as round her morning springs,
'Twixt sleep and waking, sees such dazzling things?
And must the hope, as vain as it is bright,
Be all giv'n up?—and are *they* only right,
Who say this world of thinking souls was made
To be by kings partition'd, truck'd, and weigh'd
In scales that, ever since the world begun,
Have counted millions but as dust to one?
Are *they* the only wise, who laugh to scorn
The rights, the freedom to which man was born;
Who, proud to kiss each separate rod of power,
Bless, while he reigns, the minion of the hour;
Worship each would-be God, that o'er them moves,
And take the thundering of his brass for JOVE'S?
If *this* be wisdom, then farewell my books,
Farewell, ye shrines of old, ye classic brooks,
Which fed my soul with currents, pure and fair,
Of living Truth, that now must stagnate there!—
Instead of themes that touch the lyre with light,
Instead of Greece, and her immortal fight
For Liberty, which once awak'd my strings,
Welcome the Grand Conspiracy of Kings,
The High Legitimates, the Holy Band,
Who, bolder ev'n than He of Sparta's land,
Against whole millions, panting to be free,
Would guard the pass of right-line tyranny!
Instead of him, th' Athenian bard, whose blade
Had stood the onset which his pen pourtray'd,
And, 'stead of ARISTIDES—woe the day
Such names should mingle!—welcome C——GH!

Here break we off, at this unhallow'd name,
Like priests of old, when words ill-omen'd came.
My next, shall tell thee, bitterly shall tell,
Thoughts that—could patience hold—'twere wiser far
To leave still hid and burning where they are!

Napoleon.

Yes—'twas a cause, as noble and as great
As ever hero died to vindicate—
A Nation's right to speak a Nation's voice,
And own no power but of the Nation's choice!
Such was the grand, the glorious cause that now
Hung trembling on NAPOLEON'S single brow;
Such the sublime arbitrement, that pour'd
In patriot eyes, a light around his sword,
A glory then, which never, since the day,
Of his young victories, had illum'd its way!
Oh 'twas not then the time for tame debates,
Ye men of Gaul, when chains were at your gates;
When he, who fled before your chieftain's eye,
As geese from eagles on Mount Taurus fly,
Denounc'd against the land, that spurn'd his chain,
Myriads of swords to bind it fast again—
Myriads of fierce invading swords, to track
Through your best blood his path of vengeance back;
When Europe's kings, that never yet combin'd
But (like those upper Stars, that, when conjoin'd,
Shed war and pestilence) to scourge mankind,
Gather'd around, with hosts from every shore,
Hating NAPOLEON much, but Freedom more,
And, in that coming strife, appall'd to see
The world yet left one chance for liberty!—
No, 'twas not then the time to weave a net
Of bondage round your chief; to curb and fret
Your veteran war-horse, pawing for the fight,
When every hope was in his speed and might—
To waste the hour of action in dispute,
And coolly plan how Freedom's *boughs* should shoot,
When your Invader's axe was at the *root!*
No, sacred Liberty! that God, who throws
Thy light around, like his own sunshine, knows
How well I love thee, and how deeply hate
All tyrants, upstart and Legitimate—
Yet, in that hour, were France my native land,
I would have followed, with quick heart and hand,

NAPOLEON, NERO—ay, no matter whom—
To snatch my country from that damning doom,
That deadliest curse that on the conquer'd waits—
A conqueror's satrap, thron'd within her gates!

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF MOORE'S LATTER YEARS.

Moore's life is best told in his works; and this may be said of almost all who have made literature a profession. In a retired abode near Devizes, called Sloperton Cottage, Moore spent the last thirty years of his life, seldom being long absent from his retreat. It was here, near the mansion of his friend the Marquis of Lansdowne, Moore passed the evening of his days, and wrote most of his prose works.

In the latter part of the year 1832 an address was adopted by some of the most influential of the electors of Limerick, calling on Moore to come forward as a candidate for the representation of that city. The address was numerously and respectably signed. Gerald Griffin was requested to be the bearer of the communication to Moore. The poet declined the honour, on the ground that his numerous literary engagements prevented him from expecting to attend to parliamentary duties. Griffin relates the particulars of this visit to Moore in a graphic letter written a short time afterwards.

After stating that he and his brother slept at Devizes, (near which town Sloperton Cottage is situated,) Griffin thus continues:

In the morning we hired the grand cabriolet and set off to Sloperton; drizzling rain, but a delightful country; such a gentle shower as that through which we looked

at Innisfallen—a farewell look. And we drove away till we came to a cottage, a cottage of gentility, with two gateways, and pretty grounds about it, and we alighted and knocked at the hall door, and there was dead silence, and we whispered one another; and my nerves thrilled as the wind rustled in the creeping shrubs that graced the retreat of Moore. Oh, L——! there's no use talking, but I must be fine. I wonder I ever stood it all, and I an Irishman too, and singing his songs since I was the height of my knee—"The Veiled Prophet;" "Azim;" "She is far from the Land;" "Those evening Bells." But the door opened, and a young woman appeared. "Is Mr. Moore at home?" "I'll see, sir. What name shall I say, sir?" Well, not to be too particular, we were shown up stairs, where we found the nightingale in his cage; in honester language, and more to the purpose, we found our hero in his study, a table before him covered with books and papers, a drawer half open and stuffed with letters, a piano also open at a little distance; and the thief himself, a little man, but full of spirit, with eyes, hands, feet, and frame, for ever in motion, looking as if it would be a feat for him to sit for three minutes quiet in his chair. I am no great observer of proportions; but he seemed to me to be a neat-made little fellow, tidily buttoned up, young as fifteen at heart, though with hair that reminded me of the "Alps in the sunset;" not handsome, perhaps, but something in the whole *cut* of him that pleased me; finished as an actor, but without an actor's affectation; easy as a gentleman, but without *some* gentlemen's formality; in a word as people say when they find their brains begin to run aground at the fag end of a magnificent period, we found him an hospitable, warmhearted Irishman, as pleasant as could be himself, and disposed to make others so. And is this enough? and need I tell you that the day was spent delightfully, chiefly in listening to his innumerable jests, and admirable stories and beautiful similes—beautiful and original as those he throws into his songs and anecdotes, that would make the Danes laugh; and how we did all we could, I

believe, to get him to stand for Limerick; and how we called again the day after, and walked with him about his little garden; and how he told us that he always wrote walking, and how we came in again and took luncheon, and how I was near forgetting that it was Friday, (which you know I am rather apt to do in pleasant company,) and how he walked with us through the fields, and wished us "good bye," and left us to do as well as we could do without him.

Of this interesting meeting between Moore and Griffin we have the following additional particulars in the Life of Griffin by his brother. The sketch presents many pleasing traits of the domestic life of the poet. The letter referred to near the end of the following extract is that from which we have above presented some passages.

It was early in the month of November when we arrived at Sloperton Cottage, Mr. Moore's residence. We had the good fortune to find him at home, and were immediately shown up stairs, where we were received with such warm cordiality, such earnest and unaffected kindness, such a truly Irish welcome, as it would be impossible to forget. The object of our visit being explained, he immediately entered upon it; said he feared he should be obliged to decline, but would not give a positive answer until next day; requested us to remain to dinner, a proposition to which we gladly assented, and begging to be excused for returning to some matters of importance, which our entrance had interrupted, left us for an hour or so to our musings.

Mr. Moore has been often spoken of, as one whose wit and liveliness in conversation shed a lustre on any society he enters; but he must be seen in his own house, and among his own immediate friends, to have the charm of his manner thoroughly felt and appreciated. The only person we met at dinner besides Mr. and Mrs. Moore, was a Mr. * * *, who seemed very intimate with the family, and who we afterwards under-

stood, was gay and sprightly beyond all previous custom. Mr. Moore was fond of anecdote, and full of it; especially of Irish anecdote. He seemed anxious to make every one about him happy, and poured forth all kinds of jests with inimitable point; not apparently so much for the sake of being agreeable, nor because he told his stories with a natural raciness and humour that I have seldom seen equalled, as because he seemed to take the heartiest possible delight in them himself. He spoke with the enthusiasm of a youth of nineteen, of the ever-memorable debates in the Irish Parliament in the times of Grattan, Corrie, and Flood; and, remarking upon the number of men of extraordinary talent who flourished about that period, and their extreme rarity since, seemed to be of opinion that one of the most lamentable effects of the Union was the manner in which it appeared to operate to the destruction and annihilation of all Irish genius. He had the most intense admiration of Grattan, and told several amusing stories of him which I had not heard before. One of them I cannot omit noticing, as it related to Mr. Moore himself, and was one he took a very justifiable pride in. In his younger days, though after he had been already favourably known to the world, he happened one day to be in Mr. Grattan's company at the house of a mutual friend. Grattan was holding forth, with some sharpness, on the servility of literary men, and the manner in which they almost universally prostituted their talents to the great and powerful. He appeared at first to exclude no one from this sweeping censure; but suddenly recollecting himself he continued, "but I'm wrong; there are *some* exceptions;" and, turning to Mr. Moore, who stood near him, and patting him kindly on the shoulder, he said to those he had been addressing, "I'm wrong; my young friend here is one who"—he paused a moment and then added emphatically—"*who wears his hat before the king.*"

He mentioned another incident which I may just speak of, as it serves to show the feeling with which Irish interests are frequently regarded in England, even by those who profess liberal opinions. At a Reform din-

ner, given, I believe, in Bath, to the Marquis of Lansdowne, Mr. Moore's health having been drank, he rose to return thanks, and was received with a good deal of enthusiasm. On such occasions as these his country was never forgotten, and he ventured in the progress of his speech, though cautiously, to make some allusion to it. "England," said he, in one of his happy illustrations, "will not permit so large a segment of her orb as Ireland to remain for ever shrouded in darkness." He expected this sentiment to awaken a few cheers of sympathy; but there was immediately a dead silence, as if he had said something very disagreeable. It was evident he had entered upon forbidden ground, and that he could not venture further in that direction with safety. He therefore sounded a retreat as quickly as possible, and slipping gently into some other subject, restored harmony to the hearts of his hearers. He could not, however, avoid feeling some degree of surprise at such a result; and after he had sat down, he asked of some person who sat next him, a stranger, what *could* be the reason that sentiment about Ireland was received with so much coldness? "Ah, Sir!" said the other, "*Irishmen and pigs are very unpopular all along this line.*"

It was singular, though I could perceive that Gerald enjoyed himself very much during the evening, and though the gaiety and freedom of Mr. Moore's manner were calculated to put all kinds of formality to flight, he could not shake off that constitutional timidity and reserve which was so apt to assail him before strangers; he did, it is true, take a part in what was going forward, yet he did not, as he would have done on a little further acquaintance, fling himself into it with all his heart. It is evident that nothing could tend more effectually to lessen the interest of his conversation than the existence of any such feeling, yet I think Mr. Moore, though he could not perhaps distinguish all the light that was hidden, had too much penetration not to see pretty fully into his character; for, on our visit next day, when we chatted over the proceedings of the evening, and Mrs. Moore said, "But did you observe * * * last night, what wild spirits he was in, and how he did talk? Why

I thought he was mad! I never saw any thing like him." "Oh!" said Mr. Moore, "don't you know the meaning of that? That was,"—he contined, turning playfully to Gerald, and darting his finger towards him with a good-natured smile,—"that was in order to get *you* to talk." Gerald seemed rather taken aback by the suddenness of this gentle little reproach, but made no reply.

We slept in a double-bedded room in the Castle Inn at Devizes, and before finally closing our eyes, spoke of the adventures of the day. Gerald, as he laid his head upon the pillow, said, "Well, nothing astonishes me more than the greatness of the change that has come over me. I remember the time when the bare idea—the very thought of spending such a day as this with Moore would have thrown me into such a fever, that there would not be the least chance of my sleeping a wink all night; yet now I *have* seen him, and have spent an enchanting day with him, and yet I can lie down, not only with the most perfect certainty of delicious rest, but with a degree of calmness and quiet that I am myself astonished at." Notwithstanding this declaration, it is curious to observe with what a glowing and rapturous feeling he describes this visit to Mr. Moore, in a letter written some time after to a friend.

In 1835 Moore visited Dublin in order to take part in the proceedings of the British Association, which body assembled that year in the Irish metropolis. He attended several of the sectional meetings.

On Saturday the 15th August he visited the theatre, the performances having been selected at his particular desire.

To say that he was warmly and enthusiastically received, is almost unnecessary. All party animosities were forgotten in admiration of the genius of the man, and he was hailed by the united acclamations of one of the most brilliant and fashionable assemblages of the season. On being loudly called on after the play,

Moore descended from the private box which he at first occupied, and took his seat amongst his friends in the front row of the dress circle. The applause which had followed his first appearance was now renewed with ten-fold force, amid cries of "off, off," (to the stage) "speak, speak" (to Moore's box,) and "hear, hear" all through the theatre. Seeing that it was useless to oppose the general wish, Moore rose and bowed to the audience and said he regretted he was so hoarse from the effect of a recent cold, that he could not acknowledge the flattering kindness of his fellow-countrymen in the manner he wished, or as he deeply felt it merited; however, he trusted they would all give him credit for appreciating in the fullest extent the distinguished honour which they had that night conferred upon him—an honour which he could never forget, and one which was rendered doubly valuable from the intelligence and high intellectual character of those who surrounded him.

Moore soon afterwards paid a visit to Bannow, in the County of Wexford, the birth-place of his mother, and the residence of Mr. Boyse.

In the Autumn of 1835 Moore visited his friend Thomas Boyse, at Bannow, in the County of Wexford.

It is difficult without having been a witness of the touching and magnificent spectacle which his truly triumphal entry into Bannow—as he styled it himself—presented, to form even a faint idea of the scene. Every thing seemed to have conspired to give interest and eclat to the imposing event.

Having entered the district of Bannow, the carriage of the bard was stopped, and it was respectfully intimated to him that another was prepared to carry

him to the Grange. It was an open one, gaily and tastefully decorated with arches of laurel boughs, festooned with flowers of every kind and of every hue.

The car was drawn by two rows of young men, and was immediately followed by nine lovely peasant girls, who were suitably attired to represent the nine muses, wearing chaplets of flowers on their heads. The brows of the Bard, on entering, were formally and solemnly encircled by the muses, with the poet's crown of intermixed laurels and myrtle, while his affable submission to the ceremony indicated an unequivocal approval of his coronation.

When the Lord of Song arrived at the lower gate of the Grange he passed through a second triumphal arch, surrounded by a banner, inscribed :—

"Welcome to Bannow—Welcome Tom Moore." Among the many other devices that appeared on the various flags—green and red which so much tended to enliven the scene, were observed the following :—Two hands clenched in the warm grasp of friendship, above appeared in large letters—"Tom Moore"—beneath "Tom Boyse." A large flag bore a bunch of laurels, under which—"He won them well, and may he wear them long."—*Byron.* Another had "Welcome." Another—"Tom Moore, and Erin Go Bragh." Another—"Bannow." But our space will only admit of a specimen.

"The Minstrel Boy," "The Bard of Erin," "Cead Mille Failthe," "The Child of Song," "Live for ever, Tom Moore," &c., &c., glittered conspicuously in the sun before and behind the car.

In this manner the whole procession moved forward to the entrance of the newly erected mansion at the

Grange, when the lawn was in a moment covered by the immense host of welcomers. The Bard now rose to address them, and a deep silence immediately ensued, when he said :—

"My friend, Mr. Boyse, has no doubt told you that the object of my visit here was not so much to see him as to see you—not so much to pay my respects to your excellent landlord, (worthy though he be of admiration) as to witness the improvements that have here sprung up under his eye, and the happiness his judicious management has diffused around him. I came to see a sight such as the courts of kings, with all their splendour, could not equal, that of 'a bold peasantry, their country's pride,' a people, I will not say ruled, but regulated, and as it were harmonized into habits of obedience and industry without the aid of any of those odious instruments of coercion, which have been found null in their effect, as they have been irritating and insulting in their operation—a people brought into subordination and tranquillity by no other means than the superintendent watchfulness of a resident landlord's eye, the manly policy of treating inferiors, not as serfs, but as men and freemen—and that form of government which has never yet been tried on a great scale in Ireland—the form of fair and even-handed justice. This triumph, so far beyond all that the sword or the mere terrors of law can achieve, and as sure and perfect in its reward as it is noble and disinterested in its purpose; this triumph, as far as I am able to judge, my excellent friend has here achieved. The very scene around me proclaims his success. I can see in the free, honest, and manly faces which encircle me, that the iron has never entered into their souls—that the yoke has never

touched their necks; and what is more that it never will, as 'small blame to them,' they would not bear it. Long may such a happy state of things exist! For the honour of Bannow, and as a shining example to the rest of Ireland, may it flourish on, uninterrupted from generation to generation. For your kindness to myself, my dear friends, I know not how to attempt to thank you. It is by no means too strong a phrase to say that I am overwhelmed—absolutely overwhelmed by the kindness of the reception which has greeted me every where since my arrival in Ireland—by that gush of warm and cordial feeling from all eyes, lips, and, I cannot doubt, hearts—which has made every step of my path among you, a path shining with smiles, not the mere smiles of gazers and strangers, paying tribute to the cause of literature and liberty in the person of one of their humblest supporters, but smiles full of all the warmth of the fireside—such smiles as greet men from friends, brothers, and I will add, beautiful and blooming sisters—for time has not abated one jot of my admiration or value for those sensitive 'hearts, and sun-bright eyes,' of my fair countrywomen, which in my young days I celebrated. And never, in any part of the world I have been, (and the same observation has been made by far more experienced travellers than myself) have my eyes lighted, in the same space of time, upon so many beautiful faces, or seen them illumined by the events passing before them with so much pure, cordial, and intelligent feeling. I may be charged with vanity and pride for thus dwelling upon the bright welcome with which I have been honoured; but those who have witnessed that welcome, here and elsewhere, will bear witness that I have not coloured it; and most

readily do I plead guilty to the charge of pride in this instance, knowing that it is the only one on which I have a right to indulge that feeling. Yes, gentlemen, however humbly the individual before you may think of his own merits, he does feel proud, aye, loftily proud of the honourable verdict which his countrymen have pronounced upon his past life, well knowing that it is to qualities far transcending all mere brilliancy of talent —warm zeal for his country's welfare, and honest devotion to her cause, that he owes the honourable elevation you have assigned to him."

Moore sat down quite overcome by the affectionate demeanour of the dense crowd around him. The address was responded to by three times three distinct rounds of plausive acclamation. There were cries from all quarters for Mr. Boyse, Mr. Boyse—"Tom the second," at which he cheerfully rose and addressed the multitudinous listeners to the following effect:—

"I should be very sorry indeed that this vast and most respectable assemblage should separate before I had an opportunity of offering them my heartfelt congratulations on the arrival amongst us of a man—an Irishman—the fame of whose genius has gone out into all lands, and whose classic and impassioned muse has shed such undying, such cloudless lustre on the country which claims him as her own. You have all heard our illustrious friend thanking for the cordiality of the welcome which you have just given him; he spoke as though he considered us the doers rather than the recipients of a great favour. You all saw, during your affectionate attendance upon him to-day, that he felt as you would have him feel, and as he ought to feel, your manner of receiving him to-day, and we all of us

know that he belongs to that class of mortals which knows how to feel. I cannot help thinking that he will be induced on some future occasion to revisit this spot, as leisure and opportunity may permit, to cement and confirm the friendship—ought I not rather say the (cead mille) the hundred thousand friendships—which he has so auspiciously began to-day. I have been repeatedly asked, within these few days, why it was, or how it was, that our own bard spent so little of his time in his own country? Such questions compel me to resort to that valuable privilege of all Patlanders, I mean that of answering one question by asking another —I ask then, whether, absent or present, Tom Moore has ever forgotten us? I reiterate your 'no, no,' gentlemen; for 'to forget,' is a word not to be found in his heart's vocabulary. A bard whom 'we've all had by rote very often before, but never by heart till to-day,' has said, that

> 'The heart that once truly loves never forgets,
> But as truly loves on to the close.'

And to the truth of this sentiment I cheerfuly subscribe, for as well might we dream of sweeping from off this earth of ours, the lovely island we inhabit—the island which so justly values our immortal friend, and which he so fondly loves,—as well might we attempt to plunge her ten thousand fathoms 'beneath the surface of yon dark blue sea,' which is so beautifully spread out before us, as think to 'pluck from the memory' or sever from the soul of our beloved countryman those mystic home-made fastenings which have grappled him to her for ever. No, we cannot counterwork the strong repugnancies of nature, and nature has said in her own imperious tone, that our glorious

guest never can, never shall be anything but an Irishman, (shouts of applause here lasted several minutes, during which the crowd rushed forward with a simultaneous impulse, seizing the hand of Mr. Moore, who was altogether overcome by the excitement of the scene and the intensity of his feelings). Ah! (exclaimed Mr. Boyse,) I have, I find, touched a string of the Irish harp, to which those of the Irish heart will for ever respond. I congratulate you, gentlemen, again on the devotedness with which you have welcomed our bard, with which you bless the happy accident which has brought our tuneful wanderer home, even for a season. He is, I repeat, from top to toe, an Irishman. Aye! every inch an Irishman, although to be sure, his inches may not be very many. I cannot, gentlemen, express to you the happiness I enjoy to-day in presenting you to such a man—no dandy literateur, no unfledged poetaster, no paltry retailer of borrowed inspiration, no noble nimcompoop, but him who is of right called the Bard of Ireland, the poet of the heart, a poet whom any nation in any age of the world would have been proud to claim. Oh, how delightful has been our task to-day, to encircle his brows with that myrtle crown which is undoubtedly his due, and re-assert for the thousandth time his undisputed title to the throne of poesy and song. The thought flitted for a moment across my mind as the distinguished stranger entered the gates of this place, that, once having fairly got the bird into the cage, we might shut the door and keep him there. But a little more reflection said it would not do. The snared bird will seldom sing, and even if it should, it would be but the reiteration of the piteous screams of Sterne's poor captive starling,—'I can't get

out, I can't get out.' Well, then, imprisonment and coercion will not do in this age of liberty. We must open his door, we must let him out, we must give him the freedom which he loves, the freedom that he deserves, who has so fearlessly and feelingly vindicated his country's right to that first gift of Heaven to man. But, gentlemen, I am detaining you too long, and the first rite of hospitality due to the way-worn traveller is repose. Your friend and bard has been of late exhausted by the overwhelming kindness of his countrymen. He has come to you from among the learned, the opulent, the high ones of the earth; but never, as he has so expressively told you just now, were his feelings so deeply affected, as by the reception which you have given him this day. Allow me, before I conclude, to express my unaffected delight, that you should, by your demeanour on this happy occasion, have intimated as significantly as I have done myself expressly, that should hereafter considerations of business or health, convenience or recreation, render our distinguished friend desirous of a change, should he at any time feel disgusted with a cold world, or jaded or dinned by the turmoil of a stormy one, there never can be wanting, in the peaceful shades and warm hearts of Bannow, a refuge and a resting place for Moore" (thunders of applause, with loud cries of "Bravo, Boyse," "Hurrah for Tom Moore and God bless him!" Tom Moore and Erin go Bragh!") Never was witnessed a scene of more tumultuous and heartfelt joy.

About twelve o'clock on Thursday, Moore proceeded in an open carriage, attended by the ladies of the Grange, to view the surrounding grounds and improvements. Here he was again met by delighted

thousands who had come to do homage to the genius and literature of Ireland, of which Moore was so splendid an impersonation. A portion of the lawn had been railed off to accommodate the rustic votaries of Terpsichore, who in vain sought to "tire each other down," and kept up the dance till a late hour of the night. A large marquee was pitched beyond the dancing ground, where wine and refreshments were abundantly supplied. But we are anticipating. On the bard's first arrival at Grange, several addresses of welcome and congratulation were presented to him, to all of which he replied in language replete at once with dignity and feeling. An address from the inhabitants of Bannow was read by Mr. Nicholas French, a young farmer, of Bannow.

In answer to an address which was next read by Mr. William Murphy, from Rathgan,

Moore said,—"If I were even inclined to be a recreant, all this kindness—this most touching kindness, would be sufficient to grapple me to my country with bonds of iron," (this sentiment was received with deafening cheers).

Mr. Lacy, on the part of the Wexford Slaney Amateurs, then read an address.

Moore, in answer, said,—"It is peculiarly gratifying to me to receive this mark of regard from the town of Wexford, which is to me more than my native place, as having been the birth-place of my beloved mother. I was indeed delighted on yesterday with the thought, during my triumphal entry into Bannow, (for triumphal it was in the best sense of the word), that so many Wexfordians were present, to whom it gave pleasure to witness the honourable eminence to which

the grandson of their humble but honest fellow-townsman, old Tom Codd, of the Corn Market, had been, for no other qualities but honesty and independence of spirit, exalted, by his kind countrymen."

Wednesday night, as on the preceding one, bonfires blazed on a hundred hills, and every window in Bannow was illuminated. A balloon ascended from the grounds of Grange, to the astonishment of the rustic gazers. In short, nothing was wanted to mark the affectionate respect of the surrounding district towards the distinguished and beloved stranger.

On the forenoon of Friday he walked with Miss Boyse and the family of the Grange, attended by Mr. Martin Day, the architect, to an eminence near their residence, where he performed the ceremony, with all due solemnity, of laying the first stone of a tower intended to commemorate his visit, to "Bannow's unborn race."

Mr. Boyse, senior, the proprietor of Bannow, was prevented by illness from participating in the reception of Moore.

Having received several addresses, Moore returned to Dublin, leaving "Bannow's banks" amidst the universal regrets of all who had the pleasure of welcoming the "Bard of Erin."

In 1838, Moore visited Dublin again, and attended the theatre publicly. His reception was of course most enthusiastic. He addressed the following remarks to the audience, which elicited loud applause, especially Moore's happy allusion to Ireland's "own O'Connell."

"Unusual as it is to speak from the boxes of a theatre, I really cannot sit any longer silent under these repeated demonstrations of cordiality and affection, and

therefore having nothing for it but to say, with *Mr. Muddlework*, in the farce which we have just witnessed, 'and now for my oration.' It would require a voice, I fear, of far more compass than I command to make myself heard by the numerous friends who have here assembled to greet me; though had I the voice of Stentor himself, combined with the eloquence of a Demosthenes, or of your own O'Connell, I should fail to convey to you a hundreth part of what I really feel at this great, this overpowering kindness. Not that I pretend to consider myself as wholly unworthy of such a reception, for that would be to do injustice to you, my kind friends, as well as myself. No; you have had in other times, and you have still far more able and eloquent champions of your cause. But as the humble interpreter of those feelings, those proud, though melancholy aspirations which breathe throughout our own undying songs, as the humble medium through which that voice of song and sorrow has been heard on other shores, awakening the sympathy of every people by whom the same wrongs, the same yearnings for freedom are felt. In this respect I cannot but flatter myself that I am not wholly unworthy of your favours. It may be in the recollection of most of my hearers, that in one of the earliest of those songs, I, myself, foresaw and foretold the sort of echo they would awaken in other lands.

> The stranger shall hear our lament on his plains,
> The song of our harp shall be sent o'er the deep.'

This prediction I have lived to see accomplished. The stranger has heard our lament on his plains, and the song of our harp has been sent o'er the deep, and wherever oppression is struggled against, or liberty

cherished, there the strains of Ireland are welcomed as the language native to such feelings. It is a striking fact that, on the banks of the Vistula, the Irish Melodies have been translated in a Polish sense, and are adopted by that wronged and gallant people as expressive of their own disastrous fate. Not to trespass any longer on your attention, I shall only add, that there exists no title of honour or distinction in all ambition's proud catalogue to which I could attach half so much value, or feel half so anxious to retain unforfeited through life, as that of being called your poet, the poet of the people of Ireland."

Moore enjoyed from 1835 to the time of his death a pension of £300 from government, which was conferred upon him by Lord Melbourne. This annuity enabled the poet to pass the closing years of his life in comfort, free at least from pecuniary care. He wrote nothing later than the "History of Ireland," except the prefaces which are printed with the collected edition of his works, which appeared in 1841 and 1842. Domestic affliction was poor Moore's lot during latter life, and it required all the tender care of an affectionate wife to cheer the last years of the bard. With the exception of that amiable lady, it was his lot

> "To see each loved one blotted from life's page,
> And be alone on earth."

His children all passed to an early grave, and his last visit to his native land (of course a private visit,) was to attend the funeral of a sister, whom he loved with a deep affection. For the last three years the poet laboured under a *ramollissement* of the brain, not in his case attended with pain. Scott, Southey, and (to

use Moore's words) "our own O'Connell," passed to eternity through the same twilight.

On the 26th February, 1852, in the seventy-second year of his age, in his cottage home, the gentle spirit of the "Bard of Erin" passed away.

Moore was interred in a country churchyard, near Devizes. Let us Irishmen, hope that it is only the temporary resting-place of our poet.

Sit tibi terra levis, mollique tegaris arena.

CONCLUDING REMARKS ON THE CHARACTER AND WRITINGS OF MOORE.

We have now brought to a close our sketch of the national poet of Ireland. We had not the materials for attempting any detailed account of Moore's life. All that the world possesses as yet respecting the events of the career of the Irish minstrel is to be found in his autobiographical prefaces to the collected edition of his works, and in some interesting but brief notices scattered up and down in our periodical literature, and in the correspondence of the literary friends of Moore. It is however a satisfactory reflection to feel that Moore has left a full autobiography. It is no small drawback however, that the pages are doomed to pass through the ordeal of being edited by one who, (though, to speak the truth, he was a kind friend to Moore) possesses neither national nor religious sympathies with their writer.

We have endeavoured to present Moore in the gorgeous setting of his own works, rather than merely to reproduce the anecdotes respecting him, which are familiar to the readers of the current literature of the age. The Irishman finds in our little volume illustrations of the power with which Moore lashed the enemies of his country. The Catholic finds in it evidence of the force with which Moore defended his creed.

In glancing at the character of Moore, the most pleasing feature observable is his warm affection to each member of his family. He always expressed himself

in terms of endearment towards his parents. To his mother he was deeply attached, and she appears to have well merited his love. Of his father, Moore spoke in terms of warm gratitude at the memorable banquet of 1818. At that historic entertainment Moore's father was present, and his health was proposed. Moore returned thanks briefly and feelingly. "If," said he, "I deserve one half of the honours which have been heaped upon me, to him and to the education which he struggled hard to give me, I owe it all. Yes, to him and to an admirable mother, one of the warmest ever this land of warm hearts ever produced; whose highest ambition for her son has been that independent and unbought approbation of his countrymen, which, thank God, she lives this day to witness." This was the genuine eloquence of deep feeling, honourable to the parents, honourable to the son.

On the same occasion, Mrs. Moore's health was proposed. This lady had been Miss Dyke. To her Moore paid the tribute of warm acknowledgment for the happiness she had brought him. "I shall leave," said he, "those amongst you who have perfect happiness at home to imagine mine." What a contrast to Moore does Byron present, between whom and his mother there was a perpetual discord, and whose married life (and certainly it was not his wife's fault) was clouded with such gloom. Yes, it is a most pleasing thought that Moore as a son, brother, husband, and father passed through life affectionately, and that in all the relations of domestic life, he bore an unspotted reputation.

And though mingling with the highest in the land,

Moore was never weak enough to be ashamed of his humble origin. Genius had made him the guest of princes, but he never shrank from the distinct avowal, that he was the son of a tradesman.

The following is an instance of that innate dignity of character, "which chance nor gives, nor takes away." When Moore's celebrity was in its first glow, he received a flattering invitation to dine with the Prince of Wales. His royal host was delighted with him, and after dinner fell into familiar chat, directing the greater portion of his remarks exclusively to him, and exhibiting the most gracious interest in all that concerned his guest. Amongst other points, the prince, assuming that his illustrious visiter must be of high descent, questioned him respecting the particular family to which he belonged, naming in turn several ancient houses in Ireland, begging to know whether he was not allied to one of them? To each of these inquiries the poet, at first, simply replied in the negative. The prince, whose strong prepossession that "gentle blood" flowed in his accomplished visiter's veins, made him in effect less polite than he was wont to be, reiterated his question, turning from one point to another, in the hope of hitting his mark; thus creating unintentionally the curiosity of all present towards the questioned party; all at once it occurred to his royal highness that his guest *must*, as he told him, be the son of a certain Mr. Moore (a man of large fortune and distinguished birth), of ——. Thus pressed, the poet put an end to his royal host's persevering inquiry, and with admirable and magnanimous simplicity replied to the last suggestion—"No, Sir, I have not the honour of being descended from any of the distinguished families you

have named—I am, sir, the son of one of the honestest *tradesmen* in all Dublin "

The royal questioner felt rebuked—possessing too inherent a sense of politeness not to feel that he had, under a strong prepossession, been unwittingly guilty of undue pertinacity, while it was evident to all present that it gave fresh occasion to him to admire the mind and natural nobility of his guest, to whose talents no birth, however high, could give additional lustre.

Moore was always keenly sensitive of points of honour. We have mentioned in an early part of this volume his duel with Jeffrey, of which, through a circumstance of which Moore knew nothing, so much sport was made. The following account by Moore of his introduction to Byron, a circumstance which arose from Moore's keen sensibility, displays so much honourable feeling on the part of both, that we make no apology for presenting it to the reader without curtailment.

It was at this period that I first had the happiness of seeing and becoming acquainted with Lord Byron.—The correspondence in which our acquaintance originated is, in a high degree, illustrative of the frank manliness of his character, and, as it was begun on my side, some egotism must be tolerated in the detail which I have to give of the circumstances that led to it. So far back as the year 1806, on the occasion of a meeting, which took place at Chalk Farm between Mr. Jeffrey and myself, a good deal of ridicule and raillery, founded on a false representation of what occurred before the magistrates at Bow-street, appeared in almost all the public prints. In consequence of this, I was induced to address a letter to the editor of one of the journals, contradicting the falsehood that had been circulated, and stating briefly the real circumstances of the case. For some time, my letter seemed to produce the intended effect,—but, unluckily,

the original story was too tempting a theme for humour and sarcasm to be so easily superseded by mere matter of fact. Accordingly, after a little time, whenever the subject was publicly alluded to, more especially by those who were at all "willing to wound," the old falsehood was, for the sake of its ready sting, revived.

In the year 1809, on the first appearance of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," I found the author, who was generally understood to be Lord Byron, not only jesting on this subject—and with sufficiently provoking pleasantry and cleverness in his verse, but giving also, in the more responsible form of a note, an outline of the transaction in accordance with the original misreport, and therefore, in direct contradiction to my public statement. Still, as the satire was anonymous and unacknowledged, I did not feel that I was in any way called upon to notice it, and therefore dismissed the matter entirely from my mind. In the summer of the same year appeared the Second Edition of the work, with Lord Byron's name prefixed to it. I was at that time in Ireland, and but little in the way of literary society; and it so happened that some months passed away before the appearance of this new edition was known to me. Immediately on being apprised of it—the offence now assuming a different form, I addressed the following letter to Lord Byron, and, transmitting it to a friend in London, requested that he would have it delivered into his lordship's hands.

"*Dublin, January* 1st, 1810.

"My Lord,

"Having just seen the name of 'Lord Byron' prefixed to a work, entitled "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in which, as it appears to me, *the lie is given* to a public statement of mine respecting an affair with Mr. Jeffrey some years since, I beg you will have the goodness to inform me whether I may consider your lordship as the author of this publication.

"I shall not, I fear, be able to return to London for a week or two; but, in the mean time, I trust your lordship will not deny me the satisfaction of knowing

whether you avow the insult contained in the passage alluded to.

"It is needless to suggest to your lordship the propriety of keeping our correspondence secret.

"I have the honor to be your lordship's very humble servant, THOMAS MOORE.

"22, Molesworth-street."

In the course of a week, the friend to whom I intrusted this letter wrote to inform me that Lord Byron had, as he learned on inquiry of his publisher, gone abroad immediately on the publication of his Second Edition, but that my letter had been placed in the hands of a gentleman, named Hodgson, who had undertaken to forward it carefully to his lordship.

Though the latter step was not exactly what I could have wished, I thought it as well, on the whole, to let my letter take its chance, and again postponed all consideration of the matter.

During the interval of a year and a half which elapsed before Lord Byron's return, I had taken upon myself obligations both as husband and father, which make most men—and especially those who have nothing to bequeath—less willing to expose themselves unnecessarily to danger. On hearing, therefore, of the arrival of the noble traveller from Greece, though still thinking it due to myself to follow up my first request of an explanation, I resolved, in prosecuting that object, to adopt such a tone of conciliation as should not only prove my sincere desire of a pacific result, but show the entire freedom from any angry or resentful feeling with which I took the step. The death of Mrs. Byron, for some time delayed my purpose. But as soon after that event as was consistent with decorum, I addressed a letter to Lord Byron, in which, referring to my former communication, and expressing some doubt as to its ever having reached him, I re-stated, in pretty nearly the same words, the nature of the insult, which, as it appeared to me, the passage in his note was calculated to convey. "It is now useless," I continued, "to speak of the steps with which it was my intention to follow

up that letter. The time which has elapsed since then, though it has done away neither the injury nor the feeling of it, has in many respects materially altered my situation; and the only object which I have now in writing to your lordship is to preserve some consistency with that former letter, and to prove to you that the injured feeling still exists, however circumstances may compel me to be deaf to its dictates at present. When I say injured feeling, let me assure your lordship that there is not a single vindictive sentiment in my mind towards you. I mean but to express that uneasiness, under (what I consider to be) a charge of falsehood, which must haunt a man of any feeling to his grave, unless the insult be retracted or atoned for, and which, if I did *not* feel, I should, indeed, deserve far worse than your lordship's satire could inflict upon me." In conclusion I added, that so far from being influenced by any angry or resentful feeling towards him, it would give me sincere pleasure, if, by any satisfactory explanation, he would enable me to seek the honour of being henceforward ranked among his acquaintance

After some further correspondence Moore and Byron were brought together as friends at the house of Rogers, a fourth poet, Campbell, being added to the party, and thus commenced the memorable and unbroken friendship between the two greatest poets of the present century.

Moore, unlike too many Irish literary men, wrote through life as an Irishman.

Amongst the numerous tributes paid to Moore, we have seldom met with one which places our bard so prominently before the "mind's eye" as a nationalist, than the following eulogium by Furlong, at a public dinner in Dublin, in 1827, at which O'Connell presided. On that occasion, on Moore's health being proposed, Furlong being called upon, thus spoke:—

It is impossible to speak of Moore in the ordinary terms of ordinary approbation—the mere introduction of his name is calculated to excite a warmer, a livelier feeling. We admire him not merely as one of the leading spirits of our time; we esteem him not merely as the eager and impassioned advocate of general liberty, but we love him as the lover of his country. We hail him as the denouncer of her wrongs, and the fearless vindicator of her rights. What a glorious contrast does he offer to the spiritless, slavish race that have preceded him. We have had our poets, the Parnells, the Roscommons and the Goldsmiths, distinguished and celebrated in their day; but these, Irishmen as they were, scorned even to name the ill-fated land of their birth. It remained for Moore to tread the unbeaten path, and believe it, his example will not be lost upon others. The fine mind of the nation is already unfolding itself. Irish literature is no longer unfashionable. The demand increases, and the supply is certain. There is an exuberance of talent in the country, literally a waste of genius. Justly has Ireland been called "the Land of Song," the very atmosphere is poetical, the breezes that play around us seem the very breathings of melody. The spirits of our ancient bards are looking down, inviting the youth of the soil to participate in their glory. How could Moore, when speaking of Ireland, be otherwise than poetical? how could he touch on such a subject without catching an added spirit of inspiration? Ours is, indeed, a country worth loving—worth struggling for—aye, worth dying for. Who can look on it with indifference? The land of the beautiful and the brave, the land of the minstrel, the saint, and the sage; the home of all that is lovely and endearing.

"Green are her hills in richness glowing,
Fair are her fields, and bright her bowers;
Gay streamlets thro' her glens are flowing,
The wild woods o'er her rocks are growing;
Wide spread her lakes amidst laughing flowers,
Oh! where's the Isle like this Isle of ours?"

Such has been the source of Moore's inspiration.

Notwithstanding the versatility of Moore's powers, there was one department of literature in which he failed. In 1811 he appeared before the public as a dramatic writer. The piece which he produced was called "M.P., or the Blue Stocking." It was a species of opera. It was quite unsuccessful, although it contained some very pleasing songs. "Young Love lived once in an humble shed," "Cupid's Lottery," and some other well-known productions occur in this operetta.

It was in connection with this performance that Moore and Leigh Hunt became acquainted. Hunt, as editor of the "Examiner," had complimented some of Moore's poems, and the latter was anxious to procure from the critic a favourable notice of his first effort in dramatic literature. Hunt and Moore were friends for some time, but they fell out afterwards, when Byron, at Moore's instance, withdrew from a publication called "The Liberal," with which Hunt and Hazlitt were connected. We have neither space nor inclination to pursue the unpleasant episode of the quarrel of two such men as Leigh Hunt and Moore any further.

It is not a little extraordinary that Moore should have failed in dramatic writing, for he was not only creative in his imagination, but was practically acquainted with the drama. He was one of the best actors of whom the (now historic) private theatre of Kilkenny could boast. Moore's article in the *Edinburgh Review* for October 1827, on the history of private theatricals, shows how intimately he was acquainted with dramatic literature. In this paper Moore gives a very interesting account of private theatricals, dwelling with especial attention on those at Kilkenny, in which Grattan and Flood took a prominent part.

It has been said by many that Moore did not give sufficient credit to the labours of Edmund Bunting, who led the way in the reproduction of the Irish Melodies. The following beautiful passage from one of Moore's prefaces, proves the statement incorrect:—

There can be no doubt that to the zeal and industry of Mr. Bunting, his country is indebted for the preservation of her old national airs. During the prevalence of the Penal Code, the music of Ireland was made to share in the fate of its people. Both were alike shut out from the pale of civilised life, and seldom anywhere but in the huts of the proscribed race could the sweet voice of the songs of other days be heard. Even of that class, the itinerant harpers, among whom for a long period our ancient music had been kept alive, there remained but few to continue the precious tradition, and a great music-meeting held at Belfast, in the year 1792, at which the two or three still remaining of the old race of wandering harpers assisted, exhibited the last public effort made by the lovers of Irish music, to preserve to their country the only grace of ornament left to her out of the wreck of her liberties and hopes. Thus what the fierce legislature of the pale had endeavoured vainly through so many ages to effect—the utter extinction of Ireland's minstrelsy—the deadly pressure of the Penal Laws had nearly, at the close of the eighteenth century, accomplished, and, but for the zeal and intelligent research of Mr. Bunting, at that crisis, the greater part of our musical treasures would probably have been lost to the world. It was in the year 1796 that this gentleman published his first volume, and the national spirit and hope then awakened in Ireland, by the rapid spread of the democratic principle throughout Europe, could not but ensure a most cordial reception for such a work; flattering as it was to the forced dreams of Erin's early days, and containing in itself, indeed, remarkable testimony to the truth of her claims to an early date of civilisation.

It was in the year 1797, that, through the medium

of Mr. Bunting's book, I was first made acquainted with the beauties of our native music. A young friend of our family, Edward Hudson, the nephew of an eminent dentist of that name, who played with much taste and feeling on the flute, and, unluckily for himself, was but too deeply warmed with the patriotic ardour then kindling around him, was the first who made known to me this rich mine of our country's melodies—a mine, from the working of which my humble labours as a poet have since then derived their sole lustre and value.

Moore thus speaks of his satirical poems, and with too much truth.

To that kind of satire which deals only with the lighter follies of social life, with the passing modes, whims, and scandal of the day, such illustrative comments become, after a short time, necessary. But the true preserving salt of political satire is its applicability to future times and generations, as well as to those which had first called it forth; its power of transmitting the scourge of ridicule through succeeding periods, with a lash still fresh for the back of the bigot and the oppressor, under whatever new shape they present themselves. I can hardly flatter myself with the persuasion that any one of the satirical pieces contained in this volume is likely to possess this principle of vitality; but I feel quite certain that *without* it, not all the notes and illustrations in which even the industry of Dutch commentatorship could embalm them, would ensure to those trifles a life much beyond the present hour. Already, to many of them, that sort of relish—by far the least worthy source of their success—which the names of *living* victims lend to such sallies, has become, in the course of time, wanting. But as far as their appositeness to the passing political events of the day has yet been tried—and the date of these satires range over a period of nearly thirty years—their ridicule, thanks to the undying nature of human absurdity, appears to have lost, as yet, but little of the original freshness of its first application. Nor is this

owing to any peculiar felicity of aim in the satire itself, but to the sameness, throughout that period, of all its original objects; the unchangeable nature of that spirit of monopoly, by which, under all its various impersonations, commercial, religious, and political, these satires had been first provoked.

The following tribute from the *Edinburgh Review*, to the powers of Moore are so honourable both to the subject and the writer, that we think the reader should share with us the pleasure their perusal gave us:—

The fame of Thomas Moore is interwoven with the misfortunes of his country. However multiform his accomplishments, and various the paths by which he has risen to his elevated reputation, that portion of his celebrity is not the least precious and enduring, which is derived from "The Melodies," where music, adapted beyond all other to the expression of national woe, was wedded to verse of an incomparable sweetness. The beautiful airs, which are supposed to have been produced by grief, and possess so admirable an aptitude for the language of lamentation, were turned by Mr. Moore to a noble account. He made them the vehicles of those delightful effusions, in which the most graceful diction, the most harmonious versification, and the most brilliant fancy were employed to charm the ear, and to touch the heart with the calamities of Ireland. A new sort of advocacy was instituted in her cause, and in the midst of gilded drawing-rooms, and the throng of illuminated saloons, there arose a song of sorrow, which breathed an influence as pure and as enchanting as the voice that ravished the senses of Comus with its simple and pathetic melody.

The character and tendency of Mr. Moore's powers, we, in common with many others, misconstrued at his outset; his mode of life, and habits of mind and thinking, ever involving him actively in the vortex of the existing world, and in the controversies as well as gaieties of the day, have made many unwilling to recognise

his real position in the rank of poets, from hostility or prejudice, and many more from real inability to conceive the power of genius to *live* on the agitated surface of society, as well as on the most tranquil lake which ever was haunted by the Muses; he whom many pronounced at first too trifling to succeed, and then too successful in his own day to abide the test of another, but whose position in the brilliant band of poets of this age, (now so rapidly vanishing from us one by one and unreplaced,) is already fixed beyond the power of criticism or of time—unrivalled in one exquisite department of his art, delightful in many.

Moore was, perhaps, too good-natured to be a critic. We find, however, that where he thought censure deserved he applied it. In the *Edinburgh Review* for September, 1814, there is a review of the poems of a certain Lord Thurlow, in which a very severe castigation is administered to the noble poet. We subjoin the following as a specimen of Moore's "cutting-up" style.

Our modern heroes, poetical as well as military, are endowed with a rapidity of motion and achievement which keeps gazettes and reviews continually on the alert. Indeed, so difficult do we critics find it to keep pace with the "celeritas incredibilis" of some of our literary Cæsars, that we think it would not be amiss if each of those poetical chieftains had a reviewer appointed expressly *auprès de sa personne*, to give the earliest intelligence of his movements, and do justice to his multifarious enterprises.

The poems of Lord Thurlow—whose prowess in this way is most alarmingly proved by the list prefixed to this article—come graced and recommended to notice by two or three very imposing considerations. In the first place, the rank of the writer is not without its prepossessing influence; "a saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;" and we could name but one noble bard among either the living or the dead, whose laurels are suffi-

ciently abundant to keep the coronet entirely out of sight. Lord Thurlow himself seems fully aware of this advantage, and we are not quite sure that he did not mean a sly allusion to it, in the following motto from Shakespeare prefixed to one of these volumes:—

"And then my *state*,
(Like the lark at break of day arising,
From sullen earth,) sings hymns at heaven's gate."

In the next place, his lordship is evidently an enthusiast in his art, and loves the muse with a warmth which makes us regret that the passion is not mutual. Indeed, we doubt whether the shrine of Apollo ever boasted a more ardent worshipper; and if, unluckily, he but seldom feels the approaches of the god, it is not for want of invocations, many and importunate. At times, he even contrives by the mere force of devotion, to work himself up into a sort of mock inspiration, like that of the young priestess Phemonde in Lucan; but, like her too, we fear he will fail in passing off his spurious ecstacies, upon any one at all acquainted with the true symptoms of divine afflation.

That such men as Leigh Hunt and Moore should have quarrelled, is to be much regretted. Moore, we have said, advised Lord Byron to disconnect himself from a periodical called "The Liberal," of which Hunt was editor. Moore and Hunt had been on terms of close friendship, and some of Moore's letters published in "Hunt's Autobiography," prove that there was a warm sympathy between them on many subjects.

From this last named work we must extract a few passages with reference to Moore.

It was very pleasant to see Lord Byron and Moore together. They harmonized admirably, though their knowledge of one another began in talking of a duel, in consequence of his lordship's attacking the license of some early verses. Moore's acquaintance with myself, (as far as concerned correspondence by letter,)

originated in the mention of him in the "Feast of the Poets." He subsequently wrote an opera called the *Blue Stocking*, respecting which he sent me a letter, at once deprecating and warranting objection to it. I was then editor of the *Examiner;* I did object to it, though with all acknowledgment of his genius. He came to see me, saying I was very much in the right, and an intercourse took place, which was never ostensibly interrupted till I thought myself aggrieved by his opposition to the periodical work proposed to me by his noble friend. I say "*thought*" myself aggrieved, because I have long since acquitted him of any intention towards me more hostile than that of zeal in behalf of what he supposed best for his lordship. He was desirous of preventing him from coming before the Tory critics under a new and irritating aspect, at a time when it might be considered prudent to keep quiet and not increase objections already existing. The only thing which remained for me to complain of was his not telling me so frankly, for this would have been a confidence which I deserved, and it would either have made me, of my own accord, object to the project at once without the least hesitation, or at all events, have been met by me with such a hearty sense of the plain dealing, and in so friendly a spirit of difference that no ill-will, I think, could have remained on either side. Moore, at least, was of too generous a spirit for it, and I was of too grateful a one.

Moore's forehead was bony and full of character, with bumps of wit large and radiant enough to transport a phrenologist. Sterne had such another. Moore's eyes were as dark and as fine as you would wish to see under a set of vine leaves; his mouth generous and good-humoured with dimples, and his manner as bright as his talk, full of the wish to please and to be pleased. He sang and played with great taste on the pianoforte, as might be supposed from his musical compositions. His voice which was a little hoarse in speaking, softened into a breath like that of the flute when singing.

Beside the pleasure I took in Moore's society as a man of wit, I had a great esteem for him as a man of

candour and independence. His letters were full of all that was pleasant in him. As I was was a critic at that time, and in the habit of giving my opinion of his works in the *Examiner*, he would write me his opinion of the opinion with a mixture of good humour, admission, and deprecation truly delightful.

This admiring regard for him he completed by his behaviour to an old patron of his (Lord Moira), who, not thinking it politic to retain him openly by his side, proposed to facilitate his acceptance of a place under the Tories, an accommodation which Moore rejected as an indignity.

Moore was sometimes accused of having acted towards the Prince Regent in an ungrateful manner. To this charge he replies in the following spirited manner, in one of his prefaces:—

In the numerous attacks from the government press, which my occasional volleys of small shot against the court used to draw down upon me, it was constantly alleged, as an aggravation of my misdeeds, that I had been indebted to the royal personage thus assailed by me for many kind and substantial services. Luckily, the list of benefits showered upon me from that high quarter may be despatched in a few sentences. At the request of the Earl of Moira, one of my earliest and best friends, his royal highness graciously permitted me to dedicate to him my translation of the Odes of Anacreon. I was twice, I think, admitted to the honour of dining at Carlton house; and when the Prince on his being made Regent in 1811, gave his memorable fête, I was one of the crowd, about 1500, I believe, in number, who enjoyed the privilege of being his guests on the occasion.

There occur some allusions, indeed, in the Twopenny Post-Bag, to the absurd taste displayed in the ornaments of the royal supper-table at that fête, and this violation (for such to a certain extent, I allow it to have been,) of the reverence due to the rights of the hospitable Jove, which, whether administered by prince

or peasant, ought to be sacred from such exposure, I am by no means disposed to defend. But, whatever may be thought of the taste or prudence of some of these satires, there exists no longer, I apprehend, much difference of opinion respecting the character of the royal personage against whom they were aimed. — Already, indeed, has the stern verdict, which the voice of history cannot but pronounce upon him, been in some degree anticipated, in the sketch of the domestic events of his reign, supposed to have proceeded from the pen of one who was himself an actor in some of its most painful scenes, and who, from his professional position, commanded a near insight into the character of that exalted individual, both as husband and father.

The following remarks by Moore on the union of poetry and music, on his visit to Scotland, and on the genius of Burns, will be read with much interest.

The close alliance known to have existed between poetry and music, during the infancy of both these arts, has sometimes led to the conclusion that they are essentially kindred to each other, and that the true poet ought to be, if not practically, at least in taste and ear, a musician. That such was the case in the early times of ancient Greece, and that her poets then not only set their own verses to music, but sung them at public festivals, there is every reason, from all we know on the subject, to believe. A similar union between the two arts attended the dawn of modern literature, in the twelfth century, and was, in a certain degree, continued down as far as the time of Petrarch, when, as it appears from his own memoranda, that poet used to sing his verses, in composing them; and when it was the custom with all writers of sonnets and *canzoni* to prefix to their poems a sort of key-note, by which the intonation in reciting or chanting them was to be regulated.

As the practice of uniting in one individual, whether bard, scald, or troubadour, the character and functions both of musician and poet, is known to have been invariably the mark of a rude state of society so the

gradual separation of these two callings, in accordance with that great principle of political economy, the division of labour, has been found an equally sure index of improving civilisation. So far, in England, indeed, has this partition of workmanship been carried, that with the single exception of Milton, there is not to be found, I believe, among all the eminent poets of England, a musician. It is but fair, at the same time to acknowledge, that out of the works of these very poets might be produced a select number of songs, surpassing in fancy, grace, and tenderness, all that the language perhaps of any other country could furnish.

We witness, in our own times, as far as the knowledge and practice of music is concerned, a similar divorce between the two arts, and my friend and neighbour, Mr. Bowles, is the only distinguished poet of our day whom I can call to mind as being also a musician. Not to dwell further, however, on living writers, the strong feeling, even to tears, with which I have seen Byron listen to some favourite melody, has elsewhere been described by me; and the musical taste of Sir Walter Scott, I ought to be the last person to call in question, after the very cordial tribute he has left on record to my own untutored minstrelsy. But I must say, that, pleased as my illustrious friend appeared really to be, when I first sung for him at Abbotsford, it was not till an evening or two after, at his own hospitable supper-table, that I saw him in his true sphere of musical enjoyment. No sooner had the *quaigh* taken its round after our repast, than his friend, Sir Adam, was called upon, with the general acclaim of the whole table for the song of "Hey tuttie tattie," and gave it out to us with all the true national relish. But it was during the chorus, that Scott's delight at this festive scene chiefly showed itself. At the end of every verse, the whole company rose from their seats, and stood round the table with arms crossed, so as to grasp the hand of the neighbour on each side. Thus interlinked, we continued to keep measure to the strain, by moving our arms up and down, all chanting forth vociferously, "Hey tuttie tattie, Hey tuttie tat-

tie." Sir Walter's enjoyment of this old Jacobite chorus, a little increased, doubtless, by seeing how I entered into the spirit of it, gave to the whole scene. I confess, a zest and charm in my eyes such as the finest musical performance could not have bestowed upon it.

Having been thus led to allude to this visit, I am tempted to mention a few other circumstances connected with it. From Abbotsford I proceeded to Edinburgh, whither Sir Walter, in a few days after, followed; and during my short stay in that city an incident occured, which, though already mentioned by Scott, in his Diary, and owing its chief interest to the connexion of his name with it, ought not to be omitted among these memoranda. As I had expressed a desire to visit the Edinburgh theatre, which opened but the evening before my departure, it was proposed to Sir Walter and myself, by our friend Jeffrey, that we should dine with him at an early hour for that purpose, and both were good-natured enough to accompany me to the theatre. Having found, in a volume sent to me by some anonymous correspondent, a more circumstantial account of the scene of that evening than Sir Walter has given in his Diary, I shall here avail myself of its graphic and (with one exception) accurate details. After adverting to the sensation produced by the appearance of the late Duchess of St. Alban's in one of the boxes, the writer thus proceeds:—"There was a general buzz and stare, for a few seconds; the audience then turned their backs to the lady, and their attention to the stage, to wait till the first piece should be over ere they intended staring again. Just as it terminated, another party quietly glided into a box near that filled by the duchess. One pleasing female was with the three male comers. In a minute the cry ran round:—'Eh, yon's Sir Walter, wi' Lockhart an' his wife, and wha's the wee bit bodie wi' the pawkee een? Wow, but it's Tam Moore, just—Scott, Scott! Moore, Moore!'—with shouts, cheers, bravos, and applause. But Scott would not rise to appropriate these tributes. One could see that he urged Moore to do so; and *he*, though modestly reluctant, at last yielded, and bowed

hand on heart with much animation. The cry for Scott was then redoubled. He gathered himself up, and, with a benevolent bend, acknowledged this deserved welcome. The orchestra played alternately Scotch and Irish melodies."

Among the choicest of my recollections of that flying visit to Edinburgh, are the few days I passed with Lord Jeffrey at his agreeable retreat, Craig Crook. I had then recently written the words and music of a glee contained in this volume, "Ship ahoy!" which there won its first honours. So often, indeed, was I called upon to repeat it, that the upland echoes of Craig Crook ought long to have had its burden by heart.

Having thus got on Scottish ground, I find myself awakened to the remembrance of a name which, whenever song-writing is the theme, ought to rank second to none in that sphere of poetical fame. Robert Burns was wholly unskilled in music; yet the rare art of adapting words successively to notes, of wedding verse in congenial union with melody, which, were it not for his example, I should say none but a poet versed in the sister-art ought to attempt, has yet, by him, with the aid of a music to which my own country's strains are alone comparable, been exercised with so workmanly a hand, and with so rich a variety of passion, playfulness, and power, as no song-writer, perhaps, but himself, has ever yet displayed.

That Burns, however untaught, was yet in ear and feeling a musician, is clear from the skill with which he adapts his verse to the structure and character of each different strain. Still more strikingly did he prove his fitness for this peculiar task, by the sort of instinct with which, in more than one instance, he discerned the real and innate sentiment which an air was calculated to convey, though previously associated with words expressing a totally different cast of feeling. Thus the air of a ludicrous old song, "Fee him, father, fee him," has been made the medium of one of Burns's most pathetic effusions; while, still more marvellously, "Hey tuttie tattie," has been

elevated by him into that heroic strain, "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;" a song which, in a great national crisis, would be of more avail than all the eloquence of a Demosthenes.

How far my own labours in this field—if, indeed the gathering of such idle flowers may be so designated—have helped to advance, or even keep pace with the progressive improvement I have here described, it is not for me to presume to decide. I only know that in a strong and inborn feeling for music lies the source of whatever talent I have shown for poetical composition; and that it was the effort to translate into language the emotions and passions which music appeared to me to express, that first led to my writing any poetry at all deserving of the name. Dryden has happily described music as being "inarticulate poetry;" and I have always felt, in adapting words to an expressive air, that I was but bestowing upon it the gift of articulation, and thus enabling it to speak to others all that was conveyed, in its wordless eloquence to myself.

In our selections from Moore's satirical poems we presented a few illustrations of his comic power. Some of his missiles were aimed at the weakness of brother authors, and often with marked effect. It is well known that his lines on Scott's *Rokeby* materially interfered witht he success of that poem. Moore, however, had but little severity in his sting. He certainly did deal some heavy blows upon Castlereagh and the Prince Regent. Moore wrote the following *jeu d'esprit* on some of his literary contemporaries, at a time when the press teemed with vapid "reminiscences" done to order:—

Literary Advertisement.

Wanted—Authors of all work to job for the season,
No matter which party, so faithful to neither;
Good hacks, who, if posed for a rhyme or a reason,
Can manage, like *******, to do without either.

If in jail, all the better for out-of-door topics;
Your jail is for travellers a charming retreat;
They can take a day's rule for a trip to the Tropics,
And sail round the world, at their ease, in the Fleet.

For a dramatist, too, the most useful of schools—
He can study high life in the King's Bench community;
Aristotle could scarce keep him more *within rules*,
And of *place* he, at least, must adhere to the *unity*.

Any lady or gentleman come to an age
To have good "Reminiscences" (three score or higher),
Will meet with encouragement—so much *per* page,
And the spelling and grammar both found by the buyer.

No matter with what their remembrance is stocked,
So they'll only remember the *quantum* desired;
Enough to fill handsomely two volumes *oct.*,
Price twenty-four shillings, is all that's required.

They may treat us, like Kelly, with old *jeu d'esprits*,
Like Dibdin, may tell of each fanciful frolic;
Or kindly inform us, like Madame Genlis,
That ginger-beer cakes always give them the cholic.

* * * * *

Funds, Physic, Corn, Poetry, Boxing, Romance,
All excellent subjects for turning a penny;
To write upon all is an author's sole chance
For attaining at last the least knowledge of any.

Nine times out of ten, if his title is good,
The material within of small consequence is;
Let him only write fine, and if not understood,
Why—that's the concern of the reader, not his.

Nota Bene—an Essay now printing to show
That Horace, as clearly as words could express it,
Was for taxing the Fundholders ages ago,
When he wrote thus—"Quodcunque *in Fund is*,
assess it."*

From Hazlitt's warm friendship for Leigh Hunt, it was, of course, likely that he would not be very flattering towards Moore. His observation that "Moore ought not to have written Lalla Rookh, even for three thousand guineas," is well known. In his notice of Moore in "The Spirit of the Age," he expresses himself of opinion, that Moore's ornaments are excessive, and thus describes his poetry:

"His verse is like a shower of beauty; a dance of images; a stream of music; or like the spray of the waterfall, tinged by the morning beam with rosy light. His subject is set off by a dazzling veil of poetic diction, like a wreath of flowers gemmed with numerous dewdrops that weep, tremble, and glitter in liquid softness and pearly light, while the song of birds ravishes the ear, and languid odours breathe around, and Aurora opens heaven's smiling portals, peris and nymphs peep through the golden glade, and an angel's wing glances over the glossy scene."

The same critic, however, considers that Moore's satirical productions are excellent. "They are," he writes, "nests of spicery, bitter and sweet, honey and gall together. Moore can so well describe the set speech of a dull formalist, or the glowing looks of a dowager. His light, agreeable, polished style pierces through the body of the court, hits off the faded graces of an Adonis of fifty, weighs the vanity of

* According to the common reading, "Quodcunque infundis, acescit."

fashion in tremulous scales, mimics the grimace of fashion and of folly, shows up the littleness of the 'great,' and spears a phalanx of statesmen with its glittering point as with a diamond brooch. Nothing in Pope or Prior ever surpassed the delicate insinuation and adroit satire of hundreds of Moore's compositions."

The following from the same pen is a tribute of which even Moore might be proud:

"Mr. Moore is in private life an amiable and estimable man. If he is no longer familiar with royalty as with his garter, the fault is not his. His adherence to his principles caused the separation. His love of his country was the cloud that intercepted the sunshine of court favour."

From one certainly not prejudiced in favour of Moore this is high praise.

The following personal particulars respecting Moore, extracted from an article entitled "Recollections of Moore," in the "*Dublin University Magazine*," of last April, are very interesting. The entire article indeed should be perused by every admirer of the bard, for it is a graceful and beautifully written tribute by one who evidently knew him well.

Throughout life Moore bore the stamp of the social mint in which he was coined. He had none of the stiff courtesy of the old school; such could never have suited his mercurial temperament; but he had all the well-bred polish of manner, with all the heartiness of enjoyment. He seemed as if he could not help enjoying.

Occasionally, even in society, a shade almost of sadness was perceptible; but it was more the shade of thought than of sorrow—like a cloud shadow upon a

sunny landscape—and passed away in a meteor of wit, or a luminous smile, as he joined in converse with those around him.

His countenance was remarkable for mobility. When the writer first saw Moore, in the year 1830, the luxuriant curls that had clustered on his brow had thinned under the action of fifty summers and as many winters. But the atonement for this loss was the development of a forehead of very eloquent interest. It was high, prominent, and compact rather than capacious, the imaginative faculties sufficiently developed; whilst the organ, so called, of comparison, and the frontal sinuses over the brow, were remarkable.

No two faces could be more different than Moore's in repose or in action. The features drooped, the eye was dimmed, or seemed to gaze into remotest space, when Moore was silent or reflective; the up-drawn brow gave an anxious expression to the countenance, whilst the dilating nostril alone gave animation to it. Curiously enough, even when the whole countenance was lighted up, the eye often had the same dimness, which gave a look of absence; it seemed often that whilst wit, fancy, and humour were there, and played about his lips or inspired his tongue, the soul of the poet was far away. It was a difficult expression to describe, but all who studied him have remarked it. It might be, perhaps, in some degree accounted for by his being near-sighted.

From this endless variety of expression and play of feature it arose that Moore's countenance was a perfect puzzle to painter or sculptor, and that no man could portray him faithfully who attempted to copy him accurately as he sat, or to embody any single phase. Every effort to paint Moore as the poet was a failure, for his *personnel* was by no means the representative of the ideal; and though traits of the inner genius occasionally played over his countenance, like sunbeams over rippling waters, they were too evanescent even for the instantaneousness of the daguerreotype. Indeed a faithful daguerreotype would have been the worst possible likeness of Moore; and the only chance

for the artist was to study him when not sitting for his portrait, and not to be put out by him when he was. So conscious was he of the difficulty of the task, perhaps from the repetition of failures, that when a young countryman of his own, in whom he took a friendly interest, requested him to sit for his picture, he said with energy, "Ask me anything but that; so many experienced men have failed, I should be sorry, you, a young artist, should attempt anything so difficult, if not hopeless."

Peculiarly small of stature, he had always an uplook, which seemed as if he would lose nothing of his height, or that it was actually necessary to keep his range of vision *au courant* of his neighbours. No one was more amused at his diminutiveness in height than himself. Meeting a very tall friend one day, the weather, as usual, was the first topic. "Do you find the day cold, Moore?" said his friend. "Why, rather so," said Moore; "how is it *up* there with you?"

Whether his height, or a restlessness of nervous system, originated the habit or not, it is certain he scarcely ever sat down. He composed walking about; and in society, save at the dinner or supper-table, he rarely sat down. So necessary was movement to him, that most probably had he been tied to a chair, with the added doom of a prosy companion, he would have exploded and gone off like a rocket, or a bottle of sparkling champagne. Standing in a circle chatting, his vivacity of manner, his elevated look, and *empressement* of delivery, movement, and action, cheated one out of the idea of his size; and wherever Moore's voice was heard a knot of listeners eagerly gathered round.

Generally his conversation was more brilliant than profound, but it was full of point and observation, and had always the charm of unreserve and natural flow—the outwelling of thought. Nor, master as he was of the light artillery of satire, did he ever indulge in sarcasm or ill-natured remark, although he could see the ridiculous points of human character, and describe them with happy humour.

When singing, Moore was the impersonation of all we could imagine of poet and musician combined in the bard. His song was an inspired recitative, rather than a musical performance. He seemed to *improvise* as he ran his fingers over the notes; and as the tide of thought came over him, it was poured forth in harmonious cadences of exquisite variety; the low-breathed whisper, or the highest note, told home to the ear, and found an echo in the heart of every listener. A low sad tone occasionally broke through his gayest song, like the distant moan of the wind through a sunlit forest. This peculiarity of voice rendered his singing of an Irish melody touching and appropriate; for one characteristic of the true Irish music is its capability of slow or quick time, and an almost melancholy sweetness pervading. Moore alluding to this in his admirable letter to the Marchioness of Donegal, on music, says—"Perhaps we may look no farther than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy airs, which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and were applied to the mind, as music was formerly to the body, *decantare loca dolentia.*"

Elsewhere he says, "The language of sorrow, however, is best adapted to our music;" and, indeed, whether this be or not the prevailing character of music, the sad tone we have alluded to gave a charm to Moore's singing—a touch of pathos and feeling even to what was playful and light.

Applause was necessary to elicit his full power and pleasure in singing; for without the latter he had little of the former. He would not sing merely for singing's sake, to fulfil a *devoir* in society, or conform to usage. It was no motive of vanity which made him desire applause; it was, perhaps, partly the leaven of his younger days, and the habit which had grown from it; partly the nervousness of temperament, and that diffidence of his own powers, for which even his friend Byron often rated him. But, above everything, it arose from this—he felt what he sung. His songs were pre-eminently those of passion and thought; he sought to

give to music—to the sensations which it had excited in his own breast—a voice, an utterance. He could only judge of the effect upon his audience by their excited interest; which, despite conventionalism, when aroused, always found expression in applause.

Thus encouraged—thus satisfied that his listeners were with him, his bardic pride and spirit were aroused, and his habit was to sing many songs consecutively; changing from grave to gay, from sad and low to spirited, wild, and martial, as some fair prompter would dictate. For, truth to tell, he loved to be surrounded at the piano by the young and lovely of that sex to which his earliest and warmest effusions had been devoted. And if he had a particle of the coxcomb in his nature, their crowding zeal, their devoted admiration of the poet, must have touched the weak point in the man. It was not the fault of his fair admirers if he were not thoroughly spoiled.

* * * * *

In 1835 the British Association met in Dublin, and it is but truth to say, that amidst the galaxy of notabilities the Irish bard was still the fixed star of admiration; nay, sometimes might he have been more likened to a comet, from the tail of followers. Moore was, of course, everywhere at the dinners, *reunions* and *soirées;* and everywhere was an object of attraction.

He was constantly accompanied, I had almost said attended, by his friend and admirer, Doctor Hume, whose tall figure, steady gait, and grave countenance, contrasted somewhat amusingly with Tom Moore's small, smartly-dressed figure and sparkling countenance. Hume had been Moore's second in the unlucky duel with Jeffrey, and in consequence of his maladroitness in the matter, a coolness ensued between the friends, which continued for years. A reconciliation took place, and the worthy Doctor, having long before proved himself a bad second in duelling matters, was determined to prove himself *second* to none in devotion to his former principal. Indeed he rather monopolised the "lion," and it was often a puzzle that his attentions did not wear out the patience of their victim. His friend-

ship was, however, sincere, albeit excessive in its zeal.

One day they found their way in company to the old house in Aungier-street, and going into the shop, asked if Mr. Moore had not formerly lived in that house? "Yes," was the reply, "and it was in this house that *Sir* Thomas Moore was born." The poet could not help smiling at the new title he had acquired, and which was not, we presume, any gratuitous honour, but one resulting from some confusion of ideas about the poet and the statesman of a former age, or perhaps, resulted from an idea that one so distinguished must have a title.

Moore asked as a favour to be allowed up stairs; and it is easy to imagine with what feelings he visited every portion of the house consecrated by the recollection of the "best of parents," early associates, and happy homes. Above all, he should get up to the little upper room, one window of which looks into Little Longford street, at the corner of which the house stands; here had been his own sanctum, and here he had got up his little theatricals. How changed was the visiter from the boyish inhabitant of those rooms forty years before! Who but himself, in that moment of retrospection, could say how far the world-wide fame he then enjoyed had exceeded or fallen short of the picturings of the boy's ambition!

Fidus Achates had taken care, in the course of the visit, to pass the word who was the *little* visiter; and on hospitable cares intent, the good lady of the mansion had "cakes and wine" in the drawing-room when they descended. All the young people were presented in due order, and no doubt, in the family chronicles the poet's visit to the house of his birth is well preserved.

Moore and Campbell were warm friends, though their friendship was for a time interrupted. In the *New Monthly Magazine* (March, 1830), Campbell reviewed the first volume of Moore's Life of Byron, in the following flattering strain:—

No condensing powers which we can command will compress within our narrow limits any thing like a competent conception of the merits of this very able work. We can give but a glance, and we confess a glance at such a performance seems a mockery. We hope to make some compensation when the whole is before us. It is not half a dozen sentences that will exhaust our admiration of the genius of Lord Byron, or express our warm feeling of the brilliant talents of his scarcely less distinguished friend. They are equally blessed; the one in his biographer, the other in his subject. Sure we are there exists no other person so equal to the task of delineating the character, any thing but simple, of the noble poet—none that knew him so thoroughly—none at once so capable of estimating his real feelings, and so completely up to his artificial ones—none more acute in discriminating the venial from the perverse—none that could better tell where he was serious and where he was mystifying, or discover when he was concealing ignorance or suppressing knowledge. Others might readily separate good qualities from the contrary, but the good and the bad of Lord Byron were not always what appeared on the surface; and nothing short of intimate knowledge, and familiar intercourse with the keenest sagacity, could penetrate the true character of either. In him these qualities were rather in a state of composition than of mixture, and it was no common chemistry that could analyze them. See what absurdities Sir Egerton Brydges falls into, for want of this interior knowledge.

Mr. Moore's narrative is a model of transparency and order; the style throughout is one of the most perfect propriety. The flowers so thickly strewn in the "Life of Sheridan" are here none of them visible; there is scarcely, we think, a trope in the book; in our judgment the absence is no loss. The point which he has most indefatigably and successfully laboured is the tracing of the formation of Lord Byron's character, so far as character is traceable, and that perhaps is not very far, to peculiarity of circumstances.

In the same article appears the following letter from Campbell to Moore, relative to Moore's suspicion that Campbell was jealous of Byron's popularity. The letter is interesting as showing the cordial tone which then existed between the brother poets:—

"My dear Moore,

"A thousand thanks to you for the kind things which you have said of me in your Life of Lord Byron —but forgive me for animadverting to what his lordship says of me, at page 463 of your first volume. It is not every day that one is mentioned in such joint pages as those of Moore and Byron.

"Lord Byron there states, that one evening at Lord Holland's I was nettled at something, and the whole passage, if believed, leaves it to be inferred that I was angry, envious, and ill-mannered. Now, I never envied Lord Byron, but on the contrary, rejoiced in his fame; in the first place from a sense of justice, and in the next place because, as a poetical writer, he was my beneficent friend. I never was nettled in Lord Holland's house, as Lord and Lady Holland can witness; and, on the evening to which Lord Byron alludes, I said, "*carry all your incense to Lord Byron,*" in the most perfect spirit of good humour. I remember the evening most distinctly, one of the happiest evenings of my life; and if Lord Byron imagined me for a moment displeased, it only shows me, that with all his transcendant powers, he was one of the most fanciful of human beings. I, by no means, impeach his veracity; but I see from this case that he was subject to strange illusions.

"What feeling but that of kindness, could I have towards Lord Byron. He was always affectionate to me, both in his writings and in personal interviews. How strange he should misunderstand my manner on the occasion alluded to; and what temptation could I have to show myself pettish and envious before my inestimable friend Lord Holland? The whole scene, as described by Lord Byron, is a phantom of his own

imagination. Ah! my dear Moore, if we had him but back again, how easily could we settle these matters. But I have detained you too long; and begging pardon for all my egotism, I remain, my dear Moore, your obliged and faithful friend,

"T. CAMPBELL."

In the June number of the same year, Campbell speaks of Watt's engraving of Moore as "the resemblance of a charming poet and an amiable man."

In the review of the second volume, however, a very different tone was adopted, chiefly in consequence of Campbell's opinion, that Moore had not acted fairly as a friend to Byron in disclosing so many of the noble poet's weaknesses. This notice went so far beyond the limits of fair criticism as to impute very mercenary motives to Moore. Campbell's defence of Lady Byron was marked with excessive severity towards Moore. Campbell afterwards wrote Moore a letter of apology for his vehement language, but declaring that his opinion was unaltered upon the point of difference. He withdrew all imputations of mercenary motives, and asked Moore's forgiveness for his angry tone.

Moore's melodies have been translated into several continental languages. A translation also into Latin appeared in London in 1835. The poet also had the honour of seeing his immortal lyrics translated into Irish by that illustrious defender of the Catholic Church, the Lord Archbishop of Tuam. The following eloquent passage from the most reverend translator's introduction shows how deeply his accomplished mind was touched by those exquisite songs, which his know-

ledge of the Irish language enabled him to present to his fellow countrymen in a Celtic dress.

The powerful influence of music and poetry on the feelings and habits of every people, is too well attested by experience to require any elaborate illustration. Of our incontrovertible claims to a refined and cultivated music, and to the high intellectual tone of which it is at once the index and the offspring, the few following specimens from the now classical melodies of our country, furnish abundant evidence. If further proofs were wanting, they may be found in the published Minstrelsy of Mr. Hardiman, or the many popular songs in the possession of Mr. Bunting, to both of whom every Irishman owes lasting obligations, for the patriotic devotion with which they have successfully laboured to rescue from oblivion some of the most valuable relics of our ancient poetry and music. That the specimens of poetry that are left us did not always correspond with the beauty of the melody that breathes through them, cannot surprise any reader familiar with the records of that ruthless spirit which, equally jealous of both, strove to involve them in the same common destruction. Against the growth and perfection of our poetry and literature, it was alas! as they were placed within its reach, but too successful, and hence they were so impaired by repeated aggression as to be almost extinguished: whilst our music, like the morning bird, so emblematic of its sweetness and its freedom, sought safety in higher regions from the shafts of its pursuers; and whether it lighted on the valleys or poured its wild melodies along the summits of our mountains, it always possessed the magic power of charming the wounds which were inflicted by the persecutions of the stranger.

Yet it is not from the poetical compositions of our native bards that our melodies sustained most injury. Though the dress in which they clothed their thoughts was simple, it was in general natural and graceful, and in our popular songs in the native dialect, passages might be pointed out to the classic reader not unworthy

of lyrical poets of higher fame, so faithfully was the spirit of the ancient muse transmitted through the Irish language. It was only when our music was forcibly united with the coarse and barbarous pedantry of ignorant English songsters, that it suffered from the connexion. Under this yoke it continued to sink, and would probably have sunk still more, until taste should have at last shrunk from the contact of its acquaintance, had not a fond and master spirit seasonably interposed to save it from the degrading association. To MOORE our native music shall ever be indebted, for clothing it in a manner befitting its dignity and lineage, and throwing over it much of the rich Oriental drapery, with which a congenial fancy had so amply furnished him. Thus attired, our melodies have been introduced into the most fashionable musical saloons of Europe, nay, sometimes adorned in a foreign costume ; but no sooner do they breathe and speak than they are at once revealed—the genuine daughters of the land not less famed for song, than for the fidelity, heroism, and sanctity of its children. To introduce these melodies to my humbler countrymen, robed in a manner worthy of their high origin, has been my object in the following translation. The banishing of those gross compositions with which our musical airs were oftentimes defiled, will be doing a service to the taste and morality of the people ; how much more so when for them will be substituted those pure and lofty sentiments of patriotism and virtue which these selections of the Irish Melodies so abundantly supply. The genius of Moore must ever command admiration—its devotion to the vindication of the ancient faith of Ireland, and the character of its injured people, must inspire every Irishman with still more estimable feelings. Seated amidst the tuneful followers of Apollo, he essayed the instrument of every muse, and became master of them all—sighing at length for some higher and holier source of poetical feeling, he turns to the east, and listens with rapture to its prophetic melodies—subdued by the strain, he lets fall the lyre, seizes the harp of Sion and of Erin,

at once the emblem of piety and patriotism, and gives its boldest and most solemn chords to his own impassioned inspirations of country and of religion.

In the passage from the works of Leigh Hunt respecting Moore, which we have given above, Hunt speaks of Moore's Letters in terms of considerable praise. Moore generally wrote briefly, but in a few sentences he included much interesting matter. Fifteen of Moore's letters are affixed to Hunt's "Autobiography," of which we shall present a couple as illustrative not only of Moore's off-hand epistolary style, but as affording additional glimpses of his personal feelings. Moore's reference to his domestic happiness, and his refusal to barter independence for a situation under a Tory administration, will be read with much interest.

"*August*, 1812.

"My dear Sir,

"I am very sorry to find, by your *Examiner* of last Sunday, that you are ill, and I sincerely hope, both for the sake of yourself and the world, that it is not an indisposition of any serious nature. I have very often, since I left town, had thoughts of writing to you; not that I had anything to say, but merely to keep myself alive in your recollection, till some lucky jostle in our life's journey throws us closer together than we have hitherto been. It is *not* true, however, that I have nothing to say to you, for I have to thank you for your poem in the *Reflector*, which I would praise for its beauty, if my praises could be thought *disinterested* enough to please you; but it has won my heart rather too much to leave my judgment fair play; and the pleasure of being praised by *you* makes me incapable of returning the compliment. All that I can tell you is, that your good opinion of me, in general, is paid back with interest tenfold, and that my thoughts about you

are so well known to those I live with, that I have the pleasure of finding you acknowledged among them by no other title than "Moore's Friend." I suppose you have heard that I suddenly burst upon my acquaintances last spring, in the new characters of husband and father; and I hope you will believe me when I say that (though my little intercourse with you might have made such a confidence impertinent on my side), I often wished to make you one of the very few friends who knew the secret of my happiness, and witnessed my enjoyment of it. I rather think, too, that if you were acquainted with the story of my marriage, it would not tend to *lower* me from that place, which, I am proud to believe, I hold in your esteem. I have got a small house and large garden here in the neighbourhood of Lord Moira's fine library, and feel happy in the consciousness that I have *indeed* "mended my notions of pleasure," and that I am likely, after all, to be what men like you approve. Mrs. Moore and I have been for these ten days past on a visit to our noble neighbour, who is at length preparing for an old age of *independence*, by a manly and summary system of retrenchment. He has dismissed nearly all his servants, and is retiring to a small house in Sussex, leaving his park and fine library here to *solitude and me*. How I have mourned over his late negotiation! A sword looks crooked in water, and the weak medium of Carlton House has given an appearance of obliquity even to Lord Moira; but both the sword and he may be depended on still—at least I think so.

"I was very much flattered by your taking some doggrel of mine out of the *Morning Chronicle* some months since, called *The Insurrection of the Papers*. I don't know whether you saw *The Plumassier* about the same time. It was mine also, but not so good. I hope next year when I have got over a work I am about, to help you with a few shafts of ridicule in the noble warfare you are engaged in, since I find that you have thought some of them not unworthy your notice.

"With best regards to Mrs. Hunt and your *little*

child, for whom I could supply a *companion picture*, I am, my dear sir,

"Most truly yours,

"THOMAS MOORE.

"*Wednesday.*

"I shall take the liberty of paying the postage of this, lest it might not be received at the office."

"*Kegworth, Leicestershire, Thursday.*

"My dear Sir,

"I was well aware that, on the first novelty of your imprisonment, you would be overwhelmed with all sorts of congratulations and condolences, and therefore resolved to reserve *my* tribute, both of approbation and sympathy, till the gloss of your chains was a little gone off, and both friends and *starers* had got somewhat accustomed to them. If I were now to tell you half of what I have thought and felt in your favour during this period, I fear it would be more than you know enough of me to give me credit for; and I shall, therefore, only say in true Irish phrase and spirit, that my *heart* takes you by the hand most cordially, and that I only wish that heaven had given me a brother whom I could think so well of, and feel so warmly about. I hope to be in London in about four or five weeks, when one of my first visits shall be to Horse-monger-lane; and I trust I shall find your restrictions so far relaxed, as to allow of my not merely *looking at you* through the bars, but passing an hour or two with you in your room.

I have long observed, and (I must confess) wondered at your *retenue* about Lord Moira, and have sometimes flattered myself (forgive me for being so vain, and so little just, perhaps, to your sense of duty) that a little regard for *me* was at the bottom of your forbearance, for you have always struck me as one whom nature never destined "accusatoriam vitam vivere," and who, if you were to live much among us Lilliputians of this world, would soon find your giant limbs entangled with a multitude of almost invisible *heart*-strings; but be this as it may, I must acknowledge (with a candour

which is *wrung* from me) that Lord Moira's conduct no longer deserves your approbation ; and when I say this, I trust I need not add, that it *no longer has mine.* His kindnesses to me, of course, I can never forget ; but they are remembered as one remembers the kindnesses of a faithless mistress ; and that esteem, that reverence, which was the soul of all, is fled. His thoughtfulness about me, indeed, remained to the last ; and in the interview which I had with him immediately on his coming down here after his appointment, he said that, though he had nothing sufficiently good in his *Indian* patronage to warrant my taking such an expensive voyage, yet it was in his power, by *exchange* of patronage with ministers, to serve me at home, and that he meant to provide for me in this way ; to which I answered, with many acknowledgments for his friendship, that "I begged he would not take the trouble of making any such application ; as I would infinitely rather struggle on as I am, than accept of anything under such a system." I must add (because it is creditable to him) that this refusal, though so significantly conveyed, and still more strongly afterwards by letter, did not offend him, and that he continued the most cordial attentions to us during the remainder of his stay. I know you will forgive this egotism, and would, perhaps, trouble you with a little more of it, if the unrelenting post time were not very nearly at hand.

"My Bessy has given me another little girl, which was one of the very few wrong things she does, for I meant it to be a boy. If the lively anxiety and interest of a very pure and natural heart be gratifying to you, you have had it from her throughout. Do you recollect meeting me and her one day? Best regards to Mrs. Hunt, from

"Yours, ever,

"THOMAS MOORE."

Few men have written so much as Moore, certainly few have written for so long a period. For nearly fifty years Moore was before the literary world, and

even after all his toils and all his triumphs, the most critical of critics wanted more. Moore's latest poetical work, the "Epicurean," was pronounced by the *Edinburgh Review*, to bear evidence of the undiminished vigour of the poetical faculties of the writer, to be the "most perfect of Moore's compositions as a work of art, and which if it had not wanted the ornament of verse, would have been the most popular." Many a writer who has in early and middle life won a proud name, feeling unconscious of declining powers has ventured into the literary arena in old age, and has lived to show that he outlived his genius. Not so with Moore; he withdrew from the field while his powers were still undiminished. The luxuriance of his teeming fancy was mellowed not dimmed by age.

Moore only wrote one pamphlet on which we have been able to lay our hands. It was written in Dublin in 1810, and was in advocacy of the "Veto." In common with many sincere Catholics (even prelates of the Church), Moore was of opinion that it would be better to yield up the "Veto" point, than for Ireland to remain outside the constitution. The

———iræ leonum
vincula recusantum———

led many to wish their bondage ended, even with some compromise. Sheil was for some time of the same view. O'Connell resisted the "Veto" upon all occasions, preferring that the people should remain a little longer in the desert, than enter Canaan with a single link of a chain clanking on them. Providence spared him to carry his policy to a triumphant issue. The event proved O'Connell to be right, but we must not look too harshly on those men who, despairing of

obtaining for the Catholics of the British Empire complete equality with members of other religions, were ready to consent to accept a portion of their freedom, and struggle for the rest afterwards.

We have forborne to enter into any critical disquisition on Moore's genius. Even if (as we unaffectedly say we are not) we were competent to the task, how unnecessary it would be. Moore's best critic is the heart; not those deep and harrowing feelings, in depicting which, Byron has pierced to the innermost shrine of the soul of man, but those sentiments which teach us how exquisitely truthful Moore is in delineating human nature. If his flowers be profuse, and if they be richly coloured, still they have the scent of nature and of reality. In dealing with our beautiful melodies he found them disfigured with rude and vulgar language. He moulded them so as to be in accordance with an advanced stage of society. No man ever made words so expressive of sound or so completely succeeded in conveying in language that class of emotion which the music should suggest. "This is (writes a critic in the *Edinburgh Review*) a peculiar faculty and extremely rare indeed. Burns had something of it, Beranger perhaps more, but Moore stands absolutely pre-eminent in it."

Moore was consistent through life. His opinions were always those of a man of advanced and liberal mind. He refused office from the Tories, even though offered through his friend Lord Moira. The pension which was given to him in advanced life was not the guerdon of political apostacy. It was his due as a man who had elevated English literature. Even his opponents (Moore mentions the *Standard* particularly) honour-

ably admitted that he had fairly won that which too often had been bestowed upon tergiversation and dishonesty.

An eloquent critic in the *Dublin Review* describes the re-perusal of Moore's works in advanced life as "bringing back to the imagination feelings, and scenes, and persons long forgotten, and again presenting to the mind the fairy land of early home." Yes, such is Moore. His lines bring back many an early scene—recall to life many who are long since cold and silent. As a musical poet he holds the very first place, for as a writer in the *Athenæum* beautifully says, "let the Tennysons be ever so fantastical, the Wordsworths ever so contemplative, the Byrons ever so impassioned; the Irish melodist has his own place, his own pedestal, his own posterity, which will endure so long as any musicians in our land love eloquence and imagination, passion and fancy, when they take forms so sweetly flowing, and so gracefully captivating that the task of the musician appointed to set the song may be described as having been already half done before his 'spiriting' could begin."

It is to the mutual honour of Moore and of Moore's countrymen that the sad tidings of his death fell upon no insensate ears. Although this melancholy event could not but have been expected on account of the state of Moore's health for a considerable time, yet no sooner was it certain that the poet was lost to Ireland for ever as a living man, than a deep feeling of sorrow pervaded all who had the taste to know what a loss our

country and literature had sustained. The funeral of Sheil had but just passed through our city, and all felt that with Moore closed that brilliant line of gifted Irishmen, whose genius illumined the first half of the present century.

The first tribute paid to the memory of Moore was the performance of a selection of the "Melodies" and several lyrical passages from his longer poems. The writer of these pages had the honour of suggesting the appropriateness of celebrating Moore by a performance of his own beautiful songs. An analogous tribute (appropriately appealing to the eye instead of the ear) was paid to Scott, at whose death in 1832 a representation took place in London of those scenes which his great genius had conjured up. The successful manner in which Professor Glover, of this city, (founder of the Royal Choral Institute) executed the laborious task, intrusted to him by a committee, of making the proper selections, and of conducting four performances of the "Recollections of Moore," elicited universal and deserved praise. Some very feeling lines were composed for the occasion, by Mr. Elrington, (better known in literary circles as S. N. E.) one of our most promising poets. The Lord Chief Baron, subsequently, at the Meeting at Charlemont House, with exquisite taste suggested, that such a tribute should be annually paid to the lyrical genius of Moore.

The Meeting which took place at Charlemont House on the 29th March, 1852, will long be remembered as *the* most literary assembly which our days have seen in Dublin, and we question if, even in the metropolis of the empire, so many men of a high order of literary talent could have been assembled. We affix to our

little volume the published report of this Meeting. The observations of the chairman, Lord Charlemont, (who as we have seen, was chairman at the dinner to Moore in 1818) were such as became his lordship's friendship for Moore, and his predilections for literature. The speech of the Lord Chief Baron was a model of taste and of the spoken melody of eloquence. Mr. O'Hagan's speech was truly eloquent, and no man can read the observations of Sir William Hamilton without feeling regret, that science should have been his choice, instead of some arena requiring an orator, as well as a man of deep research. We have not space to advert more fully to this truly interesting Meeting.

It has not yet, of course, been arranged what shall be the form of the Moore Testimonial. Should funds sufficiently ample come to hand, the fittest monument would be the permanent endowment of some society, (with none but honorary officers) to relieve the wants of aged literary men in Ireland, and (when they have passed away) of their widows and orphans. Should the result of the collection not be large, there will at all events be enough to enable Ireland to place in her metropolis, a statue of her own Bard, sculptured by one of her own gifted artists.

The following beautiful address has lately been issued by the Committee of the Moore Testimonial, and it will form an appropriate conclusion to these pages.

ADDRESS

TO THE

COUNTRYMEN OF THOMAS MOORE, IN ALL LANDS.

THE General Committee of Management of the Moore Testimonial, appointed at the meeting of the friends and admirers of THOMAS MOORE, held at Charlemont House, Dublin, on the 29th March last, deem it right to address those identified with the Poet, by community of country, on the national importance of the object proposed.

Although Moore's fame is the property of his age, and his name is enrolled among the most elegant of British Poets, he was essentially the Poet of Ireland; his highest and most ennobling inspirations were drawn from the land of his birth. To Moore Ireland owes a debt of gratitude far beyond that incurred by a mere participation in the lustre of his fame. In the Irish Melodies deep love of country is linked with every charm which the most exquisite combination of poetry and music can realise to the mind, and the beauty of song is enhanced by national associations. While the author of "Lalla Rookh" claims the admiration of all who delight in true poetry, the author of the Irish Melodies deserves, peculiarly, the grateful affection of Irishmen.

It is from no narrow view of the fame or merits of Moore, that the Committee make their strongest and first appeal to Irish sympathies. All nations regard

their illustrious men with a species of extended family love. They are proud of them. If pride in our great men be our national privilege—some permanent expression of it becomes a national duty. The same feeling which points out a native city of the Poet as the proper place in which to erect a Testimonial to him, points with equal force to his countrymen, as the first whose privilege and duty it is to provide the means of such enduring monument. The Committee would feel proud and happy that his admirers, "without distinction of country," should testify their sense of appreciation; but they have placed their reliance mainly upon Irish sympathy, and the response they have already met, encourages them to believe that, when the national importance of the object, as well as its interest, is brought home to Irishmen, in whatever clime or country they may be, the result will be worthy alike of him whom they desire to honour, and of the country of his birth.

With this object in view, the Committee have sought to organise a comprehensive system of subscription; they are especially desirous that every leading town in Ireland should be represented, and that local committees should undertake the task of collection. They have also arranged lists to facilitate the collection of small subscriptions, and, at the same time, to preserve an accurate registry of the names of the contributors.

The Committee have received many valuable suggestions as to the nature of the Testimonial; and it has been frequently asked, what they propose it shall be. In so important an undertaking, it would be premature to announce any fixed design. In fact, none has been, as yet, entertained. The ultimate decision

must be guided by the amount of the fund, and under sanction of the subscribers. The Committee, however, have always considered that an open air memorial of the Poet should be placed in his native city; that it should be in a public place, suitably chosen; and that a statue should be its principal feature. That the highest artistic talent should be employed is, at once, due to the object of honouring intellect, and securing a monument of enduring interest and admiration.

It is on these broad grounds of national interest that the Committee base their appeal for active sympathy and co-operation to *all* identified with the poet Moore by community of country; and that they anticipate a cordial response from Irishmen in every part of the world.

Charlemont House, 12th May, 1852.

The following portion of the proceedings at the interesting dinner of 1818, has been omitted in the proper place, by some mistake. We think it better to place it before the reader even here than to neglect such a pleasing part of that entertainment. Moore's feeling remarks in returning thanks for the health of his amiable lady, could not be surpassed for delicacy of sentiment.

The speech of Charles Phillips (himself a poet,) was amongst the most brilliant of the many brilliant performances of an evening memorable in the annals of literature.

Lord Charlemont said he was about to appeal to the gallantry of the company, in proposing to them the health of a female who united in herself every personal beauty and every moral virtue, and who made the home of their guest a source of happiness to him and of envy to others. Without further preface he proposed "The health of Mrs. Thomas Moore."

On the health of Mrs. Moore being drunk, Moore rose and said:—

You are resolved, gentlemen, that there shall be no end to my gratitude—of the claims of Mrs. Moore to the high honour you have conferred upon her, I shall say but little; domestic happiness is of that quiet nature which the heart enjoys but the tongue boasts not—it is like that still music which the ancients supposed is going on above, not the less sweet for its making no noise in the ears of the world, I shall therefore leave to those among you who have perfect happiness at home to imagine mine, and in Mrs. Moore's name drink all your healths.

His lordship now said—Gentlemen, I am about to propose the health of a distinguished Irishman, of a poet, and orator; whose talents have gained the admiration of foreign countries—of a patriot, whose pure devotion to her interests has won the love of his own. I will give you, said his lordship in conclusion, after pronouncing a very warm euloguim on Mr. Phillips, "The health of Mr. Phillips, and the Emerald Isle."

This toast was drunk with three times three. After silence was in some degree restored, Mr. Phillips rose and returned thanks as follows:—

Allow me, my lord, most sincerely to thank you for this kind recollection of my name, and still more to thank you for the sentiment with which you have associated it. To have advocated, however feebly, that unfortunate Isle, has been my sole, but flattering distinction; and if, under much discouragement, she has still been dear to me, how must I feel now at seeing the heir of that patriot, who cheered her brightest hour, dispensing those honours so justly due to the poet who has illuminated her darkest. In Ireland's *lifetime*, the noble and the bard were never disunited, and the Charlemonts of *other days* enjoyed, my lord, as you do, their most distinguished repose beneath the laurels of their minstrel. May the omen be fulfilled—may the example be followed—may the resident nobility of the country, at length, promote the encouragement of its native genius. Oh, if they do, they may depend upon it, the advantage will be reciprocal—the beam which they shed will cause a reflection that must make both bright in the eyes of their descendants. The presence of Mr. Moore naturally restrains the expression, in which I should otherwise have indulged myself. This, however, I cannot refrain from declaring. It is not for that genius, which bears the stamp of its celestial origin—which has re-strung the harp and rivalled the minstrelsy of the "olden time"—which has, for us, realised the purest visions of our suspected tradition, and for himself anticipated from the living age, the certain eulogium of our latest posterity. No, my lord, these are gifts derived from nature, and often have we seen

them lavished on the worthless; but it is for the qualities which are inherent in himself that I give him, as I do, the combined tribute of my heart and my understanding. It is for his dignified and undeviating independence—for his lofty principles—for his stainless and uncompromising spirit—for his *Fabrician virtue*—for his vestal patriotism—for the dauntless intrepidity of his public conduct, contrasted, as it is, with that peculiar blandness which has made his home a paradise, and left that aged parent doubtful whether, this enviable night, he should be the proudest or happiest of fathers, (Mr. Phillips here pointed to the elder Mr. Moore, which excited an universal sensation). It is, my lord, for this I prize him; but highly and above all, it is, because neither absence, nor gold, nor adversity, nor good fortune, no, nor the perilous encouragement of many a renegade example, could tempt him to forget the friends he left behind him; it is because the pure and brilliant flame which burns within him has ever been, like the fire of his own Gheber, consecrated to the forlorn liberties of his country.

APPENDIX.

On the 29th March, 1852, a meeting was held at Charlemont House, Dublin, for the purpose of adopting measures to secure the erection of a testimonial in honour of Moore. The following report of this most interesting meeting appeared in the *Freeman's Journal* the next day:—

Shortly after three o'clock the chair was taken, amid loud applause, by

The Earl of Charlemont.

On the motion of Alderman B. L. Guinness, seconded by Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald, Q.C., Mr. George Mulvany, Mr. C. Meara, and Mr. Samuel Ferguson were appointed honorary secretaries.

The Noble Chairman before the proceedings commenced said—When I find the position in which I am placed, and when I look around me and see so many present more likely than myself to fill the chair with credit, and with advantage to the cause which we all have at heart, I can only impute the distinction to which I have been advanced, partly to the place where the meeting is held, and partly to the prestige attached to the name that I have now borne for fifty-one years; and which it delights my heart to perceive is not yet entirely obliterated from the hearts of the Irish people (applause). To these I am aware I owe the honour I now enjoy (hear, hear). I know that it is quite unnecessary for me in such an assembly as the present, to point out the propriety of keeping ourselves to the one object which brought us together, that object being to

do honour to the memory of one who has done honour to us all (applause). One who has exalted the character of Ireland, and by his matchless lyrics has placed the poetry of Ireland on the highest pinnacle for the admiration of the world (hear, hear). Such being the case, it is unnecessary for me to say that I hope we shall exclusively confine ourselves in whatever we have to say to the object we all have in view (hear, hear, and cheers). Many of us were intimately acquainted with the man whose memory we meet to eternise as far as we can; some of us have enjoyed his acquaintanceship and friendship; but all of us are well acquainted with his works, and such works no lyric poet of any country under the sun, from the first days of poetry, has surpassed (hear). It may occur to you that it is unnecessary for us to record in any way our sense of the merits of Thomas Moore; you may say, and justly, that he has himself erected, in his immortal productions a monument that we cannot readily expect to see equalled in sæcula sæculorum. But, notwithstanding, it becomes us, as Irishmen, to tender our aid as far as we can, and as far as sublunary works will allow to the eternising of that renown he has so well earned for himself. The noble lord having stated that a large number of letters from various noblemen and gentlemen, approving of the object in view, had been received, concluded by thanking the meeting for the honour done him in calling on him to preside on that occasion (loud applause).

The honorary secretaries read several letters from distinguished parties unable to attend, but promising co-operation. The following was from the sister of Moore's old friend, Thomas Boyse, of Bannow.

"Bannow, New Ross, March 25th, 1852.

"Gentlemen—The inclosed document will sufficiently attest the inability of my brother, Mr. Boyse, of Bannow, to be present at the meeting about to be held in Dublin (however intensely desirous he may be of attending it) to commemorate the genius and talents of our accomplished countryman, Thomas Moore, which

have gathered around his own name such well-earned laurels, and stamped upon that of his birthplace such imperishable lustre and renown.

"My brother begs me to acknowledge the receipt this day of your announcement of the meeting fixed for the 29th instant, and to say that he laments more than he can express, that he is precluded from swelling the crowd of Moore's admirers on that occasion. But the state of his health leaves him no alternative but to decline your invitation. I am further to say, that although the great gratification of meeting the bard's friends personally at Charlemont House is denied him, yet my brother is most anxious, in every way open to him, to evince how deeply he honoured and loved Thomas Moore while living, and how unaffectedly he now deplores his loss, is anxious to add his contribution to any fund which may be instituted for carrying out the good work which your communication of to-day embraces, the more so, as he feels proud of having enjoyed Moore's intimate friendship, of which the bard has left him many touching memorials.

"Permit me to inform you that I have myself just received a letter from poor Mrs. Moore, still inconsolably lamenting her irreparable bereavement.

"Had my brother's health enabled him to do so, he would before now have repaired to Sloperton to offer the tribute of his heartfelt condolence to its now widowed mistress.

"I have the honour to be, gentlemen, your much obliged, &c. MARY BOYSE."

The Lord Chief Baron then rose, amid loud applause, to move the first resolution, (a resolution of condolence with Mrs. Moore,) and said—The resolution is one that requires no argument upon my part to recommend it, in the very front of our proceedings, for the adoption of this meeting; it speaks its own purpose. I am not sure that it would be delicate in him who proposes it to enlarge upon the subject, for everybody here must feel that it is but a graceful tribute to the individual who is alluded to in it, to propose this

resolution as the first proceeding of a meeting convened to do honour to her husband's memory (applause). Upon the general objects of our meeting I am not sure that it would become me to enlarge before you, my lord, the hereditary patron of Irish genius (loud applause), or to those who are here assembled for the special purpose of doing honour to that genius by paying a tribute to the memory of Moore. Perhaps I may be right in asserting that there is not one of those who now hear me, who, at some period of his life, whether it has been a long or a short one, has not owed to the productions of Moore some moments of the highest enjoyment (cheers). Whether we have a mere relish for poetry, for its multiplied attractions, and feel its awakening impulses; or whether we are lovers of music—that kindred art to poetry in which so few poets of modern times have excelled, but the combination of both of which constituted the remarkable excellence of Moore; or whether we are capable of feeling that intense delight which we know some do derive from the union of melody with verse—verse, speaking as Moore made it speak, the meaning of music in the language of poetry; whether we are capable of any or of all these enjoyments, I believe I am right in saying that all of us have at some time or other yielded ourselves to the spells of the muse of Moore (loud applause). I therefore think that it is needless to expatiate here upon any of the remarkable excellences that belong to his productions. Some of us, as your lordship has remarked, have seen and known him when he laid aside the wand of the enchanter; when he appeared in the domestic circle as the companion of every day life, diffusing a charm only less than that he imparted by his immortal poetry; a charm derived from that singular union of domestic virtues and social attractions which made him, while he was the poet of all circles, the idol of his own (loud applause). As far as those now present are concerned, little is required to be said respecting the object which has brought us together; but I do feel that the proceedings of this day are intended to have, and I trust will have, a far

wider range (hear, hear). We mean to appeal through those who are here assembled, and by means of the efforts of this day, to the countrymen of Moore; not merely those who are to be found in every part of Ireland, but to his countrymen in every portion of the globe which the Irish wanderer has visited (applause). I believe that the appeal will be successful, and successful not only with those who were born in his native land, but even of their descendants, who, wherever they are located, must feel a hereditary interest in his fame. We appeal not merely to these, but to others who are not the less his admirers, because they were not born in the same land with him (hear, hear). I think in some of his very latest productions there are touching references to what he felt towards those whom he met after he left Ireland. In England and in Scotland he found, from a very early period of his life, some of his warmest friends—some of his most ardent admirers—some of his most constant, I would add, but for his independent spirit—I believe I could add, some of his most generous patrons (hear, hear). In some of his latest productions he pays a touching tribute to those with whom he formed friendships in the earliest periods of his life. I believe that those to whom I have now alluded will feel that we are not wrong in giving them, in the language I believe of one of the resolutions, an opportunity of sharing with us the privilege of paying that tribute to genius which is due to genius from others than those belonging to the land that gave it birth, because it belongs to all countries and to all time (cheers). I may perhaps be permitted to say one word upon a subject that has struck my mind forcibly from the moment that the project of paying a tribute to the memory of Moore has been broached amongst us. Mr. Mulvany has rightly said that we ought to postpone all allusions to any specific mode of testifying our respect for the memory of our departed bard; it will depend upon the result of our exertions and of those who may co-operate with us in forwarding the object of this meeting; it will depend on their exertions what will be the specific form in which a monument should

be raised to him. If it be a monument of the ordinary character, here, of course, in the city that gave him birth—in the metropolis of the land that bore him, and of the nation the fame of which he has elevated and extended, will probably be its site (hear). But as I have said, there was this peculiarity in Moore—he united the arts of Poetry and Music, and I hope I am not wrong in throwing out for consideration, that in addition to any permanent memorial that may be erected as a tribute to his memory, something may be done year after year, to excite the attention of his countrymen to the very pursuits in which he was engaged throughout his whole life, and to which he has lent such charms. To excite their attention from time to time to this subject, I cannot help thinking, that if, every year, there were in Dublin a musical entertainment composed of selections not merely from the national music to which he has wedded his immortal verse, but from all those productions in which his genius as a poet has also been recorded, it would be one of those things of which, if he were told in his lifetime, he would wish to take place after his death, and that it would be calculated to revive from time to time, not amongst us, who have a lively recollection of his genius, but amongst those who are to come after us, a recollection of those peculiar qualities to which I have referred (loud cheering, amid which his lordship resumed his seat).

Dr. Petrie, in seconding the resolution, spoke as follows:—My lord, proud as I should feel of the honour of being selected to second the resolution now moved by the Lord Chief Baron, yet, from a consciousness of my own want of ability to address, in any fitting manner, an assembly so eminently distinguished for intellectual endowments as this is, and on an occasion of so much importance, I should not, I confess, have had courage enough to undertake the duty if I had not felt satisfied that a single observation or two was all that would be required, or would, indeed, be proper. I have no ordinary pleasure in being the seconder of this resolution, because I consider

it in every way a proper one, and that it is sincere in the expression of our sympathy, and not cold in the expression of our esteem and respectful regard for our poet's honoured partner and survivor (hear, hear). I feel, moreover, that in an assemblage of Irishmen such an expression of our sympathy and grateful regard for a lady whom we have not the honour to call our own, is not only a right thing, but what would be expected from our national traits of character, and I will venture to add, that if the poet's spirit can be cognizant of our proceedings it would not, and should not, be satisfied with less (hear, hear). I have said that we owe a grateful regard to our poet's partner, for she made his home a happy one; and to a poet's success such a home is a necessity. May I not also add that such a triumph is a more than ordinary difficulty with the female mind, for the poet lives in a world of his own creation—not our commonplace one—and he is but too prone to expect a perfection of character above our poor human nature, and which minds less imaginative, and more busied with the terrestrial world do not expect, or look for. And hence it has, unfortunately, too often happened that the virgin idol of his youthful idolatry, amongst the duties of domestic life, and the trying cares and sorrows of the world, has fallen from that proud elevation to the place of a mere mortal, and been made to feel the effects of his too unreasonable expectations, and their consequent disappointment. We may well believe that our poet was more wise, and, at all events, he was more fortunate—choosing a partner for life with a poet's absence of all worldly selfishness, he found one that more than realized his expectations, and whose wisdom and home virtues compensated for a perhaps more than ordinary share of the trials and afflictions which are a part of man's inheritance, and enabled him to bear them with a proper resignation. All those who had the enjoyment of an intimate acquaintance with our poet, will know the delight he took in speaking of his domestic happiness, and the noble qualities of his partner's mind; and it was impossible to hear such a just estimate of the worth of the

virtuous female character, and such a grateful sense of its benign influences, without being impressed with a love for the worth of the man even greater than the veneration for the genius of the poet (applause).

The resolution was then put and carried unanimously.

The Right Hon. Maziere Brady then presented himself, and said—My Lord Charlemont and gentlemen, I have great satisfaction indeed in joining in the purpose and objects of the present assembly. I received with great pleasure the invitation to participate in the good work in which we are about to be engaged, and I with like pleasure take part in the proceedings of to-day (hear, hear). It would be idle and vain in me, after what has fallen from my friend, the Chief Baron, to expatiate upon the great qualities and the distinguished merits of the departed genius whose memory we have met to honour—and whose fame will live in those verses he has left behind him as long as there shall exist a man competent to understand the English language and feel it in his heart (cheers). The resolution which I am about to propose suggests so many topics that it would afford in better hands than mine grounds for lengthened observations. I am to call on the assembly to say that they are impressed with the conviction that Ireland owes a debt of gratitude to the poet whose genius has pre-eminently sustained the intellectual renown of her people. I don't think I shall err in saying that I will find in this assembly every man impressed with that conviction, and that it requires no argument of mine to strengthen that impression which already pervades every breast among us. I am called on to say that it is also their conviction that "while giving an imperishable existence to the ancient music of his country, by associating it with his unrivalled lyrics, he has achieved for Irish song the first place in that department of poetry." I think I may say that we all respond to that declaration (cheers). He has indeed achieved the first place for Irish song; and I will not weaken the force of the resolution by attempting to dwell upon it (hear, hear). I am further called

upon to ask this meeting to join me in saying, that we feel it due to his memory that a public testimonial be raised to him in this his native city, and that for this purpose a subscription be now opened. Where in all the world should there be a monument to the memory of Thomas Moore, if not in Dublin, his native city? Where in all the world should such a memorial be erected, if not in the capital of that country whose genius he has immortalized—to the music of which he has given an imperishable existence, by associating with it his unrivalled lyrics, and for whose song he has achieved that great glory and renown which in his hands it has attained (cheers)? The difficulty I feel is to convey in adequate words the impressions and convictions of my own mind. I can only hope I have the sympathy of those who hear me, in declaring that their impressions and convictions are the same (loud cheers). I shall not further detain this meeting by saying more on the subject of the present resolution. I call upon this assembly, and upon the people of Ireland, to unite for the purpose of erecting in Dublin a monument which will be pointed to when the stranger comes among us, and which will demonstrate to him that we have rightly appreciated those glorious compositions which he has enjoyed in distant lands—a monument worthy of the genius of our great poet, but which, however durable, must fall far short of that eternity of fame which his own beautiful compositions have secured for him (applause). I trust the concurrence of this meeting and of the public will ratify the opinions expressed in this resolution; and that not only in Ireland, but wherever the English language is spoken (and that is where the sun never sets), and wherever an Irishman is to be found throughout the world, there will be a responsive echo to this resolution, and a prompt and earnest co-operation in the great work we have undertaken. (The right honourable gentleman concluded by reading the resolution, and resumed his seat amid loud applause).

Mr. O'Hagan, Q.C, having been called on by the chairman, came forward to second the resolution —

After some prefatory remarks he said—It appears to me that in addressing an assembly of Irishmen, no argument can be required to induce them to do homage to the man who, for more than half a century, has made his name "familiar as household words" in every mansion and in every homestead of our country—that man who has made our dear old music married to his immortal verse, resound wherever the English tongue is spoken, or the Irish name is known—of him who has interpreted every phase of Irish feeling, and made vocal every pulse of the Irish heart in those immortal lyrics which will last as long as the language—of him who has associated for ever his own great genius with the history, the struggles, the sorrows, and the hopes of the land he loved (loud cheers). I cannot conceive that from me or from any one here a single argument can be necessary to impress upon the country and upon the world the propriety and necessity of answering the call which you this day make upon Irishmen. That call will be promptly answered. It will be answered wherever the Irish race has penetrated. From the crowded cities of England, and from the forests of the western world, where millions of our exiles are now creating life, and vitality, and prosperity—wherever the Irish name is known, Irishmen will be emulous to pay the tribute of their homage to the man whose world-wide fame is to them, and will be to their posterity, a source of pride and enjoyment (loud cheers). Unfortunately, my lord, we in Ireland have been hitherto liable to the reproach of being classed among those who are called *incuriosi suorum*—careless of the men who have lived and laboured for us, and too prone to look beyond ourselves for objects of love and reverence. I trust that time is going never to return; but, looking at the monuments in the streets of this our beautiful city which attract the notice of the stranger, we see great men worthily glorified there; but these monuments stand forth, as it were, in silent condemnation of us for neglecting the children of our own soil; and if we did not look beyond them, would it not seem to indicate either that there

have been no Irishmen deserving of public honour, or that in Ireland the only man who ought to be unhonoured is an Irishman (loud cheers)? I trust and hope the time is gone when that reproach can be applied to us. Our presence here to-day is a guarantee that that reproach is passing from us, and that the spirit of the olden time, when another Charlemont acted not only the part of a patriot, but that of a munificent patron of arts and letters, is revived (loud cheers). The time is going—I trust is gone—when that reproach can attach to us; and now if we have a spark of the spirit of nationality still living in our souls, let us combine together, forgetting our political asperities—forgetting our sectarian contentions (cheers)—let us combine in God's name on this common and holy ground in one cordial, earnest, successful effort, to show that we appreciate, as we ought to do, the genius and the glory of the poet of our country (loud and protracted cheering).

Lord Talbot de Malahide proposed the next resolution, which was to the effect that although the duty properly devolved on Irishmen to initiate the undertaking, they considered it due to the universality of the fate of Thomas Moore that his admirers, without distinction of country, should be afforded the privilege of testifying, by their contributions, their appreciation of his genius, and their veneration for his memory. After some prefatory remarks, his lordship observed that this was an important national movement to testify their admiration of the national bard of Ireland—the last of those men distinguished by their genius, by whom the arts of poetry and music had been illustrated in this and other lands. In an age in which, however distinguished by science and the arts of industry, there seemed to be a decided inclination to discard the beautiful for the sake of the useful, it was the imperative duty of all the admirers of that which was beautiful to avail themselves of any opportunity to give an impetus to those compositions which were such delightful sources of mental enjoyment, and contributed so much to the refinements of life. They all knew that the poetry, the lyrics, the music of Moore

were unrivalled; therefore this should be a sufficient reason to induce them to use their utmost endeavours to promote the erection of an appropriate testimonial to the memory of one of their greatest poets. Moore was not only a poet, but a great prose writer; and in other branches of literature he was eminently successful; in fact it would require the eloquence of the great poet himself to do justice to the many excellencies of his mind and the worth of his character (hear). His works were known wherever the English language was spoken, and it was not drawing upon their imaginations to prophesy that in less than a century they would be known in every part of the civilised world (cheers).

Mr. John Francis Waller, barrister, in seconding the resolution, said that if he were to indulge his own feelings he would sit down, having briefly seconded the resolution, but sentiments perhaps of gratitude induced him to say a few words upon a theme upon which, after all, it was difficult for an Irishman to remain silent. Notwithstanding the eloquent and touching tributes which had been paid to the memory of the illustrious dead by the Lord Chief Baron, the Right Hon. M. Brady, and Mr. O'Hagan, yet he thought no language really adequate to eulogize appropriately and befittingly so great a man (hear, hear). Happily they were not there that day for the purpose of giving their *imprimatur* to some departed poet whose fame to the moment of his death was dubious, or perhaps clouded by the envy of men who ran close to him in the race of glory. They were not there for any such purpose. Thomas Moore was unapproachable as a lyrist, and no cloud ever shaded for a moment his brilliant supremacy in the literary firmament (hear hear). In the language of the first part of the resolution which he had the honour of seconding, the duty properly devolved upon Irishmen of initiating that movement. Irish by birth and education, Irish in his genius, having the warmth of temperament and the purity of fancy, the fulness of feeling, and the "*curiosa felicitas verborum*," that, he might say with confidence, was the birthright of Irish

poets, in addition to all these, Moore was pre-eminently the bard of Ireland. He found from a notice of the poet in the *University Magazine* for the ensuing month, that thirty-four years ago a great assemblage met together in that city to honour him living, whom they now met to honour when dead, and he was delighted to find that the same distinguished nobleman presided at both meetings (applause). When the health of the poet was given, and drunk with such enthusiasm as might be expected, he concluded his address in returning thanks by saying, "My fame, whatever it is, has been acquired by touching the harp of my country, and is, in fact, no more than the echoes of that harp," (applause)—a sentiment which the bard afterwards expressed with touching eloquence when he said :—

"If the pulse of the patriot, soldier or lover.
Have throbb'd at our lay—'twas thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thine own."

(Cheers). There was no country in which there was the smallest instinct of music where the songs of Moore would not penetrate. There was no nation that had achieved any degree of civilization, into the language of whose people the songs of Moore had not been translated. He was recently struck by an observation of the Danish poet, Hans Christian Andersen, in which he said a poet was like a bird—he gave all he had, his song (hear, hear). It was a great gift, and if ever there was a poet munificent in his dispensation of that gift, it was Thomas Moore (applause). After some further observations, the learned gentleman concluded amid loud applause.

Lord Miltown said that before the resolution was put he wished to say a few words. He did not wish it to go forward that at a meeting of Irishmen assembled for a purpose like the present he was silent. He most heartily concurred in every sentiment put forward that day respecting the necessity of some tribute to the memory of their departed poet (hear, hear). In offering their tribute of admiration to the poet he

thought that they ought not to forget the patriot (hear, hear). It was refreshing in those days to feel that from the very earliest to the latest productions of Moore there was throughout them all a strong, decided, and devoted love for his native land (hear, hear). While his hand struck the chords of the harp, singing the departed glories of his native land, it was not accompanied by any of the tones of the slave. They had heard with delight not only the effusions of the poet but the aspirations of the patriot (cheers). It could not be forgotten that Thomas Moore was not only an Irish poet, but also, in the truest and fullest sense of the word, an Irish patriot (loud cheering).

The resolution was then put and carried.

Sir George Hodson, Bart., thought, in order to bring to a practical conclusion the several resolutions adopted, it became necessary to propose the next resolution. He felt it required no advocacy of his to ensure the adoption of the resolution; for he felt that the object of the meeting would be well taken care of in the hands of the noblemen and gentlemen named on the committee (hear, hear). Although he had not the advantage which had been possessed by some present of enjoying the friendship of the poet, still he had the honour of an introduction to him some years ago when he (Sir G. Hodson) had it in his power to show the bard some of the beautiful combinations of mountain, wood, and water, which they could boast of in his immediate neighbourhood (hear, hear), and he could not forget the enthusiasm and delight that lighted up the countenance of Moore while gazing on those scenes (hear, hear).

Christopher Fitzsimon, Esq., Glancullen, seconded the resolution, and said, no power of eloquence, did he possess such, could be necessary to second the resolution proposed by his excellent and esteemed friend, Sir George Hodson. Where they had already such powerful and heart-stirring speeches, so thoroughly Irish, it would be quite unnecessary, even if he were able, to endeavour to stimulate them by any other observations. Indeed, he felt that the *genius loci*, the locality in which

he stood, the title of the nobleman who filled the chair, the entire of the recollections of that mansion ought to stir up their feelings of love for their country (hear, hear). He had the great happiness of enjoying, he would not say the friendship, for that might be too strong a word, but something approaching to intimacy with the poet. He also had the happiness of knowing his revered and respected mother intimately. It was a trite and oft-repeated remark that a man derived more from his mother than his father ; and the remark was verified remarkably in Moore, who often said that as he was like her in feature, so he owed all the embellishments of his mind to the early care of his most respected mother (cheers). Having had this intimacy with the family, he heard with joy from some of his friends, some time back, that it was intended to make some exertion to have a testimonial erected by Ireland to the memory of Thomas Moore. And in justice to the citizens of Dublin, himself, and his lordship, he should say that they did not neglect the duty they owed their country in this matter. The few gentlemen who first conferred on the subject, Mr. Mulvany, Mr. James Perry, Mr. Meara, himself and some others, when they went to his lordship they were most kindly received, and when they mentioned their object, his lordship at once said—"My name is at your service; my exertions shall be yours, and if my house in Dublin can be of any use, it is at your service" (applause). Under his lordship's auspices, under such a roof, with such an assemblage as he saw congregated that day, reminding those who though they did not live at the time, had historic recollections of it, of the great assemblies that took place on that very floor, and of the men who made that room echo with the enthusiastic sentiments of patriotism, of science, and of learning (cheers). He knew that these observations were not necessary for the purpose of seconding the resolution, but he confessed that he had been impelled to utter what he felt in the inmost core of his heart.

The resolution was then put and adopted.

Lord William Fitzgerald proposed the next resolu-

tion, viz:—the appointment of treasurers and secretaries, and in doing so expressed a hope the gentlemen named would have no sinecures (laughter and cheers)

Sir Thomas Esmonde had great pleasure in seconding the resolution. He remarked that the excellent mother of Thomas Moore was a native of the county Wexford, with which he (Sir Thomas) was connected by birth and property. He believed she had always taken pride in it, and he trusted that county would vie with any other in doing honour to the memory of her illustrious son (cheers).

The resolution was then put and carried.

Sir William Rowan Hamilton addressed the meeting nearly as follows:—My lord, I have been, within these few minutes, informed by the honorary secretary to this meeting, that in consequence of the regretted absence of a noble lord (Cloncurry), who was to move, at this stage, a resolution, it is desired that I should take his place in the programme; and though I had not expected such a call, I willingly obey it. It has been my delightful privilege to-day to listen to a rich series of addresses, in which almost every chord has been touched of that many-stringed lyre which would be needed to celebrate the virtues and the genius, the patriotism, the poetry, and the music of Moore; and if the subject could be exhausted, it would by this time be so (hear). Assuredly, if anything remain unsaid upon so high a theme, I have not the presumption to attempt to supply it. But it may be permitted me to state, briefly, what was my own chief motive for making an exertion to attend here to-day. Any person, indeed, might well feel flattered by being invited to be present at such a meeting and on such an occasion as this is. But I remembered also that an institution with which I was, for several years, officially connected, and which lately claimed, in the presence of the representative of royalty, and had its claim allowed, to have long furnished a neutral ground to Irishmen of all creeds and parties, had its birth-place in this very house wherein we are now assembled, and that the original president and founder of the Royal Irish Academy, was a former

Earl of Charlemont (cheers). Attached to that institution from early youth, and valuing it for many other reasons, I have always valued it for none more than this, that it has promoted union among Irishmen (loud cheers). But certainly I have never witnessed, even within its walls, and probably few persons can have ever witnessed a scene more powerfully adapted to promote such concord, and such friendly fusion, than that which we have been present at to-day (cheers). There may have once been a time, I do not assert that there was so, when in some circles the name of Moore may have been a watchword of faction ; it is now a symbol of union (cheers). I make no pretensions to your lordship's hereditary acquaintance with Italian literature and history. But I can conceive that there may have been a time, when the *Commedia Divina* had a tendency to exasperate, rather than to allay the feuds and rivalries between the republics or petty states of Italy. Yet what Italian now, what Italian for centuries past, has not felt prouder of his native Italy, and for that very cause more disposed to love his countrymen, because Dante lived and wrote (cheers) ? The spirit of party may seek to draw all objects within its own vexed whirlpool ; but let us hope that the spirit of literature shall still move with halcyon wings above the agitated waters, and seek to calm the waves, till they become one glorious ocean mirror, reflecting back the light and unity of heaven and studded over with barks of beauty, bearing gifts of peace to men (loud applause). I feel that it might have been more proper, or at least more prudent, for me to have simply read the terms of the motion with which I am to conclude. Obscurely toiling, as I habitually do, in the deep recesses of science, hoping, perhaps, after long labour, to dig up some ore, which may yet be stamped by competent authority, and circulate as current coin, but having no hope of winning that electric sympathy, which it is the prerogative of the poet to excite, it might have been wiser for me to have resisted the temptation which accident has thus thrown in my way, and to have been wholly silent on a theme on which I have so few pretensions to speak.

I might plead that the sweetness and pathos of the melodies of Moore in boyhood touched my heart, and touch me still. I might add that I once enjoyed a small, a very small degree of personal acquaintance with our lost countryman, and that to know Moore even a little was to love him (applause). But the truth is, that the gnome of the mine, accustomed to the subterranean clang of hammers beating against rocks, has, on this occasion been conquered by the spell, and has felt himself drawn upwards and outwards, by the subtile and sweet fascination of the peri of air and of song (loud applause). And the temptation to speak of Moore has been the more willingly yielded to by me, because the aims of both of us have been thus far, at least, the same—that each has sought to draw more close the links that connect Irishmen together, by doing each, what in him lay, for the fame of our common country (loud applause). I have the honour to move, my lord, that your lordship do leave the chair, and that the same be taken by the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor.

Mr. Kemmis, Q.C., seconded the resolution. He had the honour of being intimately acquainted with the eminent person whose memory they had met to honour. He knew him early in life, and even at that period he was the delight of every circle in which he moved, by the brilliancy of his conversation, and the amiable and attractive qualities which characterized his disposition. All who had then the honour as he had of an acquaintance with that remarkable youth, predicted the distinguished renown which awaited his after years, and immortalized him in the history as well as in the affections of his country (cheers). He (Mr. Kemmis) cordially concurred in the hope expressed by the last speaker, that men of all classes and parties would unite in offering a tribute of respect and admiration to the memory of Ireland's poet (cheers).

The resolution was put and carried, and the Lord Mayor having taken the chair,

Mr. James Perry proposed a vote of thanks to Lord Charlemont, and in doing so bore testimony to the alacrity and warmth with which his lordship entered

into the views of the deputation that waited upon him to request his co-operation in carrying out the proposed testimonial.

Sir Colman O'Loghlen had great pleasure in seconding the resolution, which did not require any advocacy of his to secure its unanimous and enthusiastic adoption.

Mr. Carew O'Dwyer said the words of Moore were peculiarly applicable to the noble lord. The poet said that the charms of English society, like the taste of the lotus, never produced in him oblivion of his country. The same might be said of Lord Charlemont (cheers). It was delightful on an occasion like the present to see him—he would not say consummating a very remarkable career, but continuing it by his appearance at that meeting. He (Mr. O'Dwyer) was sure he only spoke the general feeling when he expressed an earnest hope that his lordship might long occupy the chair on occasions such as that (cheers). If the proceedings of that day had no other result than to elicit from our most distinguished countryman, Sir William Hamilton, the sentiments to which he had given expression, he would say they had been amply rewarded for their attendance on that occasion. The period seemed to have arrived when, in the language of Moore—

> "Our various tints unite,
> And form in heaven's sight
> One arch of peace" (cheers).

Mr. O'Dwyer concluded by remarking, that although Mr. Moore had long resided in another country, his affection for the land of his birth had never experienced any diminution, but glowed as warmly in his declining years as in the days of his youth.

The Lord Mayor, in putting the vote of thanks, which was carried by acclamation, observed that Lord Charlemont had been ever true to Ireland, and was the hereditary patron of Irish genius.

Lord Charlemont then said—My Lord Mayor and gentlemen, I rise to return you my heartfelt thanks for the honour you have done me. At my advanced period of life, and with my declining health, I had imagined

that the time was come when retirement was more suited to me than coming forward in any public capacity, but, gentlemen, when an appeal was made to me to preside at such a meeting as this, and for such a purpose, I felt it was utterly impossible for me to refuse, and it will be to my latest hour a source of pleasurable recollection to me that I have so presided, and been so received by such a distinguished assembly. To compare very small things with very great:—The great Lord Chatham died in the House of Lords. Why should not the little Lord Charlemont spend his last breath in commemorating the memory of such a man as Thomas Moore, and in aspirations for the welfare and prosperity of his native land (loud cheers)? Yes, gentlemen, here I am, old and weak; but as long as I live, the prosperity of my country shall be the first wish of my heart, and such efforts as I may be able to make shall ever be at the disposal of my countrymen whenever they may require my services (cheers). Gentlemen, I cannot look at this assembly—I cannot contemplate the room in which we now are, without calling on the spirit of my departed sire, who was himself, from the day that he could understand anything to the day of his death, the true and firm friend of Ireland. I call on him—if it be given to spirits from above to look down upon this earth to sanction our efforts, and to sanction the act of his son in having presided over such a meeting as this (loud applause).

The meeting then separated.

THE END.

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